AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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DECEMBER 1984 • $3.40*

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
VIV RICHARDS OPENS UP

HAWKE-SPEAK
WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

TENNIS
CLEANING UP ON THE SOCIAL CIRCUIT

MEN'S RIGHTS
HOW TO STAY ON TOP

AUSSIE WAR TOYS
OUR SPACE-AGE ARSENAL REVEALED

MICHAEL EDGLEY
HIS BID FOR AN OSCAR

ROBERTA
OUR AWESOME CENTREFOLD

SUPERCAR
THE DINKY-DI DREAM MACHINE

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PLAYBILL

CHRISTMAS IS a time of giving and what better for the man who has everything than an electro-magnetic gun that can blow holes in the moon or a robot-controlled armored car? These are just a couple of the fantastic war toys Australia's scientists have dreamed up just in case the Soviet Pacific war fleet turns up uninvited in Sydney someday soon. Whatever your views on the arms race, it may come as a surprise to learn we're in it. But not only do we have our own space-age weapons industry, we have weapons the Americans and Russians don't have. Though they're interested. **Tim Griggs** unveils Australia's new generation of war toys. **Davis/Farrell** crafted the visual.

When it comes to the ultimate of weapons, the Windies Test cricketers visiting Australia this summer have one of the world's most lethal players, Viv Richards, in their front line. **Peter Roebuck** cornered Richards exclusively for Australian PLAYBOY and in this month's interview the celebrated batsman puts together an entertaining and engrossing innings.

Sick of whingeing feminists demanding more rights than you ever had? Well now you can beat 'em at their own game. **Diane Armstrong** crosses battle lines to tell you how to get back on top in her witty and informative story about Men's Rights illustrated by **Ric P. Haynes.**

One bloke who needs no advice about staying on top is Michael Edgley. Edgley has looks, entrepreneurial flair, a beautiful family, a multi-million dollar home overlooking Sydney Harbor and a garage full of Mercs. But he's missing something. Michael Edgley is in search of the Great Australian Film Script. **Neil Jameson** profiles the man who wants to be Australia's greatest movie mogul. **Chris Payne** is the artist.

Have you noticed that Australia has a second language? It's called poli-speak. It's a language spoken exclusively by politicians and makes little or no sense to anyone else. Even hardened political reporters are pushed to translate on our behalf the utterings of Australia's leaders, and when they succeed they must wonder if it was worth the bother. **Liz Porter** sifted through years of hot air to bring you landmark examples of poli-speak in That's Easy For Them To Say. Little wonder we live in the only democracy where voting is compulsory. **Frants Kantor's** art adds to the politicos' self-satire.

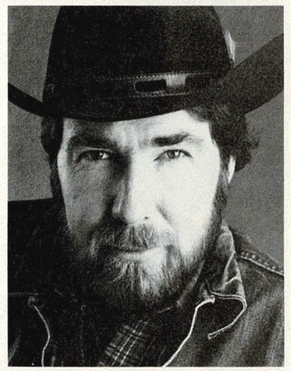
The world of weekend tennis is a funny place. You think McEnroe has ego problems? You should try coping with your average suburban tennis club secretary. Playwright **Alex Buzo** has mastered the suburban circuit, knows its personalities and pitfalls and now he tells all in his expose, This Is Not A Love Match. The artwork is by **Mark Tremlett.**

We haven't overlooked your Christmas fiction and **Charles de Salis** has penned a taut Aussie yarn called Ocean Blues about the dangers of surfing alone on beautiful but dangerous beaches. **Alan Ewart** created the unnerving illustration.

After all the indulgence of Christmas you're going to be putting in extra time at the gym to stave off the unflattering effects of the Yule gut, like women looking the other way when you strip off on the beach. And have we got a fashion special for you showing off the latest in gymwear. Just cop an eyeful of the Aussie bodies in Body Heat. The whole thing was orchestrated by Australian PLAYBOY's fashion editor, **Vitek**, and should give you something to think about at your next work-out.

Talking about eyefuls, we dare you to take in the centrefold first. You may not get to any other part of the magazine at all. But we have to admit, Roberta Vasquez is awesome. The Dolly Parton of women's bodybuilding, Roberta, photographed by **Steve Wayda,** plus our regular motoring, sex, men, women and sport columns and a special gift guide make our December issue a Christmas package just bursting with good times.

PORTER



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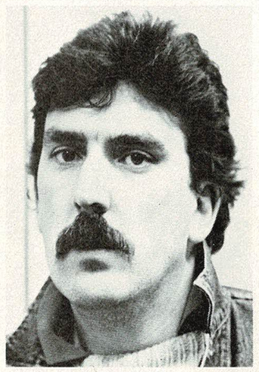

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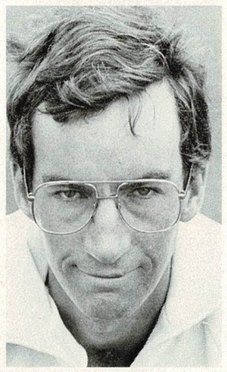

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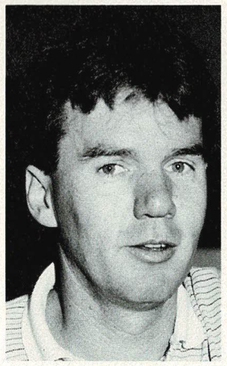

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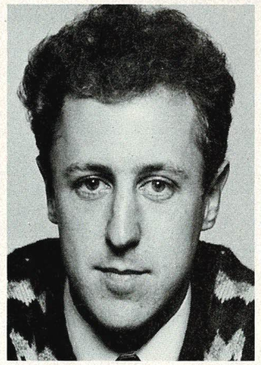

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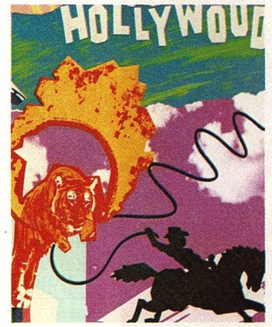

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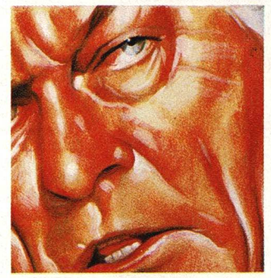

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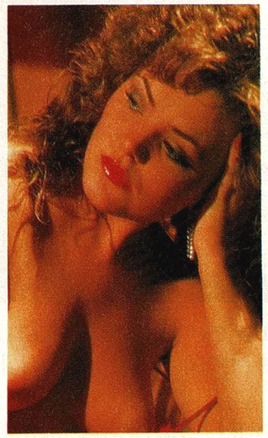

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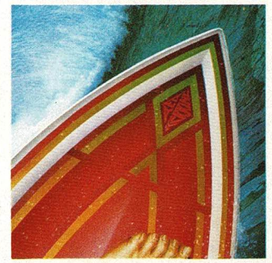

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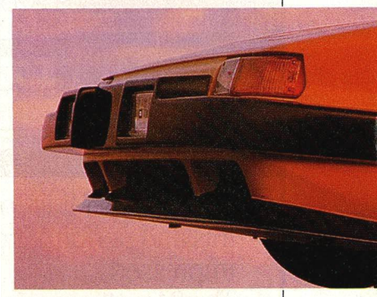

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

DEMISE OF A CLOWN

Your article on the unpleasant demise of John Belushi (August) was enlightening in one respect. I had always been baffled as to why the movie *The Blues Brothers* should have acquired cult status, having seen it myself somewhat earlier in the piece when it was still accounted a complete failure.

How, I wondered, could the brilliant clown who contributed so much to one of the funniest films of the decade, *National Lampoon's Animal House*, have walked through his very next role like a zombie? And how could the same director have offered us such a cinematic mess, depending, as it did, almost wholly on car crash after boring car crash?

The answer was, apparently, that the self-destructive Belushi was zonked out of his brain much of the time and beyond Landis's control. It is worth noting that *The Blues Brothers* depended on its star, whereas *Animal House* might have been diminished without him but would still have been a masterpiece.

What the article in Australian PLAYBOY fails to address, however, is the question of why so many people loved and tolerated the man despite his impossible behavior. Why should a star who really only shone brightly once and whose self-indulgence was quite simply disgusting have got away with it for so long? There must have been more to him than this, but the authors evidently did not admire him enough themselves to find out.

Joseph Stevenson,
Gladstone, Qld.

FIRST TIMER

I am an 18-year-old female and I have just bought my first copy of Australian PLAYBOY (August issue).

I was pleasantly surprised at the high quality of your articles. I was particularly impressed by the story on John Belushi, and I found the magazine interesting, informative and aesthetically pleasing.

Your photography is excellent and shows the girls to their best advantage. The spreads (if you'll pardon the expression) are very tastefully done.

I picked Australian PLAYBOY up out of curiosity but enjoyed it so much that I will definitely buy the next issue.

Jodi Stewart,
Willmot, NSW.

COMPLETE PACKAGE

Having purchased the very first issue of Australian PLAYBOY and being an on-and-off reader since then, I have once again become a regular reader of your magazine.

Australian PLAYBOY leaves the opposition for dead, especially when you consider your interesting articles, particularly Phil Jarratt's interview with Dick Smith and the Peter Brock interview in the June issue.

It's also good to see some frank questions about sex answered honestly by Bettina Arndt. And not forgetting the magazine's greatest entertainment section, the fabulous Playmate Of The Month (and Miss June, Conie Pound, is a prime example).

The only thing I would ask for is more cartoons. Your humor is great but lately it has been a bit sparse.

Keep up the good work and thanks for a great magazine.

A.P. Scriberras,
Penshurst, NSW.

MICHELLE, MA BELLE

The lyrics to the Beatles song *Michelle* are so true. Your October pictorial star Michelle Jette is "ma belle" now too. I just couldn't believe there could be anyone as beautiful as her anywhere in the world but obviously I was wrong.

She has gorgeous hair, skin and tits but her most unique feature has to be a set of the most piercing green eyes ever. They really make my heart beat on double time. Please give me another look on the Dear Playboy page just as soon as possible!

Bill Simpson,
Mudgee, NSW.

Mais oui, Bill, we're delighted to present an encore of lovely Michelle — Ed.

ODDS-ON

Seth Gregory's article on probability (Money column, August '84) contained a fundamental error.

Seth stated that in a family with two children, the probability of them both being boys — out of three possibilities (two boys, two girls or one of each) — was one in three, or .33. This is incorrect because these three possibilities are not equally likely. And there are, in fact, four equally likely possibilities: boy-boy, boy-girl, girl-boy, and girl-girl. Thus the probability of two boys is one in four, or .25.

The probability of two heads when two coins are tossed simultaneously is also one in four, or .25. This can easily be shown by tossing two coins repeatedly and observing the results. You can expect to see twice as many head-tail combinations as head-head ones.

F. Heath,
Caboolture, Qld.

We found this such a challenge we went straight to the source and asked Seth Gregory to explain all. He replied:

The question in the article concerned the probability of the man's two kids both being male. Mr Heath calculated the probability of having a second male child after having a first. The difference (which is discussed in all probability textbooks) is crucial.

Here is why. Using Mr Heath's logic, we have the following possibilities: boy-boy; girl-girl; boy-girl; girl-boy.

Clearly, the boy-boy sequence has a probability of .25 as Mr Heath states. But for the purposes of the question, three and four are basically the same thing: one boy and one girl. Thus, there are only three possibilities (two boys, two girls and one of each) making the answer to the question posed in the article .33.

SEX APPEAL

My message is short and sweet. I just want to thank you (and more particularly Bettina Arndt) for the excellent Sex column you present each month.

It is informative, often amusing and certainly unique. I am sure other readers would join me in praising you for this terrific inclusion in your outstanding publication.

F.R. Maloney,
Balmain, NSW.

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Swing to fresh, enjoy a Menthol.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

HOPPING MAD

A one-legged motorist told police in Bristol, England, the reason his blood alcohol reading was twice the legal limit was because he has less blood than people with two legs.

Police were stumped. The case went to court and the motorist obviously got off on the wrong foot — the magistrate banned him from driving for 15 months and fined him $325.

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

A young Brisbane punter, who had put a fair bit of money over the counter of his local TAB, won $38,500 and hurried round to collect.

The TAB dutifully handed over $1500 in cash and a cheque for $37,000 and the young bloke went home intending to have a beer or two. So far so good. Except someone at the TAB realised the computer had made a mistake and the punter had been overpaid by $7500.

When the winner received the first phone call at home he thought it was a prank. After a series of calls he thought it was a prank which had ceased to be funny so he took his phone off the hook. The TAB then did a bit of detective work and an official arrived on the winner's doorstep bright and early Sunday morning with his hand outstretched. He explained that a computer error had resulted in an over-payment and insisted the punter hand over his winnings cheque immediately so an adjustment could be made.

That's when the punter asked the big question: "Would you come around on a Sunday morning and wake me up if I'd been underpaid by $7500?" The TAB official replied: "Of course not," and the young punter agreed. So he slammed the door in the TAB man's face and told him to wait until Monday.

WATER OVER THE BRIDGE

Stuntman Karel Soucek was fined $400 for performing "an illegal stunt in Niagara Park, Canada." The stunt was to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. For his trouble, Karel also earned a gashed forehead and a few chipped teeth.

Still, he was famous for 15 minutes and now hopes to make a few bucks selling footage of the stunt.

BORN LUCKY

Egyptian student Hesham Ibrahem thought America really *was* the land of plenty when he won $100,000 in Washington's monthly lottery. That was until the US immigration service noticed his picture in the paper and concluded that Hesham was an illegal immigrant.

Now Hesham faces deportation as a result of publicity resulting from his windfall. And if he does get booted back to the land of the pharaohs, there's not much chance he'll be living like one. US officials may confiscate his winnings.

PILL FOR INSEX

When it comes to survival of the fittest, Man has a lot to learn from the humble cockroach. Cockies have been around for 300 million years and the bastards still outnumber us.

But wait! An American company has discovered a possible solution. It's called hydroprene and it's a form of birth control for cockies. Apparently you spray it on, it's harmless to humans and other creatures and it disrupts the cockie's hormonal system so that the horrible little buggers die out. It's about time we brought them up to our level.

PLAYPOWER

The Queensland chairman of the National Aboriginal Conference, Steve Mam, wants boomerang and spear-throwing made compulsory in schools.

We know some tough inner-city schools where it's essential.

FAT CITY

A woman in North Wales was so fed up with the fitness craze which appears to have gripped the entire world in its strange madness that she fought back with her own Unfit Weekends. At her hotel in Anglesey she turned on great fried breakfasts, afternoon teas of gooey cakes and big dinners of pie and chips with plenty of beer. Tennis, jogging and any other forms of exercise were banned. Latest news is she had to retire because of ill health.

MONDO VIDEO

In a survey conducted in Southern California, schoolchildren between the ages of eight and 15 were asked which they would rather live without, their dad or the TV set.

Eighty-five percent said they would rather give up their old man.

HOT COPY

Queensland's tourism minister was upstaged by a journo while making a speech during a recent river cruise in Brisbane to promote the city's many charms. The minister, Peter McKechnie, was making his speech from prepared notes and appeared perplexed by the reaction of his audience. Many people in the crowd were having great difficulty suppressing their mirth.

Mr McKechnie realised why with a wry smile. A lofty journo was busily scribbling beneath a hot lightbulb utterly unaware that his head had caught fire.

BAD BLOOD

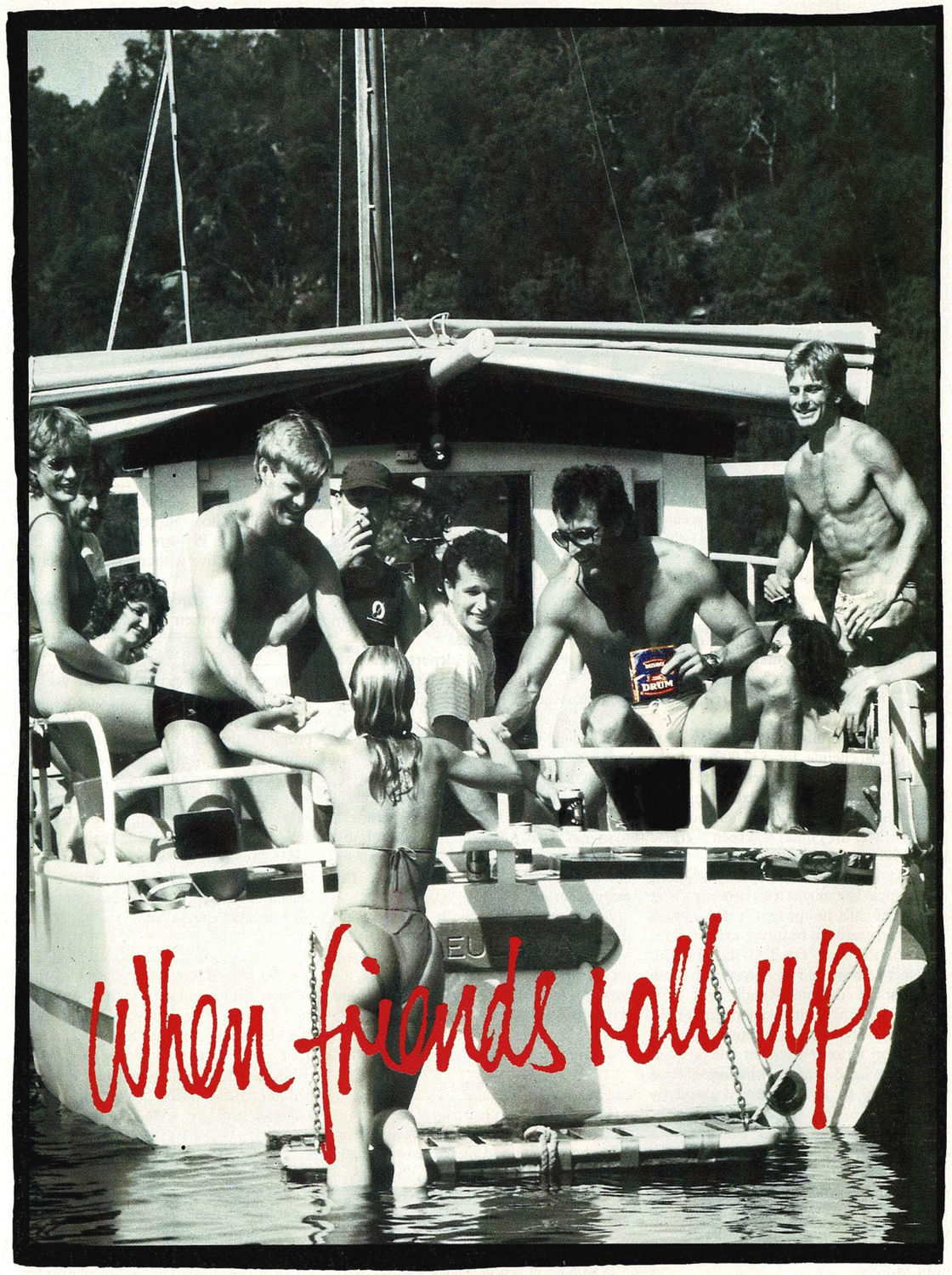
A Mr Max Bueno, 44, died a month after he was involved in a fight in a New York bar. This came as a surprise to Mr Bueno and his friends as he had acquitted himself quite well during the engagement of fisticuffs. Unfortunately Mr Bueno's victim had gone down biting like a white pointer and had sunk his teeth into Mr Bueno's shoulder.

It transpired that poor Max died of blood poisoning.

So next time you get into a fight with a New Yorker, make sure he cleans his teeth first!

EMERGENCIES ONLY

Local magistrates in Brighton, England, were asked recently to approve a licensing extension for two bars at a convention centre. The convention? Alcoholics Anonymous.



Barbecues are as synonymous with Australia as boomerangs and billy tea. When our roving tourism ambassador, Paul Hogan, told millions of TV watchers in the States that he would throw a few extra shrimps on the barbie for them, he reinforced the connection between the Land Down Under and the concept of casual outdoor eating.

And let's face it, we have the ideal climate for al fresco eating, plus access to a bountiful supply of fresh meat and seafood for outdoor sizzling. These days there are shops that specialise in barbecue equipment, right from huge brick constructions to little Japanese-style hibachis that are perfect for table cookery or high-rise balconies.

So if you live on the 35th floor and your outdoor entertaining area isn't even big enough to swing a shishkebab in, you can still don a stylish barbie apron and hat and sizzle up a storm.

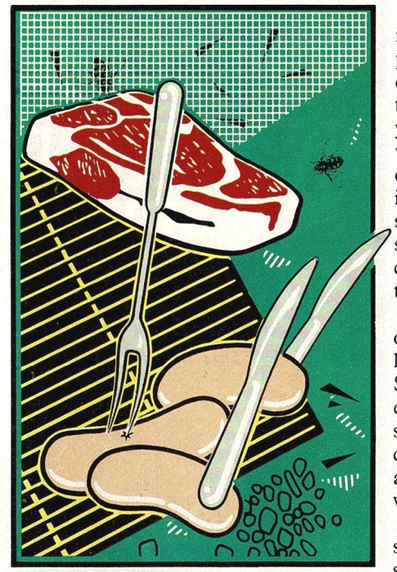
Barbecuing is macho business. I'm the first to admit that this form of cookery is a man's domain. The feminists can fell trees, carry wood, burn their fingers and scrub the hotplates if they like. I'm quite happy to toss the salad and scrape the paper plates.

The best barbecues are simple affairs. All you need are super-fresh ingredients and a bit of barbie knowhow. I'm totally in awe of anyone who can get a fire started; I'm told it helps to follow a few golden rules. Firstly, if you have a commercial barbecue unit, it's simply a matter of following the manufacturer's instructions and using the recommended type of fuel. With charcoal you will need spirit lighter to soak the lumps or briquettes before igniting. Never use kerosene or petrol for this purpose unless you're contemplating grilled guests for the main course.

A fire of this sort takes about 45 minutes to heat up sufficiently to start cooking. I like the idea of giving meat an outdoorsy aroma so if you're huddled over the hibachi on the penthouse patio, just throw a few gum leaves or some sprigs of thyme onto the charcoal and a lovely fragrance will soon spread.

If you're on the beach or in the bush and attempting a real live barbie, remember to start your fire well ahead of the intended cooking time and make sure you're using dry, slow-burning woods (pine wood, for instance, burns too fast and has been known to explode under extreme heat). Start the base fire with paper, twigs and dry leaves and, once you have a reasonable show of flames, add the larger branches.

The armament of the serious barbecuer should include a long-handled fork, a hinged grill (for turning lots of small items at one time), an assortment of shishkebab skewers and two pairs of tongs (one for the fire and one to handle the food.



In praise of the great Australian barbecue.

Always have a roll of aluminium foil on hand: this can be used for lining a barbecue unit to reflect heat and speed cooking time, for keeping cooked food warm and for wrapping delicate seafood during the barbecuing process.

As Hoges's reference to shrimps implies, there's more to barbies than T-bones and tomatoes. Seafood is perfect for outdoor cookery, particularly if you're camping near a river or the sea and you can catch your own.

If preparing fish for a barbecue, don't soak it first or the flavor will all but disappear; just wash the fish very quickly, drain and pat dry with paper towelling. Lean fish cooks beautifully inside aluminium foil and can be basted with butter, sprinkled with parsley or other herbs and given a generous squeeze of fresh lemon juice before being wrapped in the foil and placed on the grill.

If you don't wrap the fish in this fashion, be sure not to overhandle it on the grill as the flesh will break up. Fish generally is fully cooked when the flesh flakes away easily with a fork. If you plan to do a lot of seafood barbecuing, investigate the special grill plates sold at specialty shops. There are fish-shaped grills available in various sizes and, if using such contraptions, you can stuff the fish and cook it whole without fear of the flesh collapsing and the stuffing oozing out.

Scallops skewered with bacon pieces are ideal for barbecuing; so, too, are large green prawns which have been given a good dunking in a spicy marinade. I believe that the best marinades are the ones you make up yourself with copious tastings along the way. Garlic, lemon juice, chilli powder, diced onions, mustard and olive oil are basic ingredients with perhaps a dash of soya sauce for an oriental flavor. Baste such seafood shishkebabs with melted butter during cooking and don't let them sizzle for too long.

For red meat fanciers there's a wide range of barbecuing possibilities. Even the humble snag is now a gourmet item. Sausage specialty shops and the gourmet corners of supermarkets and department store food halls stock snags in such exotic disguises as chicken and coriander, pork and apple, satay, beef and basil and curried variations.

When barbecuing any sort of meat, make sure it's at room temperature before you start. The outer fat should be trimmed, sausages pricked with a skewer or fork, and the edges of steak or chops scored with a knife at regular intervals to prevent curling. Try to turn meat only once during cooking, otherwise you'll lose most of the juices to the fire.

Use only tongs for turning; if you spear meat with a fork, the juices will drizzle out and the meat will dry.

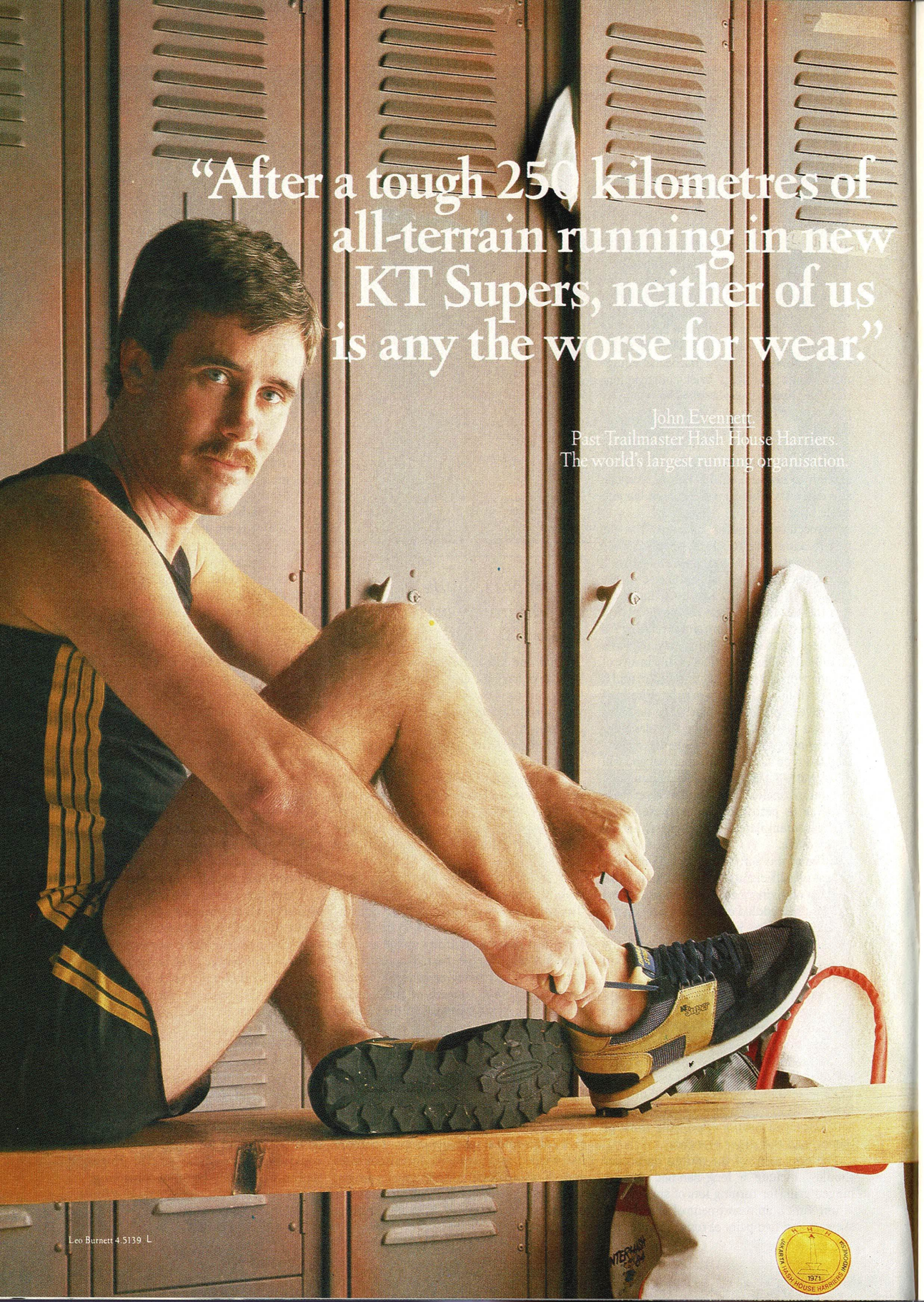
Parboiled jacket potatoes or unpeeled bananas can be wrapped in foil and left to roast in the ashes of a fire. In the salad department, let your guests orchestrate the dishes: avocados, mignonette lettuce, artichokes, bean sprouts, cherry tomatoes, alfalfa and sliced mushrooms all lend color and variety to summer salads.

Set out helpings of all these ingredients, have a good salad oil on hand and everyone can then toss up the side dish of their choice.

There are various barbecue cookbooks available which embrace specialty recipes. Some of these get into fairly sophisticated fare that I believe is the very antithesis of the true blue barbie. The concept is simple and the food should be, too. There's no place in the bush or the backyard for raspberry vinegar, pheasant and pistachio terrine, single snow peas or crystallised violets. Besides, none of that stuff goes with a keg of brew.

One of my most treasured childhood memories is of the average Sunday barbie. Newly mown lawn in the backyard, burnt sausages smothered in tomato sauce, GI lime cordial and towering pavlova. If we could bottle up those smells, Hoges, I reckon we'd really be on to something.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA



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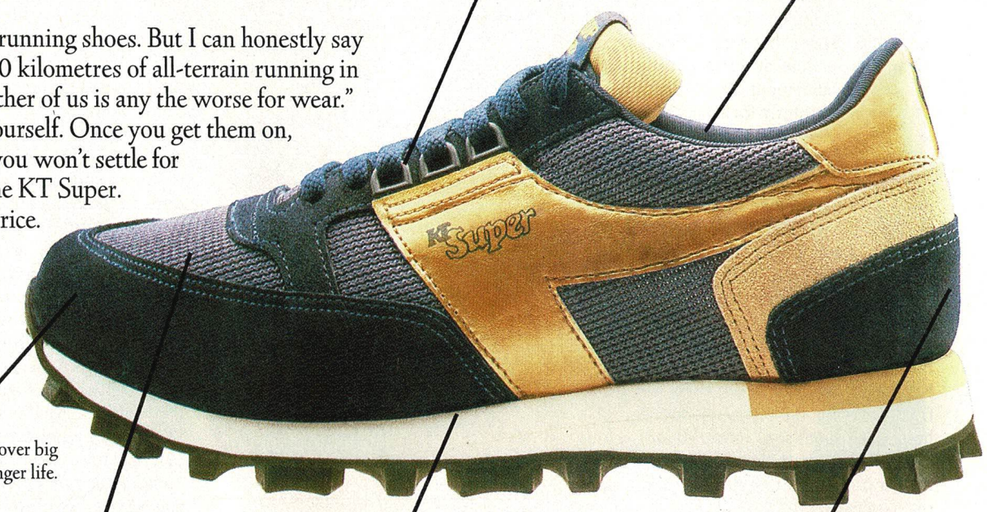

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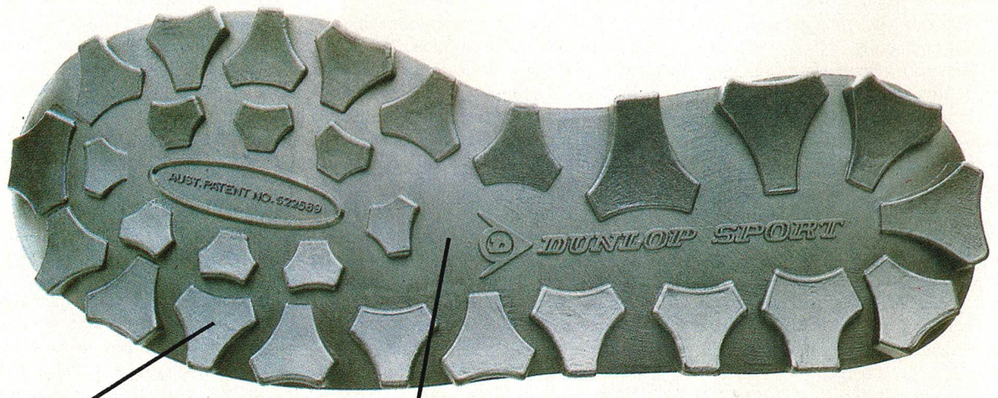

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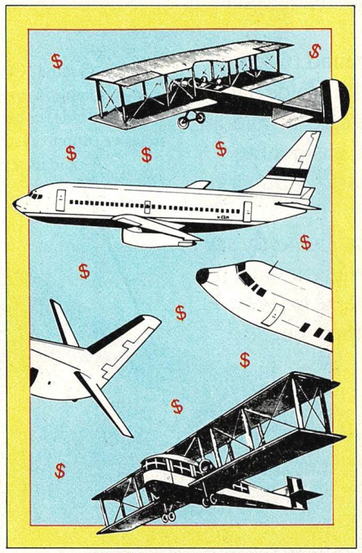

The ups and downs of our domestic airfares and how to land a bargain.

Everyone who travels frequently has an airline horror story to tell — so do I. Actually, my story is not really what you would call horrifying: it's more a tale of impotence and frustration.

Anyway, the story begins a few years ago on a flight from Sydney to Brisbane. While waiting for the frozen white bread and mystery meat sandwich I had been served to thaw out, I flipped through the in-flight magazine. There, between articles on the cultural attractions of Surfers Paradise and the sophisticated night life of Alice Springs, I found an order form for a piece of carry-on luggage. Designed to fit snugly under airline seats, the bag was cleverly supplied with pockets for shirts, underwear and even a suit. Just the thing to speed up air travel, I thought. No waiting for luggage, first out to the taxi rank. I tore the page from the magazine (after all, they did say it was complimentary) and ordered a carry-on bag as soon as I got home.

Now, here comes the good part. The next time I tried to board that same airline's Brisbane to Sydney flight, I was forbidden from carrying on my carry-on bag. The hostess, a serious sort, informed me that the carry-on bag in question — described in their own magazine — did not meet airline regulations.

Not a horror tale, just another frustrating experience in the annals of Australian aviation. These days, however, the economic recession, increased fuel prices and enormous salary bills have forced airlines to begin thinking about their customers as more than bums on seats. Today, our airlines are having to scramble for every dollar; for the first time in history, they are actually competing.

The main beneficiary of the new competitive spirit sweeping the airlines is the flying public. Hot meals are now the norm on most meal-time flights, and hostesses are actually available throughout the trip instead of retiring to the galley halfway through for a chat. Flight schedules have improved as well. But the most important change involves money. The airlines have finally come to realise that continually bumping up prices is not the best way to attract customers. This doesn't mean that prices are falling but it *is* now possible to get a bargain.

You see, most airline passengers are travelling on business and are on tight schedules. Their trips may not be planned until the very last minute and rarely involve more than a few days. Since they cannot afford to be late, business travellers are willing (or at least their employers are) to pay premium fares to ensure timely arrivals and departures. Holiday-makers and other pleasure travellers are a different matter. They usually make their plans months in advance and their trips last at least a week and often longer. But the most important difference between these two types of travel, from the airlines' point of view, is that while business trips are usually mandatory, holiday travel is optional. If prices get too high, holiday-makers just stay home or take their cars.

What the airlines have done is hit upon a scheme for attracting optional holiday flyers with low fares while socking it to their business travellers who have little choice and don't pay for their tickets anyway. The idea is to give high-paying passengers first crack at airline seats and then fill any remaining seats with low-paying holiday passengers. The airlines manage this with a system of restricted discount fares designed to ensure that planes take off with as many passengers on them as possible.

The discount air fare system means that, on any one flight, passengers going to the same destination may have paid any one of seven different fares. Take, for example, a flight between Melbourne and Sydney. At the time of going to press, a first class one-way ticket on that sector costs $211.40. For that price, passengers get to sit in the front of the plane on wide seats and eat with real cutlery and china instead of plastic knives and forks.

The next step down from first class is business class, which on TAA costs $162 from Melbourne to Sydney. Business class travellers sacrifice a bit of first-class luxury but then their ticket cost $49.40 less and they still get better treatment than those in economy. Ansett sits its business class travellers in economy and provides them with a hotel room and rental car discounts instead of special service as long as a return ticket is purchased.

The third type of ticket available on the Melbourne to Sydney route is economy class priced at $140.90. Economy passengers sit on narrower seats and eat off plastic everything but they get to Sydney at the same time as first class passengers who pay $70.50 more.

First class, business class and economy class passengers can choose when they wish to depart and can cancel their plans at any time. Payment for any of these tickets is not necessary until the day of departure. Thus, these three types of passengers maintain maximum flexibility over their schedules. This flexibility is somewhat reduced in the Apex fare, the fourth alternative available. Apex fare applies to passengers who book and pay for their ticket 30 days before flying. These passengers can make a *return* trip between Melbourne and Sydney for $183.40, the equivalent of a one-way fare of $91.70. This is $49.20 less than the one-way economy fare for precisely the same seating and service. The fifth fare available on this flight is even cheaper than Apex. It's called an excursion fare. By paying for their ticket a week or two in advance and agreeing to travel on a flight nominated by the airline (typically one of the flights departing on the day they wish to fly), excursion economy passengers can buy a Melbourne to Sydney return ticket for $155, the equivalent of $77.50 each way. This is $63.40 less than the normal one-way economy fare and $133.90 less than first class.

There are two more fares available for the Melbourne to Sydney flight. Passengers may fly standby by turning up at the airport before the plane departs and taking any remaining seat. These passengers generally get around a 30 percent discount from the normal economy rate. There is also a special fare for people who travel in groups or who are combining air fare with holiday accommodation. These passengers receive discounts of 10 percent or more off the economy class fare.

There you have it. Seven different fares on the same flight. If you want to save money simply choose the cheapest fare that still permits you the flexibility you require. One more thing. Once you have chosen the cheapest fare your plans allow, book and pay for your ticket as soon as you can. This ensures that you avoid any price rises prior to your departure.

— SETH GREGORY

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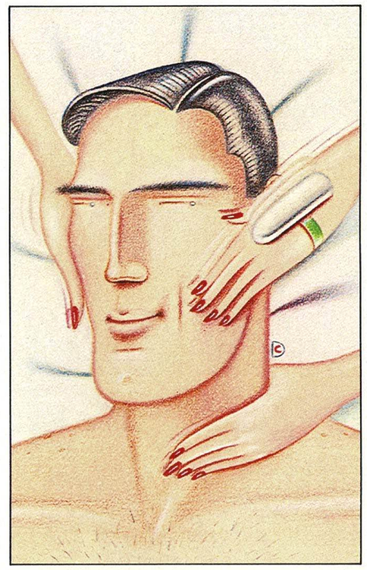

Barbershop encounters of the memorable kind.

You could get a lot of laughs and maybe a few tears if you got a group of men together to discuss the subject of haircuts, good and bad.

In the course of his life, the average male has been scalped, shorn, plumed, teased, cut, nicked, complimented, insulted, twisted, turned, prodded and poked in the barber's chair.

And once in a while he's even got a good haircut, too.

To discuss haircuts intelligently, you have to break them down into categories, sort of like the Academy Awards.

Here are some of my more memorable encounters with barbers:

The sexiest haircut: No doubt about this one; the year was 1961 and I was in South-East Asia. I was in uniform, the barbers were women. That's right, women. Two of them. One for each side of my head. They were cute, too, and I only got scared once. That's when without warning they dropped the chair back to its reclining position. No sooner had I flattened out than I heard a loud buzzing. The women had vibrators in their hands. They proceeded to rub me all over.

I didn't object. As a matter of fact, I seriously thought of writing to every barbers' union in the world and suggesting that this innovation in haircutting be seriously looked into.

I do not remember whether they gave me a good haircut or not, but never have I left a barbershop feeling quite so relaxed.

The second-sexiest haircut: Call her Mara. She was Irish with hair as red as a Setter's.

She had her own hair salon in the wrong end of town and while I would never argue that she gave me the best cut I ever had, there were benefits to her services.

She liked to sit on my lap sometimes while she worked, and she wanted a kiss each time before I left. Once jokingly she cradled my head between her breasts and sang me a little song. That was very comforting, and before some of you object to my enjoyment, remember, I never said I'd grown up.

The toughest/meanest haircut: Had to be when I signed up to join the army. It was three in the morning. We'd been up for 36 hours and were standing in line to get our first army haircut.

I had sneaked a piece of chewing gum into my mouth for some quick energy, and just as it was my turn to sit in the chair, Sergeant Krulak caught me.

"What are you chewing, maggot?" he growled. "You must be chewing foreskin. Are you chewing foreskin, maggot?"

And with that, he hauled off and stiff-armed me with a punch so hard that I went flying into the barber's chair.

He took the clippers and shaved me bald with about four swipes across my trembling skull. He then took a great clump of hair from the deck and shoved it down my back.

"If you love foreskin you must love hair, maggot," he said, "so roll in it." You probably won't believe this, but I never chewed gum in the army again without Sergeant Krulak's permission.

The first haircut: It seemed tragic at the time. My mother was in tears about it. I was probably four years old, and I had curly brown hair that she treasured. My father did not treasure it quite so much and he finally insisted that I get shorn.

Sobbing, my mother took me to the shop. I remember it was down a flight of stairs. I remember also that I was frightened. My mother's tears made me cry for a minute, but the barber was an extremely kind man who started chuckling at the hysteria.

And somehow, with what I guess was youthful intuition, I realised that he was not actually hurting me, my hair was not precious, the powder smelled sort of nice, the large mirrors in the shop reflected beautiful light, and he and I were in this together.

Whatever my mother was crying about did not involve me. I left the shop quite pleased with the way I looked. And I had a lot to think about.

Almost the last shave: Rarely do I get a shave. The straight razor can't match today's razors, and there is usually enough paranoia in me to preclude my letting someone scrape my neck with a shiny blade. But once in a while I give in and once it almost killed me.

I was laid up in a hospital in the Middle East. I won't name the country, because I am conscious of how crudely we categorise nations and peoples, and the story I'm telling has nothing to do with national character.

A man came in with a barber's smock, a shaving mug, straight razor and scissors. Would I like a shave or a haircut? Sure, I said, I'll take a shave for the road. He lathered things up and set to work. He laughed and joked. So did I. It was a pleasure to do something common and comfortable after my bout with dysentery. He was pleased that I spoke enough of his language to communicate.

It is lucky that I was watching his eyes pretty closely, because I saw something suddenly change in them, as if shutters had gone down behind them. I rolled, he slashed, I bounced, he chased.

The guards caught him as he screamed after me down the stairs. They put him back in his strait-jacket and apologised to me for the trouble.

I went back upstairs and lay down on the bed and decided I really wasn't nearly as sick as I'd thought. I checked out of the hospital that evening.

The funniest haircut: On a long country drive I decided I needed to wake up and spruce up, and even if it was like flying blind I'd stop at the next barbershop and get a haircut. That happened to be in a small bush town.

I walked into the shop with a grin and a hopeful wave. People were more kind than you could imagine. My, they were glad to see this city slicker. They shook my hand and patted me on the back and showed me which chair to sit in and Charlie, the barber, talked like a house on fire. I sat there and talked, too.

I hardly noticed the shop was getting awfully crowded. It wasn't until I stood up and checked the mirror that I saw the worst haircut imaginable. My head looked like a cancerous growth.

I was a burr with VD, an ad for baldness, a creature from Transplant City. And Charlie didn't seem to want my money. I mean, he had his hand out for it, but he wouldn't reach over and take it.

At least not until one of the good old boys got his white cane and steered him toward me.

I drove as fast as I could to the next big city. When I walked into the hotel barbershop there, they knew exactly where I'd been.

— ASA BABER

WOMEN

There's an ad on TV that I'm sure most of you have seen. A very pretty woman is driving along, stops at the traffic lights and suddenly a suave sort leaps out of nowhere and presents her with flowers.

He's so overcome by the female's presence (and the advertiser's flowery body spray) that he forgets his change from the flower vendor and stands, mesmerised, as the lovely creature drives off.

I've been wearing perfume and pulling up at traffic lights for years. The nearest thing I've experienced to a romantic encounter has been a truckie leaning out of his window and making direct remarks about the anatomy of my upper torso. Flowers have never been mentioned.

There are two things wrong with that TV ad. Firstly, the dame is downright dumb. She doesn't give the man her telephone number. (We streetwise girls always carry namecards in our pockets.) He's dopey, too. There's absolutely no sign of him scribbling down her number-plate.

Secondly, such encounters just don't happen. A woman could take a bath in French perfume, hire a Mercedes sportscar and spend all day idling at traffic lights and the most she'd get would be wolf-whistles. No man is going to throw himself in front of the vehicle, plead with her for a smile or toss her a gladiolus. Betcha I'm right.

A woman driving a convertible or walking down a street in any Australian city is open prey, but not to Sir Galahad types wielding bunches of flowers. She's a moving target for the dubious sexual humor in which some men seem to specialise. Believe me, it's no joy to be confronted by a stranger who, with one remark, can reduce you to no more than a mobile set of tits and arse.

I'm not writing this off the top of my head. I asked eight of my girlfriends what upset them most about men. Six replied that they just can't bear to walk down the street and have to pass a group of construction workers or even a gaggle of men at a bus-stop. They know they are going to be deluged with sleazy remarks.

One of my friends admits that she crosses streets and goes blocks out of her way not to have to pass by large groups of men. Another, who lives in a mid-city apartment, always wears shapeless clothes, headscarves and sunglasses on weekends if she feels like a stroll around town. I'll admit that I've resorted to sunglasses, too, rather than risk eye contact with marauding males hanging around discos and pinball parlors on a Friday night. It's a pain in the arse trying to negotiate the footpath at midnight in a pair of Sunoroids.

A third girlfriend told me she first became aware of her public vulnerability when she was 15. She'd stepped downtown

A flattering compliment beats a vulgar put-down.

in a brand-new mini-dress and was feeling very grown-up and pretty. A pair of crusty old winos shattered her confidence with a couple of four-letter words that, back in the '60s, still had shock value. It was years before she felt inclined to walk the city streets alone again.

Like most women I'm constantly taken aback by the audacity of some males in public places. Let's look at a few pieces of evidence. A beer-bellied Romeo in torn singlet, ancient Stubbies and towelling hat spies a shapely sort decked out in designer co-ordinates and snakeskin accessories. Egged on by his workmates, he saunters across and leers at her, "Wanna sit on my face, baby?"

Now what on earth does Exhibit A expect the fashionplate to do? Surely not to purr, "Okay, you incredible hulk, just a sec while I roll down my Dior pantyhose." There's no logic involved here. Imagine the reverse. Say an executive type in a three-piece suit with furled umbrella, combination lock briefcase, the works, was passing a group of women. Would an old frump in curlers and crimplene accost him with "Wanna blow job, toots?" I figure it's unlikely.

In the USA in the 1970s when feminism was in full flight, the sisterhood took to hanging out at construction sites wolf-whistling and making ribald comments at the male workers. I think that's going too far. I've often admired a pair of meaty legs or an ample crotch on a lunchtime jogger in Sydney's Hyde Park. But even with a couple of girlfriends around to encourage me, I just can't bring myself to shout out to an absolute stranger that I'm hot for the contents of his running shorts.

I wonder how you blokes would react? Would you be flattered, embarrassed, amused or shocked? Women tend to feel threatened by overt attention from male strangers. There's always the subconscious fear of violence, even rape. On the other hand, we like to be noticed; the average woman does dress up to appeal to men. Most of us are very aware of our femininity and sexuality and we do send out all sorts of subtle signals in public places.

Why, then, can't men reward us with some ego-boosting recognition rather than rude, often hostile, put-downs? I *know* that you like us. But please explain why the sensitive and attentive men we know in private turn into vulgar, swaggering louts when they're in the company of their mates in a public place. I know you're not all like that but the true Prince Charmings among you sure aren't riding your white chargers around my city block.

Enough negativity. Here are a few suggestions on how to woo women in public places. Firstly, leave your mates behind in the bar if you intend to attract the attention of stray women. We do not thrill to the thought of being hunted by a pack. Forget the clever one-liners and cool stares. We are wary of males whose routine suggests they do this sort of thing every hour of the day. A little eye contact at first, then a more direct glance leading up to a lovely warm smile. Imagine you're riding in an elevator with a nice-looking girl. It's simple enough to tell her she's wearing a devastating dress, that her perfume is a knockout or her eyes are fascinating.

This is pleasant, non-threatening patter and will put you in good practice for more serious encounters.

I'm not attempting to tell you how to pick up women. I just think it's important you realise how vulnerable we feel in certain public places and how positively we can be turned off by certain standards of behavior. A couple of my girlfriends even admit they wish they were invisible when they walk down the street. I think the scenery would suffer if all women adopted this attitude.

Take notice of us, help us celebrate our femininity and both sides will end up having a much better time.

And always keep a couple of spare dollars in the back pocket of your trousers. You could buy a complete stranger a bunch of flowers and make her feel like a million dollars.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

How a man who's owned the same suit for the last thirty years has changed the way the world dresses.

Your name's Pierre Cardin.

You've just bought Maxim's in Paris, possibly the world's most famous and exclusive restaurant.

A thought strikes you.

Why not open a cheaper sister-restaurant to Maxim's?

Brilliant.

But what will you call this sister restaurant...Max's? Maxine's? Maxelle's?

As you ponder, you might let your mind wander back over your career.

How you started at Christian Dior's then set up your own design firm in 1950.

How your bubble dresses triumphed all over the world.

You smile as you remember the shock you caused in haute couture circles when you became the first top designer to launch a ready-to-wear collection.

And then you had the nerve to open ready-to-wear departments for both men and women, bringing style and elegance to people without limitless money, particularly the young.

(Just as you hope to do with this restaurant you're trying to name.)

Then came those wonderful '60's.

Your simple geometric shapes dominated even that dazzlingly flamboyant age.

And your idea of exaggerated shoulders was one of the few landmarks in the anonymous '70's.

It amuses you to know that you've given the world some of its most adventurous fashions, yet you have long preferred immaculate suits.

You've been wearing one of them for over 30 years.

They suit you. You know they're right for you in the same way that your designer's eye knows what's right for millions of other people.

Yes, you've been at the top of the fashion world for 40 years and have won every award it offers.

Yet you can't think of a name for Maxim's cheaper sister-restaurant.

But wait...of course, Minim's.

So deceptively simple, so obviously right. So like every item that bears your name. And so typical of you if your name's Pierre Cardin.

Pierre Cardin

MOVIES

Spies, gremlins, and a bunch of loonies.

Even your average ASIO operative could probably work out that Guy Bennett, the pivotal character in director **Marek Kanievska's** *Another Country,* is actually Guy Burgess who spied for Russia while working for the British Government and who defected to escape arrest. Actually, that Marek Kanievska is a suspicious sort of name, so we'll call it **Julian Mitchell's** film as it was he who wrote the successful West End stage version and he who has adapted it to the screen. Mitchell's interest is not so much in cloak and dagger deeds as in the social environment that made the young man plot a revenge against the Establishment.

Set in a British public school in the thirties, *Another Country* introduces us to Guy Bennett **(Rupert Everett)** and Tommy Judd **(Colin Firth)** in a supposed re-enactment of the early lives of Guy Burgess and fellow agent Donald Maclean. Their exploits have never been less than absorbing, but there's something hollow about Mitchell's proposition that hang-ups over his homosexual tendencies at boarding school led Burgess to the conclusion that global communism was the answer. A Red under every bed, maybe, but a Red in each bed? Yuk.

Mitchell depicts the public school system as a strangely effete but repressive hierarchy throbbing with little frustrated shirtlifters tormented by the intertwining threads of temptation and alienation. The early scenes are a stampede of unruly schoolboys competing for attention, and Kanievska's camera takes its time to focus on the quiet, unhappy boy already shrinking away from the mob and beginning to walk the plank that society builds for outsiders.

It is an immaculate production with a great depth of uniform acting talent, but somehow *Another Country* without a pinch of authority is as frustrating as porridge without a pinch of salt. Maybe Mitchell's proposition should have been an allegation. Maybe the notion of Burgess grasping Marxism when he would rather have been grasping Marx falls into a credibility hole. At the end of 90 minutes, it never seemed to have been more than a rumor . . . but for those 90 minutes it never seemed less than compelling.

Spielberg deals another blow to Actors' Equity with Gremlins.

●

It's becoming difficult not to see each successive **Steven Spielberg** offering as another new range of cute toys, T-shirts, caps and ice lollies for the coming gift season. At least with *Gremlins* he partially exorcises himself of the pap that made *ET* extra-terrestrial at the box office.

He does keep us in suspense, however. Produced by Spielberg and directed by **Joe Dante,** *Gremlins* is another triumph for cinema technology and another blow for Actors' Equity with a cast of brilliantly constructed small furry creatures totally stealing the show from **Hoyt Axton** and **Frances Lee McCain.** Axton plays Rand Peltzer who comes across a strange little creature in a Chinatown market and takes it home as a gift for his son Billy **(Zach Galligan).** As with so much merchandise from the People's Republic, the instructions are a bit quaint, in this case a warning against the creature getting wet, being subjected to direct sunlight or being fed after midnight.

It is inevitable that one of these conditions will be broken and a bit of mischief will ensue, but nothing really prepares us for Spielberg and Dante's change of pace. Billy's cute little gremlin manages to multiply into a plague of crazed killers that terrorise the neighborhood with some really lurid activities. In between their evil deeds, of course, they're as cute as little buttons. This allows the technicians to demonstrate their magic with such tricks as gremlins rap dancing and indulging in other popular antics, while compounding the chill when they turn. This sort of terror is really suitable only for children and it seems unlikely that *Gremlins* will appeal to family groups the way *ET* did.

●

Who better than director **Richard Lester** to revive the old caper comedy style of the '60s, and *Finders Keepers* doesn't take long to justify either the revival of the style or Lester as the perpetrator. Fortunately Lester's cast of loonies is confined to a train travelling from California to Nebraska because the action is so manic and giddy it's difficult to keep tabs on them.

Caper comedy plots were always a secondary consideration and, in this one, we have $5 million in a coffin in the baggage car, a totally inept con man (the headlining **Michael O'Keefe),** a totally plausible con man **(Louis Gossett Jr),** the neurotic Standish Logan **(Beverly D'Angelo** who makes the film hers), a mentally defective defector from the Vietnam War **(Jim Carrey),** a kidnapped heiress with a crooked chauffeur, a police chief with a nymphomaniac wife, and other assorted crazies.

Their destiny is pretty much in the hands of America's oldest railroad conductor **(David Wayne)** who, whenever he's

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threatened with retirement, gets on the phone to "President Nickerson" and threatens to spill the beans to Walter Cronkite.

Lester shakes this kaleidoscope of lunacy like an epileptic bartender and, even when he pauses for a breath, it's a caricature of one of those great cliche shots such as the express train's speeding wheels.

Finders Keepers literally fills the screen with madcap comedy, slapstick and sight gags competing with each other in foreground, background and overflowing out of the frame into your popcorn.

Once you've acclimatised yourself to Lester's lunacy, the overdose holds absolutely no fears.

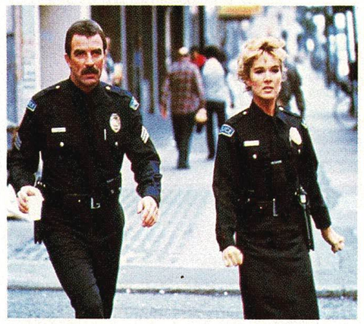
— ROBIN INGRAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

FUTURE BULLDUST: West German director **Wim Wenders** hopes to make his next movie, a science fiction saga, in Australia next year. Wenders visited the Australian Outback in 1977-78, took thousands of photographs, and was inspired to begin drafting a script for a project he titled *The End Of The Century*. He announced his intention of proceeding with the project after visiting chosen locations with his executive producer, **Chris Sievernich,** and having discussions with Australian film industry executives. Wenders' last film, *Paris, Texas,* won the top prize at the Cannes Film Festival this year, and was voted best film in the Sydney Film Festival.

●

IDOL GOSSIP: Sissy Spacek and **Kevin** *(The Big Chill)* **Kline** have been set to team up in Columbia's *Violets Are Blue,* a contemporary love story about an award-winning photojournalist who returns to her New England hometown after a 15-year absence and has an affair with her quite-married former boyfriend . . . **Tom Selleck** will topline *Runaway,* an action-adventure flick about a dedicated police sergeant in pursuit of a killer who uses electronic gadgetry to murder his victims. **Robin Williams** has been cast in the lead for Embassy Pictures' *Perfect Partners,* the story of a San Francisco street performer who undertakes a number of disguises in order to gain custody of his young daughter.



Runaway's Tom Selleck with fellow cop Cynthia Rhodes.

●

TALENT TIME: Australian producer Phillip Emanuel is excited at the on-screen chemistry generated by the interesting cast he attracted for his big budget feature, *Rebel.* Emanuel brought in the crowd-pulling young American **Matt Dillon** to play opposite singer **Debbie Byrne. Bryan Brown, Ray Barrett** and **Bill Hunter** also have prominent roles in the production. *Rebel,* previously titled *No Names, No Pack Drill* and adapted from **Bob Herbert's** play of the same name, is Emanuel's second feature. He quickly established his ability to attract top talent by signing **Liv Ullman** and **Jeremy Irons** for his previous film, *The Wild Duck.*

●

HYPE HAPPY: With **Mel Gibson** abdicating his sex symbol crown and pleading with the media for a fair go in establishing a more mature image, the hype machine is already pushing **Steven Vidler** forward as "the new Mel Gibson". Vidler apparently stakes his claim with a strong performance in the movie/mini-series production *Robbery Under Arms* which stars **Sam Neill.** It's an impression that won't be damaged by his appearance in *Displaced Persons,* the impressive ABC screen production of **Louis Nowra's** play. Vidler shines in a good cast including **John Wood, John Orcsik** and **Dasha Blahova.**

●

YEAR OF THE BRITS: Next year is British Film Year and there are some tasty examples to be featured. **David Lean's** first major effort since *Ryan's Daughter, Passage To India,* stars Australian **Judy Davis** and is destined to score well at the next Academy Awards. The next chapter in the **Bill Forsyth** saga after *Gregory's Girl* and *Local Hero, Comfort And Joy,* is another winsome comedy from the Scottish writer/director. **Bill Paterson** plays a hapless deejay who gets involved in local wars between rival mobster families in the ice-cream business. Like his previous work, Forsyth has made a quirky, irresistible movie without mega-stars or eye-popping effects, highlighting the many British films to hit the screen through the year.

●

MYSTERY MEAT: Hollywood seems to have recently rediscovered the mystery novel, a classic source of film material. **Elmore Leonard's** *Stick* will soon be brought to the big screen and now plans are underway to film **Gregory Mcdonald's** *Fletch.* **Chevy Chase** will star as the newspaper reporter turned sleuth who, while posing as a beach bum to get a story, stumbles upon an intricate murder case. Taking on various disguises and assumed identities, our hero pursues his clues from ritzy tennis clubs to pig farms, from a Utah realtor's office to a legionnaires' banquet. Author Mcdonald, upon hearing of plans to film his novel, reportedly phoned Chase and said,

Richard Gere and Diane Lane iron things out in a steamy scene from Francis Coppola's eagerly awaited Cotton Club.

"Delighted to abdicate the role of Fletch to you. Pretending to be attractive, charming, witty and energetic all these years has been a terrible strain on me." Directed by **Michael** *(The Candidate)* **Ritchie,** *Fletch* co-stars **Joe Don Baker** and **Tim Matheson.**

●

MONSTER MASH: Hollywood's remake roster continues with Columbia's *The Bride,* based on *Bride Of Frankenstein,* probably the oddest boy-meets-girl tale ever spun. **Sting,** lead singer of **The Police,** will play Baron Von Frankenstein and **Jennifer** *(Flashdance)* **Beals** will co-star as the monster's mate. The flick will stick to the original story: the baron creates a female bride for his male creature and must suffer the consequences when she won't have a bar of him. Set for a mid-1985 release, *The Bride* will be directed by **Franc** *(Quadrophenia)* **Roddam.**

●

IN-LAWS TO OUTLAWS: The long-awaited reteaming of **Alan Arkin** and **Peter Falk** (whose last pairing was in *The In-Laws*) is finally under way in *Big Trouble.* This time Arkin plays a hard-working insurance salesman who is trying to scrape together enough money to send his three sons to Yale University. Enter Peter Falk and **Beverly D'Angelo** with a hairbrained scheme to milk a big, conservative insurance firm headed by staid **Robet Stack.** The result is screwball comedy, directed by **John Cassavetes** from a screenplay by *In-Laws'* scripter **Andrew Bergman.** The cast also includes **Charles Durning** as a wily insurance investigator, and **Paul** *(Breaking Away)* **Dooley.**

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ANOTHER TOURIST STRANDED IN THE DESERT, BATTLES DEHYDRATION.

EIGHTEEN KILOMETRES FROM AYERS ROCK, SMACK BANG IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT, WE'VE BUILT A VILLAGE CALLED YULARA.

AND IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE STRANDED IN THE DESERT, THIS IS JUST THE PLACE TO DO IT.

BUT BEFORE YOU DO, YOU MUST LEARN THE BASICS OF SURVIVAL.

THE FIRST LESSON IS TO LOCATE ALL THE WATER HOLES.

AFTER ALL, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO WANDER AROUND IN YULARA FOR MINUTES AT A TIME, TRYING TO FIND ONE OF THE MANY COCKTAIL BARS OR SWIMMING POOLS.

THE SECOND LESSON IS EVEN MORE IMPORTANT.

THE DESERT CAN OFTEN BE AN INHOSPITABLE PLACE AT NIGHT, SO THE CHOICE OF SHELTER IS CRITICAL.

WE RECOMMEND FOUR PLACES:

THE FULLY FACILITATED YULARA CAMPING SITE.

THE ERNEST GILES TAVERN.

THE 100 ROOM FOUR SEASONS HOTEL.

THE 230 ROOM SHERATON HOTEL.

LASTLY, YOU WILL HAVE TO DECIDE HOW YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE THE 18 KILOMETRE TREK TO AYERS ROCK.

WILL IT BE BY AIR-CONDITIONED COACH? OR AIR-CONDITIONED CAR?

YULARA.

IF YOU'RE EVER GOING TO BE STRANDED IN THE DESERT, THIS IS JUST THE PLACE TO DO IT.

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MUSIC

Sometimes even rock legends need a little help from their friends . . . just to keep in touch you understand.

This year is **Tina Turner's** 10th year out on her own as rock's spunkiest grandmother and high time for her to get outside the limits set by her Nutbush, Tennessee, upbringing. While there are songs on her latest album, *Private Dancer*, which sound like every powerhouse, funky, get-down song she's ever sung, the addition of diverse musical souls like the boys from **Heaven 17, Jeff Beck,** and **Dire Straits** gives this album a few exotic flavors together with the expected standard fare.

Heaven 17's lads, especially **Martin Ware** and **Greg Walsh,** have rearranged the face of blues music for Tina with their production of the **Willie Mitchell/Al Green/Al Jackson** tune *Let's Stay Together;* **Bowie's** *1984* gets a thorough trouncing; the **Lennon/McCartney** classic, *Help*, is rendered as impotent as **John Farnham's** attempt a few years back; and **Mark Knopfler's** title tune *Private Dancer* is played by the Dire Straits lads *sans* Mark, but with a guitar solo by Jeff Beck.

If you're a Beck fan, take a tip, his two solos on this outing aren't worth the effort.

The best surprise of the album was the first single lifted, *What's Love Got To Do With It,* co-written by **Graham Lyle** and Australian **Terry Britten.** Britten came to fame here after writing many of **Christie Allen's** songs in the late '70s, and Graham Lyle with **Gallagher and Lyle,** the '70s nice-boy vocal instrumentalists.

So why didn't Mark Knopfler make the team? Well he's been a busy boy lately, scoring several films, releasing a 12-inch EP titled *Comfort And Joy,* which contains three mainly instrumental tracks taken from

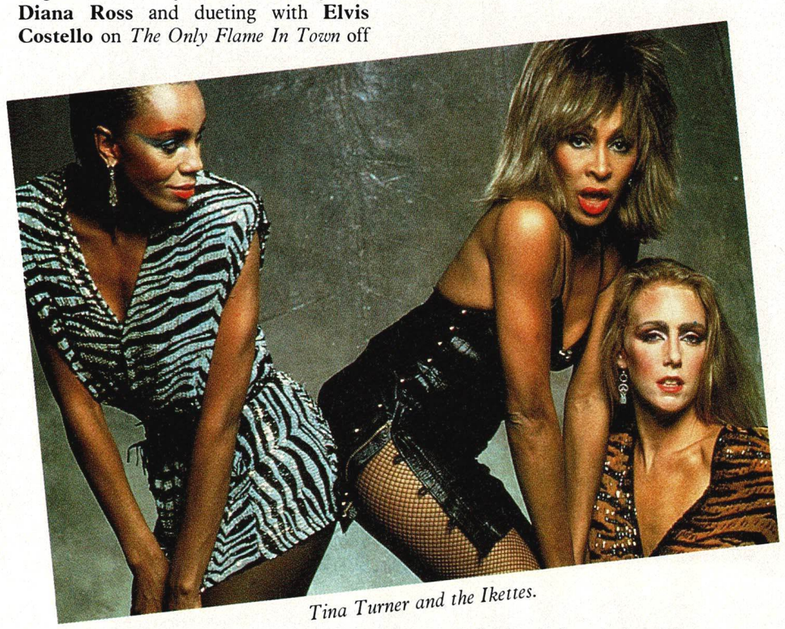
Terri Nunn fronts Berlin.

the **Bill Forsyth** movie of the same name, and joining glamor boy **Bryan Ferry** for Ferry's solo album. Also present on that project are whiz-funk producer of Bowie and **INXS's** *Original Sin,* **Nile Rogers,** and saxophonist **David Sandborn.**

Knopfler also joined **Don** and **Phil Everly** in the studio with **Dave Edmunds** producing the reunion album of the year.

Tina sounds great due to her talented friends.

Another lad spreading himself around is mega-vocalist **Daryl Hall,** recording with **Diana Ross** and dueting with **Elvis Costello** on *The Only Flame In Town* off



Tina Turner and the Ikettes.

the *Goodbye Cruel World* album that had 13 intriguing songs suggesting Costello's flirtation with the world of funk has sapped him of some musical and lyrical venom.

Elvis also makes an appearance on **Nick Lowe's** album *Cowboy Outfit*, playing, singing and co-producing with **Colin Fairley** and **Paul Bas.**

Not content with that, he's been in the studio with **Yoko Ono** working on an album, *Every Man Has A Woman,* full of songs written by **Yoko Ono**. The title track is performed by **John Lennon,** and other contributors include **Eddie Money, Harry Nilsson, Trio, Roberta Flack,** and John's son, **Sean Lennon**.

●

Re-release time: **Cyndi Lauper** splashed her multi-colored hair and clothing around this year while her *Girls Just Wanna Have Fun* and *Time After Time* topped the pops as well.

Meanwhile her record label, Polydor, was sitting on an album by her old group **Blue Angel** that did absolutely nothing at all when first released in 1980. Now Blue Angel is back in the stores but look for Cyndi Lauper's name splashed on the cover bigger than before. Buy it if you want to know why? Sample these lyrics: "I'm a toy, come and play with me, say the word now, wrap your legs around me and ride me tonight, I'm a man — I'm a goddess, I'm a man — Well I'm a virgin, I'm a man — I'm a bitch, I'm a man — I'm a geisha, I'm a man — I'm a little girl, And we make love together."

Sounds okay in small doses, but two sides of come-on songs stretch the libido.

●

One boy out on his own who gets the good taste award of the year is **David Sylvian,** whose solo album *Brilliant Trees* could easily rate as one of the more accomplished players' efforts as well. With him are jazz trumpeter **John Hassell, Steve Jansen** on drums, **Kenny Wheeler** on flugelhorn, **Danny Thompson** on double bass, **Japan's Richard Barbieri** on synthesiser, and co-writer of *Forbidden Colors,* **Riuichi Sakamoto.** They were given plenty of room to explore Sylvian's song spaces and have achieved ultimately satisfying results. Sylvian is a serious young bloke who stays away from the mind-bending machinery of the pop industry. One for the philosophers!

— TONY LOVE

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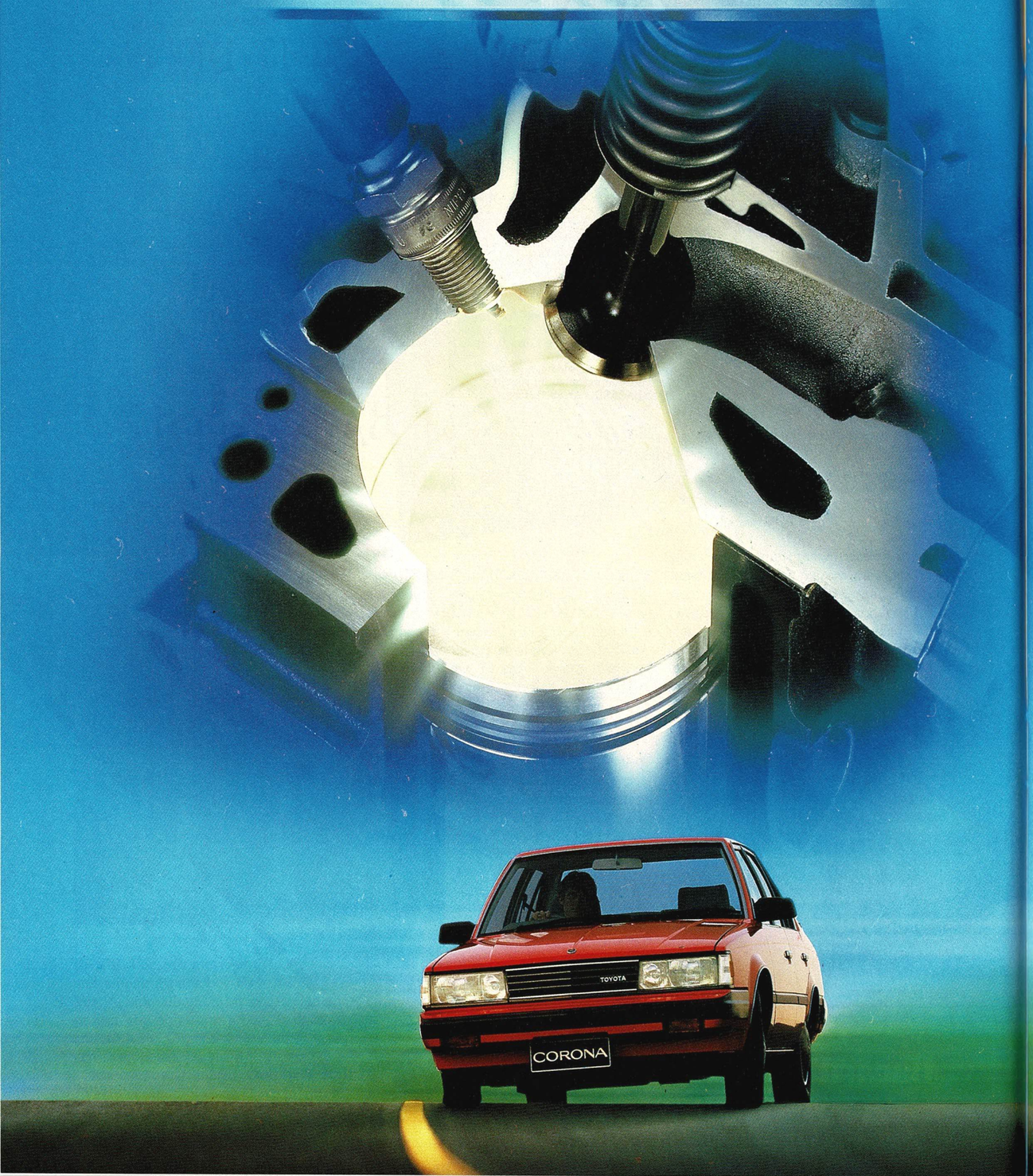


FACT: TOYOTA'S NEW SUPER RESPONSIVE ENGINES ARE A POWERFUL ANSWER TO TODAY'S DRIVING NEEDS.

The fact is that they literally deliver 'super response.'

That's also the feeling of the motoring writers of Australia, who are hard to impress at the best of times.

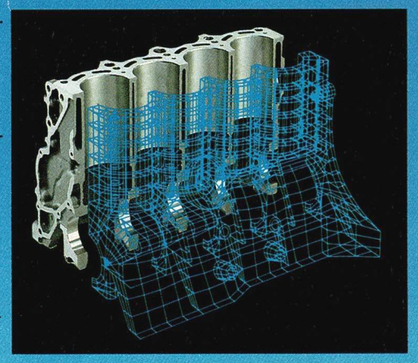
Their reaction to the new SR engines was unanimously enthusiastic.

"Toyota now has a range of engines almost bewildering in their diversity, but all of mouth-watering configuration." The Advertiser.

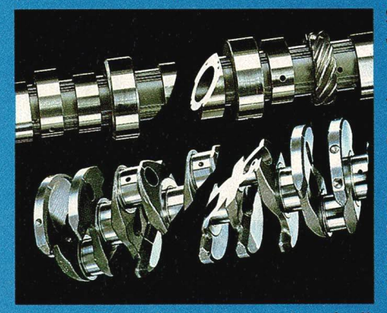
"The array of engines that have flowed from the development workshops...from Toyota is, quite simply, stunning." The Sydney Morning Herald.

Toyota engineers have achieved four remarkable goals at once: 1. Super responsive performance. 2. Less fuel consumption. 3. Low noise. 4. Less maintenance.

This has been developed with technological fact after fact. SR engines feature fuel efficiency innovations, advanced electronics, new mechanisms, and sophisticated engine analysis techniques.



Special laser holography of the engine block led to huge weight cuts. New materials cut friction and reduced inertia. With design innovations such as pentroof combustion chambers and swirl control valves.



In fact, Toyota has developed several world firsts in the process. A hollow camshaft, and sinter-forged connecting rods.

The objective was to challenge all existing engine technology and break new ground. And many million dollars later, leaving no stone unturned, the SR series of engines is Toyota's super response.

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TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

OFFICIAL SPONSOR 1984 OLYMPIC TEAM

elcome to the summer of the seventh batsman.

This guy used to be called a wicketkeeper, but nowadays that's just a job he does in his spare time. If he can't bat, the selectors will find someone else to stand behind the stumps when it's our turn to field.

You see, the day of the specialist 'keeper is gone. Once upon a cricket era the wicketkeeping trade called for a guy who could fathom the guile of a wrist spinner, help set a stumping trap when all else had failed, snap up difficult leg-side chances and involve himself heavily in bowling and fielding strategy. If this craftsman happened to pick up a few runs after the middle-order bats had had their fling, then that was a bonus because his real trade was wicketkeeping and if he was any good at it, he was usually guaranteed a Test berth for as long as he wanted.

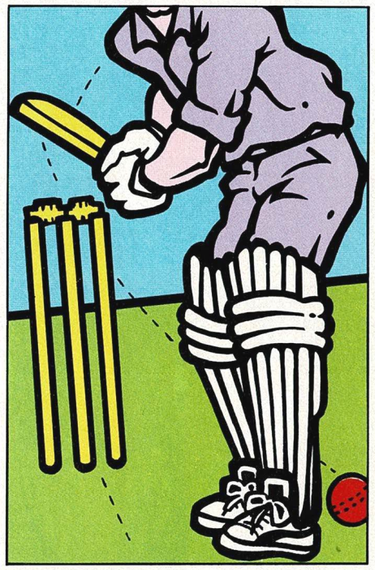
It went with the job that this bloke was expected to be slightly eccentric, rotund, humorous, belligerent, bossy or gregarious, or perhaps a mixture of them all. In the hearts and minds of cricket followers he held a special place.

For the reasoning behind this man's demise, look no farther than the current reliance upon pace bowling. The ability of current world champions the Windies to dismiss other sides cheaply is based on their pace battery. Australia, as it has done for more than a decade, will select a core of quick bowlers for the same reason when the two cricketing giants clash this summer.

With so much pace bowling operating from either end, the wicketkeeper's job becomes much less complex. The better quality the bowling, the easier the job. It can be argued that it is easier to keep wicket at Test level where the bowling is almost unerringly accurate, than it is at third grade district level where that 19-year-old firebrand doesn't know the meaning of line and length. A first-class 'keeper can expect better returns from the outfield and more responsive close-in fielding. When all this is taken into account, selectors and strategists have arrived at the conclusion that it is possible to select an outstanding batsman who is no stranger to the 'keeping gloves and groom him to become a Test wicketkeeper.

The Windies' incumbent is a bloke called Jeff Dujon and it wasn't all that long ago that he figured his route to Test cricket lay in his ability as a top-order batsman. However, it was when Dujon added wicketkeeping experience to his considerable batting skill that he realised his true worth as a potential Test selection.

If Wayne Phillips were to shoot for a Test spot purely on his batting ability, he would be in and out of the side like a hare during mating season. But like Dujon, Phillips



Gone is the day of the specialist wicketkeeper.

turned out to be a fair hand behind the stumps, and the selectors have shown that this is a talent they're prepared to explore, providing Phillips gets runs.

The trend will almost certainly filter down to the junior ranks where kids who fancy themselves as batsmen will be getting in some 'keeping practice by way of improving their hopes of higher selection.

Of course the purists are sickened by it all because it is confirmation that the revival of the art of slow bowling is farther away than ever. On his return from this year's slaughter in the West Indies, Australian captain Kim Hughes offered the slow-bowling brigade little hope when he claimed that the Aussies were the only side capable of beating the world champs because we're the only nation with the pace to match the Windies.

After watching Richards, Greenidge, Haynes and company thrash our bowlers to all points of the Caribbean, the call went out that a wrist spinner might be the solution to curbing the calypso might. Maybe, but wouldn't that mean finding a 'keeper who could stand up to the stumps and deal with the vagaries of flight, turn, direction and wrong 'uns?

It's questionable, however, that the new approach to wicketkeeping has caused the latest shake-up in the English camp, with Bob Taylor replaced by Paul Downton who bats at number seven and doesn't look like rising through the ranks because of any great skill with the willow. If the English selectors haven't grasped the merit of choosing a batting hero for the 'keeper's job, and Geoff Humpage showed he was up for grabs a few years back, then Dujon certainly gave them a few pointers during the fourth Test against the Windies at Old Trafford in July. Out of a first innings total of 500, Dujon notched 101. When it came England's turn to bat, they found Dujon's 'keeping was up to the task of accepting the chances that the quick bowling of Baptiste, Garner and Marshall produced.

The emergence of the wicketkeeper as someone who is expected to score runs highlights the problems some international line-ups have been experiencing with their middle-order batting. No country has been more afflicted with the middle-order blues than Australia, a problem that might have a little to do with the fact that this country has not produced an outstanding all-rounder since Gary Gilmour gave the first-class game away.

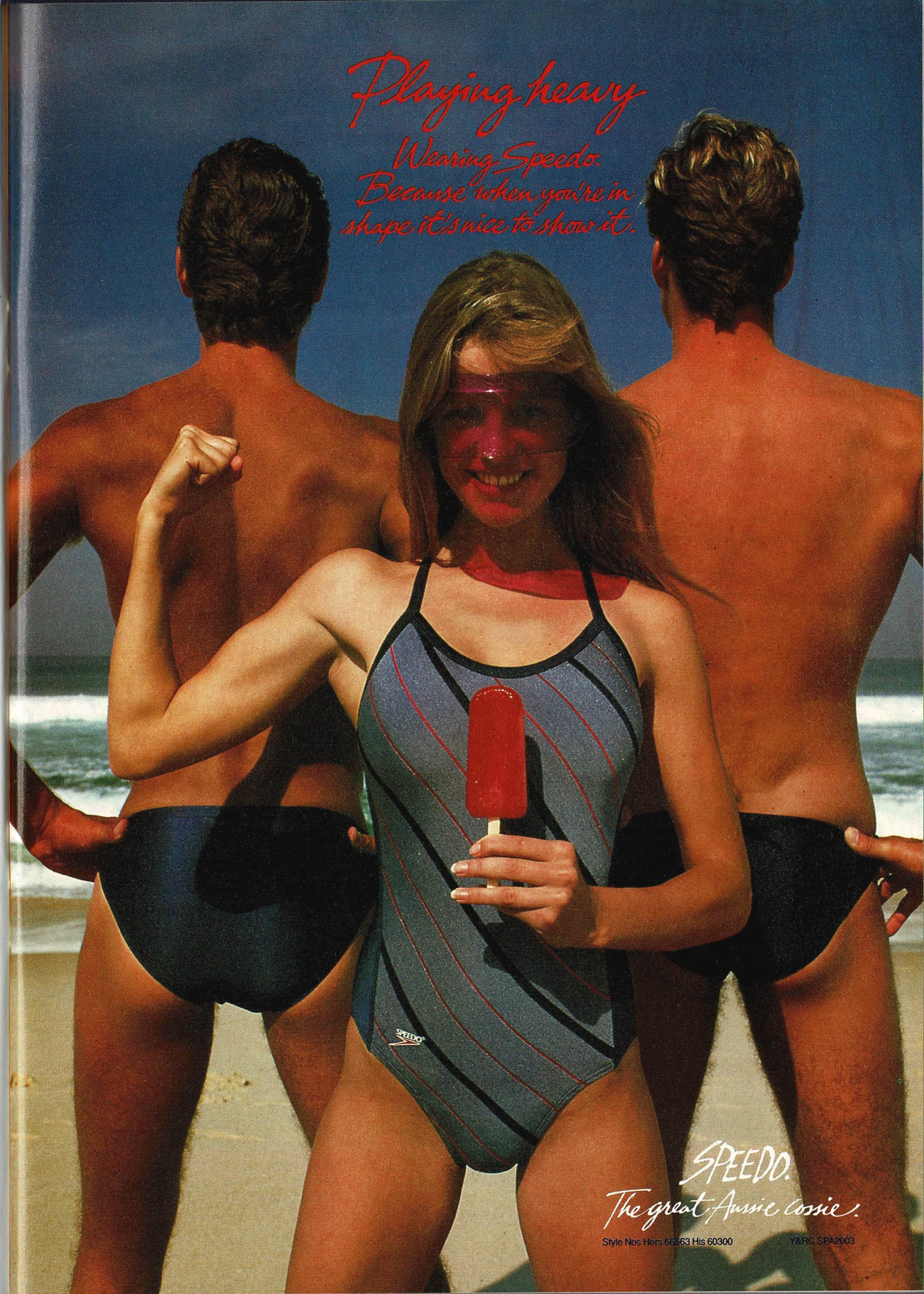
The absence of a fine all-rounder means that there is a distinct cut-off point where the capable batting finishes and the "rabbits" get their turn at the crease. In the absence of someone who can command a place for both batting and bowling, they've gone for a player who can bat and keep wicket.

In Australia's case it means the side has batting strength right down to the seventh man in; and we'll need it because the Windies bat right down to eight or nine.

This summer's concentration on pure pace is sure to make the clamor for more variation in the bowling louder than ever. But the call will fall on deaf ears as the selectors and strategists, in their grooming of the new-style 'keepers, have indicated which path they wish the game to take.

If you're left wondering what the game used to be like in the days when slow bowlers and wicketkeepers combined to succeed when the quicks had failed, then you'll have to resort to researching the archives. No doubt you'll learn about colorful characters like Don Tallon, Godfrey Evans (a 'keeper of speed and genius), Bertie Oldfield and, more recently, that superb fitness fanatic Alan Knott. You'll be astounded to learn that in the fourth Test of the 1924-25 series against England, Oldfield stumped Hobbs, Woolley, Chapman and Whysall in one innings. But Oldfield knew something about stumping — of his 130 Test victims, 52 were stumped. Then again, he prevailed in an era when the genius of slow bowlers like Mailey, Grimmett and O'Reilly was something that selectors and cricket lovers cherished.

— NEIL JAMESON



...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: VIV RICHARDS

A candid conversation with the world's most electrifying cricketer about calypso confidence, superstardom, facing the Aussies, and hanging on to your roots at the top.

Isaac Vivian Richards is to cricket what Carl Lewis is to athletics — a natural champion. And that means his perfect cover drives are as equally impressive as the high profile he carries from lucrative sponsorships and endorsement deals. His on-field skill and business acumen go to make up one of today's great sporting heroes.

Viv literally exploded on the cricket scene in 1976 when he toured England with the Windies and chalked up an awesome Test average of 118.42 runs. Since then he has humiliated the world's best bowlers on his way to becoming one of the richest ever cricketers.

Bowlers from all the great cricketing nations agree that when Viv is in one of "those" moods, there is simply no dealing with him. He will batter the ball to all corners of the compass until he gets bored. And God help the bowler who makes him angry.

To paraphrase one sporting commentator: "The rest of them play cricket, Viv does something else."

And it seems it was always like that. Cricketing skills run in the family, with father Malcolm, as well as an older brother, playing regularly for home island team Antigua. His mother was reputedly a mean bat, too, while an auntie was known to bowl down a few left-handers that Gary Gilmour would have been proud of.

Another brother, closer to Viv, Mervyn, took to a rival ball game and became Antigua's leading soccer coach. Viv, incidentally, had already begun his representative sporting career by wearing a West Indies soccer guernsey in the 1974 World Cup.

But cricket was the number one priority. After a childhood of bats hand-carved from spare wood, and pitches that doubled as the local beach, Richards, aged 15, was pointed in the direction of one of Antigua's top teams — and scored 50 in his first match.

The rest, as they say, is modern history. Antigua has now produced four international cricketers. Fast bowler Andy Roberts pioneered the way for Richards, followed by Eldine Baptiste and Richie Richardson.

With impressive talent like that coming from one of its smallest islands, it's no wonder the West Indies cricket team is considered virtually unbeatable.

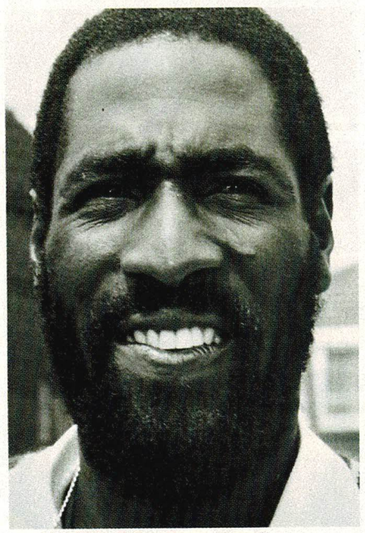
But Viv is the star, the one who rocketed to fame because of his uncanny abilities and because he looks like a hero. At 32, 180cm (5ft 11in) tall and 83kg (13 stone), he is a marketing manager's dream.

Despite his cricketing prowess, his wealth, and the legions of women who are said to find him attractive, the star remains a "roots" man with an undiminished love of his home island, an almost child-like devotion to Rastafarianism, and an undying loyalty to its trappings.

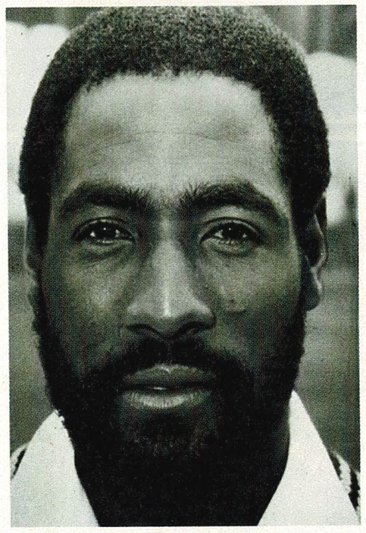
Although he drives round in a big, late-model BMW, inside it's reggae music on the dial, and pictures of Haile Selassie and Bob Marley dot the windows. His style is undeniably easy-going. His clothes casual.

Viv is married to his childhood sweetheart, Miriam, and they have two children with African names, Mali and Matara.

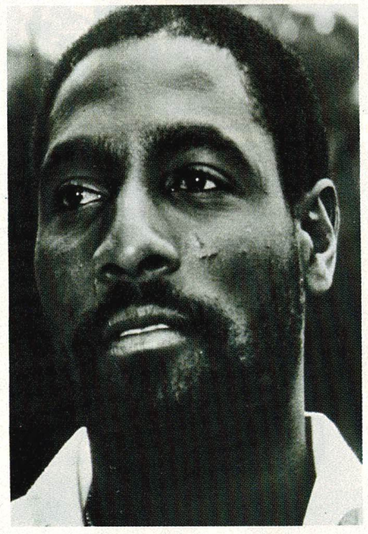
Coming from a passionately devout family, Richards distinguishes between two forms of Rastafarianism: the marijuana-smoking variety is not admired,



I'm not picking up the ball as I did when I was 21. When you're young you're full of this brave ignorance. At 32 you think of other things.



You've got to push yourself up. Some people are disillusioned by this racism and oppression, but you must still fight. I'd like to help my people and encourage them to fight.



Some people want a captain who gets up every morning, puts on a tie, and goes out and drinks in the finest of places, speaks posh . . . I'm not into all that.

At restaurants everywhere.

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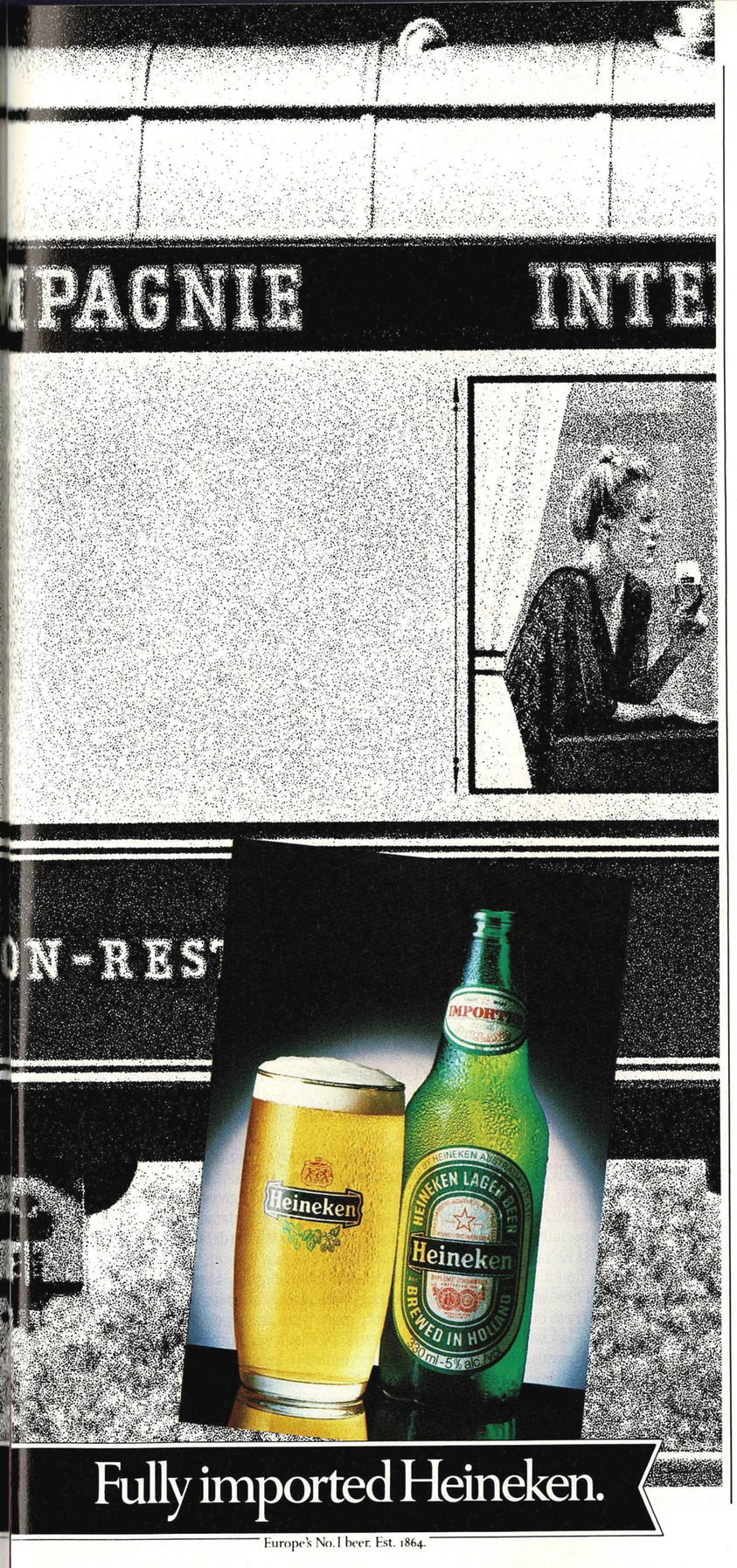

Fully imported Heineken.

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but those who genuinely believe in a return to the land, "brotherly love" and the words of their Bible, are.

He upholds the purest form of mateship and when an old friend and confidant, Peter McComb, from Somerset, England, died of a heart attack when visiting Antigua, Viv missed a Test match to attend the funeral.

He is also loyal to his principles — he won't let money move him. He turned down a reported $1 million to tour South Africa, and his thoughts on that matter are respected by other top-line cricketers. When English star Ian Botham turned down a tour of South Africa as well, one of the main reasons he cited was that he could never have looked Viv Richards in the face again.

That respect also goes for his talents on the pitch. While he may have relied on his natural ability with a bit of help from spiritual resources when he was younger, to stay at the top at 32 he has increased his daily exercise regime.

He still thanks God for much of his success, but in recent times has employed advice from fellow players as well as other help. When he toured Australia for the second time, he consulted an Australian psychologist who had worked with athletes and who advised him how to relax when caught in a batting rut that had been spoiling his tour averages.

He says cricket nets make him claustrophobic and he's one of the few internationals who won't wear a helmet in an era when dangerously fast bowlers have dominated the game. It comes as a surprise, too, that until he went to England, he didn't even wear a box (to protect his groin area).

It has been suggested that Richards would have been given the West Indian captaincy some years ago had it not been for his volatile temperament, although it is that very temperament that has been producing some of the most brilliant batting since Bradman put on pads half a century ago.

Fellow Somerset County player ***Peter Roebuck,*** *who is no slouch with the bat himself and currently coaches cricket at one of Sydney's top private schools, interviewed Viv Richards exclusively for Australian* PLAYBOY. *The result is a rare insight into the most gifted cricketer in the world today.*

PLAYBOY: What influences did your father have on you?

RICHARDS: He used to take my brother Mervyn and myself out in the backyard when we were small boys and he'd help us, give us tips and so on. He was very

influential on our lives. He taught us to be strong people, strong characters in our approach to things we were doing.

PLAYBOY: How did he teach you to be strong?

RICHARDS: It's like. . . too many times kids grow with fear, and it's the same when they're adults. He taught us the only things you must fear are things you cannot see, not people or individuals.

PLAYBOY: He taught you to stand up for your rights?

RICHARDS: Definitely. I've always believed, and still do, if you're right you must fight. I totally believe in that.

PLAYBOY: What did you use to play cricket in the backyard?

RICHARDS: Normally little coconut stumps from a coconut tree. We'd get a cutlass and shape them down into a little cricket bat. Those were enjoyable days and you'd go out and some guy'd make a ball from bicycle tubes.

PLAYBOY: Bicycle tubes?

RICHARDS: Yes, normally we'd put some kind of hard substance inside and put the rubbers over it.

PLAYBOY: What were the pitches like?

RICHARDS: Oh well, just dirt or a stone heap or something like that, sometimes we'd go to a park but the pitches there weren't the best, either. Those were the enjoyable times really; it's a hard way of learning to play.

PLAYBOY: Did you play on those bumpy pitches with fellow Antiguan fast bowler Andy Roberts?

RICHARDS: Not really. We played together later in the local Antiguan league. He came from the country and we met when we played together in an island trial match, then we made our debut against St Kitts.

PLAYBOY: And no Antiguans had represented the West Indies before then?

RICHARDS: None. There were prominent Antiguans — I used to watch them — who I still believe were good enough but they only picked the fellows from the big islands. Some of those guys are still my heroes, because they were the guys I saw before seeing Tests.

PLAYBOY: So you were born into a little island in the West Indies, a minority group in a subject race. Do you feel that has shaped your life?

RICHARDS: Yes. Andy Roberts's Test debut was the stepping-stone for the small islands. It helped me. I thought, well, I played with Andy lots of times and he's made it. . . seeing someone from my homeland play for the West Indies, well, it gave me inspiration. The writing was on the wall, not just for me but for others, too.

PLAYBOY: And now we have Roberts, Richards, Baptiste, Richardson and Ferris, all from Antigua.

RICHARDS: Ferris is injured. . . he might be our fifth Test player if he stays fit.

PLAYBOY: Did you play other ball games as a boy in Antigua?

RICHARDS: Soccer, basketball. . . I was pretty energetic in those times. As a matter of fact I really enjoyed soccer the most, more than cricket. It's a simpler game, a team game. You could enjoy yourself more, it wasn't so much of a pressure thing, a man to man thing.

PLAYBOY: And you'd listen to cricket on the radio?

RICHARDS: It's something in every West Indian, to listen to those commentators at dawn or at nightfall, John Arlott on the World Service. It's something you look forward to, listening to Tests in England or Australia. It's like soccer is in Brazil.

PLAYBOY: And you boxed, too?

RICHARDS: As kids. . . you know, there's not much to do in these Third World countries. We'd put on some gloves, get stuck into each other and all that. It's only now I've found out how dangerous it was. We never had anyone who knew what he was doing if you got knocked out or a gash or anything. But those things helped to bring out the character in you.

PLAYBOY: We've heard you still follow boxing very closely and sometimes work out on a punch-bag in the dressing-room. Do you feel you apply things you've learned in boxing to your cricket?

If you have some fast bowler, he comes down at you, swears at you. I'll try to outstare that guy because some are weak. Deep down they're chicken.

RICHARDS: No. That's something they say in the newspapers, and being nicknamed "Smokey" after Smokin' Joe Frazier adds to it. I think I'm arrogant or confident in a way, not arrogant to a degree where I think I'm the king or I'm the boss, but arrogant enough that I believe I can do well.

PLAYBOY: Thomas Hearns, Marvin Hagler and Muhammad Ali stare at people. You seem to cultivate that sort of presence to intimidate bowlers when you bat, to show you're the boss.

RICHARDS: Yes, definitely, I make no bones about that. It's a battle between you and him, just the two of you. And if you have some fast bowler, especially someone with a bit of a pace, he thinks he's the only one who can do it, he comes down at you, stares at you, swears at you. Those are things I try to deter. I'll watch and try to outstare that guy, too, because some are just weak in heart and are only in that mood because they can bowl a ball fast, but deep down they're just chicken.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you never wear a helmet?

RICHARDS: No, I've tried it in the nets but I don't feel comfortable. But as I get older — I'm 32 now — I'm not picking up the ball as I did when I was 21 and obviously you must give way for age on the safety side of it. I like to hook, but you can mistime one. It's not a matter of confidence. When you are young you're full of this brave ignorance, at 32 you think of other things.

PLAYBOY: But you don't like to show any sign of weakness, even if you feel more vulnerable as your reflexes slow down?

RICHARDS: Sometimes I believe in that, it depends on what innings you're playing. There are times that call for a little bit more caution but sometimes you do get carried away, especially if there's a bowler kicking up and you see your partner flinching or he bowls you a few balls that open your eyes a little bit.

PLAYBOY: You like it then?

RICHARDS: It's what I look forward to; if I make just one mistake I can be hurt, it's the challenge. If he thinks, well, he's tough, I like to think I can handle that. Obviously there are times you win and times you lose, it goes in circles really. When you've got your day, make the most of it, and when I've got mine, I'm going to enjoy it to the fullest.

PLAYBOY: As well as being mentally tough, you are also proud of your appearance and you're very fit. Do you take good care of these things by training, for example?

RICHARDS: A lot of it is natural in the Caribbean. We eat meat and fish and fruit and we're playing cricket or football all the time.

PLAYBOY: Swimming?

RICHARDS: Not so much. We'd swim out on old tyres sometimes, kid would drown if the tyres burst.

PLAYBOY: You've trained a lot though. . . at home in Antigua.

RICHARDS: It's good to get up at six and go for a run along the beach in the sand and do some exercises. You feel hard. . . tight.

PLAYBOY: And you can go back to bed afterwards?

RICHARDS: That's right!

PLAYBOY: Apparently you used to do press-ups and sit-ups every morning, and run around the ground at Somerset. They used to laugh at you but they're not laughing now.

RICHARDS: Oh well, if you're in good shape it helps.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it a part of your presence? You know, those stares, that physique, the way you dress and groom yourself so carefully? Isn't it calculated to say, "Well here I am, Vivian Richards. Can you match me?"

RICHARDS: I like clothes. Once I thought I might own a clothes shop in Antigua when I retire, and you have to be proud of yourself. . . that's when the trouble starts, when you stop being proud of yourself. Most West Indians dress well, if they've got the money. Even school kids are smart.

PLAYBOY: Because they come from tin shacks?

RICHARDS: Not really. . . wherever. . . it shows they made it.

PLAYBOY: Considering your roots — a neglected island and an abused race — has your background shaped your political views? Say on South Africa?

RICHARDS: I've been in a lot of discussions about this South African thing. I haven't been there, but talking to all different colors and creeds from there, it's one simple cause. The guy who's having it sweet, the one who's living quite happily, the one who's got all the privileges, he's the one who tells you things are so nice that you should go there and try it. But the sufferer, he's telling you something different. It's not just one person, it's all the blacks, I listen to them, they've been pleading for mercy for so many years, something's got to be wrong in that place.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll get involved in those things when you stop playing cricket?

RICHARDS: I'd want to help as much as possible, I'd like to get some of our cultured people to believe in things. You cannot afford to feel, it's like you're scarred for life.

PLAYBOY: By being black?

RICHARDS: But still you've got to push yourself up, some people are disillusioned by this racism and oppression, but you must still fight. I'd like to help my people, to lift them and to encourage them to fight.

PLAYBOY: When the rebel West Indians were in South Africa, Kallicharan was kicked out of a Wimpey bar and Croft was forced to leave a whites-only train seat; they didn't complain.

RICHARDS: It's sad. It's things like that. . . they've got their own reason for going to South Africa, I say nothing about that, maybe they're right, but I wouldn't go. I feel if I'd been there I couldn't stomach those things. I'd end up in jail like Nelson Mandela. I feel they'd have had to kill me. I wouldn't have left that place or gone off that train.

PLAYBOY: You've been offered lots of money to go there.

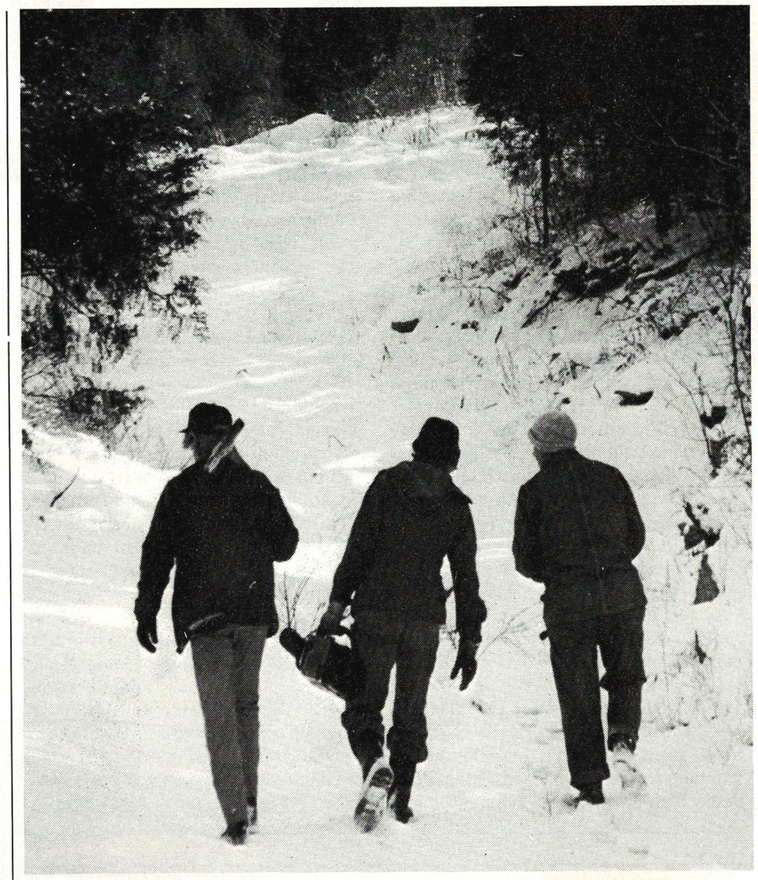
RICHARDS: People are quoting all sorts of different things. The guy I spoke with, the one who approached me from South Africa, I promised him I wouldn't disclose figures but it was pretty lucrative. It wasn't any temptation, I've got a one-track mind on this thing.

PLAYBOY: When there's all those noughts, you'd think there must be something wrong somewhere.

RICHARDS: Obviously there must be something wrong when you've got so much wealth in your country and still people are starving. It's blood money. It's out of proportion to anything cricketers get in England or Australia. Black people there haven't got the ordinary facilities to cope with life and yet they're offering people from outside millions to come to their country. There must be something wrong.

PLAYBOY: Are you very conscious of representing the West Indian community when you're in London?

RICHARDS: Yes. Our people need that. These are little things that help us, doing



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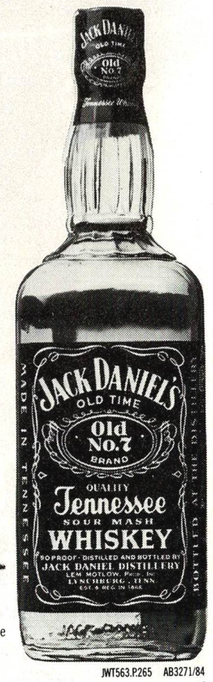

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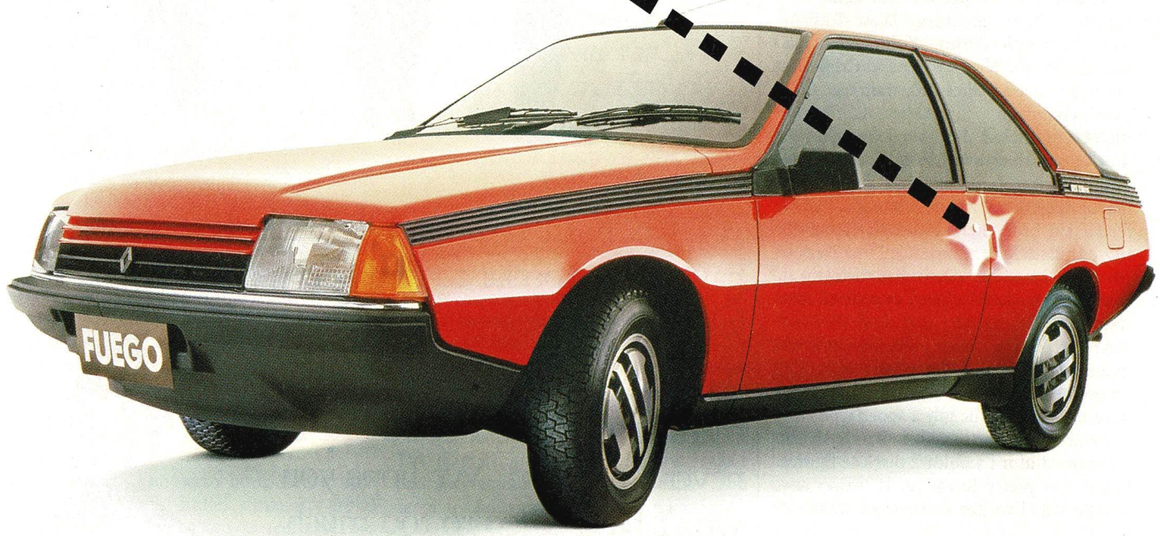

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well in England and Australia. Our people can walk proud and say, after all, we've got a successful team. It's like an African nation winning Olympic gold medals, it lifts people who don't have much otherwise.

PLAYBOY: I remember last year in London, it was raining and you invited dozens of West Indians into your dressing room to talk and laugh, showing them you weren't above them.

RICHARDS: I look at life in a simple way. You can't afford to get too carried away. I'm a Third World man.

PLAYBOY: And your home in Antigua has been visited by everyone from prime minister to dustbinman?

RICHARDS: Everybody just comes, so long as they're clean in heart! [*laughter*]

PLAYBOY: Lillee and Thomson were at their quickest during your first tour to Australia. It must have been frightening.

RICHARDS: It wasn't frightening as such. As a youngster it opened my eyes a bit. These guys were really quick, they were demons, but there wasn't fear, only the fear of failure, of wanting to do well and not having the chance to do well, of not conquering and getting on the way I should.

PLAYBOY: Your people in Antigua would have been following you: your prime minister said your first Test century lifted the spirit of the island.

RICHARDS: Australia was my second trip, I'd had a fair tour of India. Going to Australia I really wanted to do well because it's so competitive here. When I played grade cricket here and Sheffield Shield for Queensland there'd be a fellow at short leg shouting to his bowler, "Come on, he's no good, knock his head off," every ball someone would say that. When you can go to Australia and come up trumps you're on the right track. I wanted to shut people up, because it's only recently we've won in Australia. Only recently have we captured the public eye. We were trounced that time but the younger ones who went learnt a lot.

PLAYBOY: It must have hardened you a lot; since then you've been to a lot of places and scarcely lost a Test match. People no longer say, "Well, of course, as soon as the going gets tough they just fall to pieces."

RICHARDS: They still do. They still say it, they say we've never been tested. But we've been everywhere and played all the nations. It's up to them to test us. Sometimes it seems they want blood. We've got tougher over the years. We had talent before but I don't think we really believed in ourselves. It's since Clive Lloyd took over, it's just human beings; it's just who wins on the day.

PLAYBOY: It must have been a powerful insult to you in 1976 when Tony Greig said he was going to make the West Indies "grovel"?

RICHARDS: It was a statement that blew up. Tony Greig isn't one for being a diplomat, he makes no bones about it. Obviously we heard it and obviously it hurt us. And he was captain of England at the time; we had to make him suffer — it inspired us to do well. We didn't need any motivation that series, our captain Clive Lloyd never had to say a thing, it was like a fighter ranked 20 telling Marvin Hagler he was going to cut his arse and do this and do that and knowing how good Hagler is. . .

PLAYBOY: Were you watching Greig at the time?

RICHARDS: We'd just had our team meeting, and we just flocked into one room to watch TV, you could see on people's faces from that moment Tony Greig was going to have a lot of trouble. It was a time when Michael Holding, Andy Roberts, everybody was firing. They were bowling well and you could see on their faces that they wanted Tony Greig.

PLAYBOY: How do you think Lloyd has achieved that hardness in his team?

RICHARDS: We maintain morale and unity in the dressing-room. Most of us started under Clive and we've stuck together, some have come and gone but the bulk are still in the team and there's a sort of friendship that we have, and going everywhere and seeing professional attitudes has taught us a lot.

PLAYBOY: The Packer thing seemed to start it. Why were the West Indians so willing to sign?

RICHARDS: We're paid well now, $40,000 or such. We weren't interfering with any West Indian cricket. The Australians were fighting their board but we weren't fighting anyone. It was November, we didn't have

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any tour, it was free time. And it was a lucrative offer, we were only paid a few hundred dollars when we won the World Cup, you know.

PLAYBOY: The Indians got houses when they won the Cup last year.

RICHARDS: We got medals. But good luck to them, they beat us twice, they deserved it.

PLAYBOY: Was Packer cricket tough? Joel Garner says it was the hardest he's ever played.

RICHARDS: You had this huge prize-money and the winner got all, people wanted to win. It's the first time we'd ever seen so much money.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't shared, as has been claimed?

RICHARDS: The winner took all. There was no place for second or third. It was like man eating man for the dollar.

PLAYBOY: And top quality cricketers?

RICHARDS: Very good cricket.

PLAYBOY: Some of those Australians have moved on now, Lillee for example, a great fast bowler.

RICHARDS: Very much so. The best I've ever seen, the best I've ever faced, he was a tough character, very tough.

PLAYBOY: Chappell?

RICHARDS: A great player. They'll both be sadly missed.

PLAYBOY: And yourself, will you be West Indies captain? Sometimes we hear people say that you're too volatile. You've a very forthright, very honest, emotional character. Some people say you're too excitable to be West Indies captain.

RICHARDS: I cannot change that. I don't think one should change his attitude to life, because you must have certain principles. I'm not going to change for no man, I'm just Viv. Regardless of whether it be a board member and I think he's wrong I'm not going to be no diplomat, I just want to do it Viv Richards's way, not the way they think or the way a particular board member thinks. After all, it's me who's going to get the blame in the end, I'm the one in charge and no one can stay in the dressing-room or in an office and tell you how you should do things. When I'm out there I'm in control. You've got to be positive. If I see something is wrong I'm going to say it's wrong. I'm not going to say it's right when I know it's wrong. This is the thing some people cannot cope with. They want you to be a diplomat, you've got to choose your words. No way, I'm just blunt when it comes to that.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the West Indian board is reluctant to approach you because you are so forthright?

RICHARDS: I feel so. I'm a very down-to-earth person, I've got a lot of down-to-earth friends and some people want a captain who gets up every morning, puts on his tie, and goes out and drinks in the finest of places, speaks posh and all that. I'm not into all that.

PLAYBOY: It was only with Frank Worrell that they summed up the courage to appoint a black captain at all; perhaps that sort of attitude still exists in the West Indies?

RICHARDS: I don't really want to get involved with that, but these are the same people who say you cannot go to South Africa, you must not go to South Africa, they deal with apartheid there. In the cricket clubs at home you still find these people who deal with apartheid and prejudice in the cricket. I can't deal with these people. I don't want to say good morning, good afternoon or good evening to these people. I'll completely ignore them.

PLAYBOY: And your down-to-earth friends at home?

RICHARDS: Yeh, yeh, well, people who are loyal, who've been loyal to me. I've got a lot of Rastafarian friends and most certainly when people see you with a Rastaman they think there's the world going on. They've got one-track minds. Basically it's knowledge I'm looking for, spiritual guidance, and some of these guys have got it. You can't get that from the guy who drinks all night in the bar. These are friends I've known since I was a little boy, I cannot change that.

PLAYBOY: You talk about religion?

RICHARDS: Everything. We talk about religion, the troubles of the world. We touch on everything. . . cricket, because it's such a cricket-loving nation. Whatever the topic is, we discuss it.

PLAYBOY: And what about Peter McComb who died with you in Antigua?

RICHARDS: They couldn't cope with him, either. He was so down-to-earth. I can remember once in Jamaica when I was vice-captain and they were looking for a captain, a board member said, "Viv, if you want to go farther in West Indies cricket you cannot be seen with these people." I told him to stuff it and I've never had any respect for him to this day. It was a black man who was telling me that.

PLAYBOY: You have to choose your friends carefully?

RICHARDS: Wherever I go I seem to attract people who have a problem, or people who've been suffering and I find the grass-roots people come and say hello and these are the people I want to listen to.

PLAYBOY: Interesting, straightforward people who want to know the truth?

RICHARDS: That's right.

PLAYBOY: You flew back from Antigua with Peter "Jock" McComb's body. In fact you missed a Test match to carry his coffin at the funeral. Tell us about him.

RICHARDS: Well, we met in a cinema before I played for Somerset. This big, round Scotsman invited me home for chips and a pint of lager.

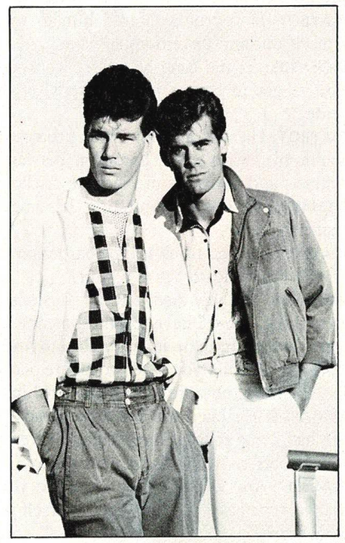
PLAYBOY: And you didn't know anyone else there?

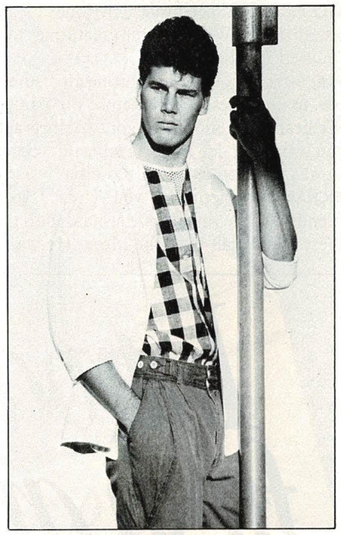
RICHARDS: I'd just arrived and it was cold.

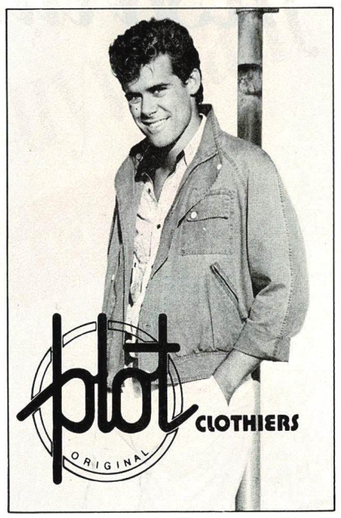
PLAYBOY: You were close friends for 11 years?

RICHARDS: That's right.

PLAYBOY: And he was a Scotsman who cleaned cars and knew nothing about cricket?







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RICHARDS: He was loyal, down-to-earth.

PLAYBOY: Is is true you told him to sort himself out and to find a job?

RICHARDS: At the time he wasn't working. You've got to have a job; it's a matter of pride.

PLAYBOY: He was a fellow who protected you a bit, wasn't he? Someone between yourself and demands of big-time cricket?

RICHARDS: He was an inspiration. It's a new challenge now.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it'll be harder now, or will Pete's death act as a spur?

RICHARDS: He handled all my business; everything. Now I have to find someone to trust, to have faith in, it's very hard to find.

PLAYBOY: He met you when you were poor. In your world now are there many like him?

RICHARDS: He liked me for my character. We had some rough times. Things haven't always been as sweet as they are today.

PLAYBOY: And did he grow closer to you than anyone else? Could you let yourself go with him?

RICHARDS: You need that sometimes . . . to let off steam. We had some great times too; we used to laugh a lot.

PLAYBOY: He once said you needed someone to curse, especially before big games. We heard that once he forgot two shirts and you wouldn't let him travel with you to Lord's. He had to go on the train.

RICHARDS: Sometimes you treat your friends badly . . . he came around with the West Indies, all over the place. He was a roots man. Well, we had some rows, but I was in his house three or four evenings a week.

PLAYBOY: Listening to Bob Marley — what he called "reggie" — watching TV?

RICHARDS: TV mostly. Just relaxing, taking it easy.

PLAYBOY: Out of the public eye . . . don't you spend a lot of time in the dressing-room too, even when you're not playing?

RICHARDS: I like to be with my friends.

PLAYBOY: Is that because you're shy despite all that arrogance you show when you bat?

RICHARDS: Well, we were brought up to be polite. West Indians are very religious, we went to church three times every Sunday.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't Joel Garner still carry a bible?

RICHARDS: A lot of the boys do.

PLAYBOY: So it's only in the dressing-room or with your close friends that you can relax and maybe get angry?

RICHARDS: Sometimes I get carried away on the field too!

PLAYBOY: Last year with Richard Gabriel for example?

RICHARDS: He was injured, he couldn't field.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you unpopular in Trinidad afterwards?

RICHARDS: It's very . . . up and down there . . . if you do well they love you but if you fail they hate you . . . that's the way it is.

PLAYBOY: They booed you in Trinidad. Much more than they booed the Australians, who weren't all that popular at the time.

RICHARDS: They can turn on you . . . they expect you to win every time . . . against Pakistan I had to creep out of the back door of the pavilion and stay in a different hotel . . . they forgot very quickly. We like to play in England or in Australia.

PLAYBOY: You've been here a few times before. What are your impressions of the country?

RICHARDS: Australia is a lovely place, a place every cricketer wants to go to. When you're young, it's an experience you need. It's important that you meet all the aggro in Australia early. It hardens you up. It's a country I've enjoyed, especially my season in Queensland where I was in one place for a time. Usually we travel around so much. The beaches remind me of home and the cavalier way people dress — I like that.

PLAYBOY: How different is the cricket there? The way people call out things from short leg and third man. Could you get over that?

RICHARDS: When Queensland played NSW I can remember Len Pascoe and David Colley and Dougie Walters. When I went out to bat I'd never experienced anything like it. The slips were like a choir, crying, "C'mon, Lennie, get him." I walked away from the crease. I thought it was only like that in Test cricket and then I realised how tough it is here. I got used to it. And Queensland Colts: we were playing Tombal

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or someone and guys were shouting from the boundary.

PLAYBOY: In a Colts game?

RICHARDS: It woke me up. It's hard from A to Z here.

PLAYBOY: And there was a famous game in Perth?

RICHARDS: We bowled WA out for 70 or something. We thought that was it, but it was a bowler's wicket. They didn't give up. It shows the competitiveness of your cricket when you get rolled out for 80 and you still fancy your chances.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Lillee bowl you a good first over?

RICHARDS: Five bouncers! And people today complain about one!

PLAYBOY: Only one's allowed now in England. And the over he bowled you in Melbourne: the last over of the first day a few years ago. That was a great confrontation. Didn't he clean bowl you?

RICHARDS: We had done well, bowled them out cheaply. Lillee fought back in a magnificent spell of bowling. They won.

PLAYBOY: Lillee had that aura, didn't he, charging in as if he was going to take the game by the scruff of the neck?

RICHARDS: He was the best. I've hit him sometimes, other times he got me. When I'm doing well, I think I cannot be stopped, but he had this belief he was going to get you regardless to how much you are whacking him.

PLAYBOY: I remember those clashes well. You liked to stir up Pascoe in World Series, didn't you?

RICHARDS: He's a bit wild, but a lovely bloke, you know. On the field he's emotional, he gets carried away. He was quick, though.

PLAYBOY: You like to bait him?

RICHARDS: He's one of those guys who always had something to say to you. He'd rush up and bowl a bumper and he'd end up close to you and he'd say, "The next one you miss, you'll be a hospital case." So I said: "Well, such is life." He'd bowled four bumpers and the next ball was in my half so I whacked it past him. I saw he hadn't finished right by me this time, so when I hit this ball he wasn't in sight. I ran after him, I knew it was four and I met with him and I said, "It's all butter, Lennie. You can do it all day, it's butter and marmalade." He steamed up a bit and he wanted to kill. He tried to bowl too fast after that. Emotional man.

PLAYBOY: You've just finished a series in England, and before that it was Australia and India. No team has played as much Test cricket as yours. Do you think you can play in Australia with the old motivation?

RICHARDS: Toward the end of the England tour I lost a bit. I got carried away and played a lot of silly shots. It's so competitive in Australia, it tightens you up.

PLAYBOY: You don't feel, after all these years, after all the things you've done, you're bound to lose a little of your edge? You think the hunger can still be there?

RICHARDS: I did fall away in England, and missed the sweetest part of finishing England off. But I had a rest, went away to think things over, and tried to analyse it. I'd played rash shots and got totally erratic because I was tired. Hopefully I can rise again in Australia. I don't want to fall short.

PLAYBOY: When you came into the game, you weren't anyone. You had that drive. Now that you're a star, is it harder?

RICHARDS: I was more carefree in those days with a natural ambition to do well. You do fall by the wayside a bit.

PLAYBOY: Are there a lot of other things to think of now — Miriam, Matara, Mali?

RICHARDS: Oh yes, it is a burden, *[laughs]* truly. So many demands are made and cricket codes are different.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

RICHARDS: Take for instance you're playing at the highest level and you have 100 bats to sign and brochures and the rest.

PLAYBOY: Do they expect you to carry on as if there were no pressure?

RICHARDS: Over the past couple of years I've been getting bad tempered with things like functions and autograph promotions and then next morning there's another 100 bats and still you have to take the field.

PLAYBOY: And when you retire?

RICHARDS: Well, there are so many ideas around. At first I wanted to open a sports shop, but things have gone past that now. I'd like to play a part at home.

PLAYBOY: Can anything ever be as exciting as your cricketing days? Does that worry you?

RICHARDS: No, no. I've never had a wild life. Some guys think they can't miss out on Friday night. They dress up, go to the club, fit in as much as possible. I don't hurry so much. There won't be so many changes because I don't really get caught up in this star thing. When I retire, most certainly I'll cherish the pleasures it's brought me, but there will be other work out there to keep me fulfilled and to keep me occupied. New things all the time. I'll put my foot somewhere. I'm not too concerned. I'd like to stay in cricket somewhere.

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Ω OMEGA DYNAMIC

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

DO YOU HAVE any idea what Michael Edgley wants for Christmas? A Merc? A harborside casa? A country property? Another million bucks? A beautiful wife?

No, no, no. He's got or had all of those.

No, the perfect gift for the entrepreneur who has everything is a film script. Ah, you say, but he's already had his hands on a script or two before. Why should he want another?

Well, this is a very *special* script, the like of which has never been sighted in Australia before. This script is the vehicle for a movie capable of grossing $100 million and becoming a major international screen success. And Michael Edgley wants that script so, when its credits roll, his name will be there right underneath where it says "produced by".

Michael, join the queue.

This elusive script is not merely number one on Michael Edgley's Dear Santa hit list; this is his Holy Grail, his great quest. And he knows that there are a few other people out there in Oz movieland who would dearly love to beat him to the booty.

"If you've got it," says Edgley, dipping his head toward this writer's briefcase, "then let's have it."

Michael Edgley, at 40, has

WHY EDGLEY WANTS AN OSCAR

All he needs is the right script, then Michael Edgley really will have it all.

Profile by
NEIL JAMESON

found yet another bright challenge and that means the impulses will be fired into all galaxies of the entertainment industry until he gets his own way. When the Michael Edgley ambition falls squarely on a desired project, a favorable result almost invariably follows.

The man who milked Moscow to become Australia's mass entertainment entrepreneur wants to "go Hollywood". That hardly constitutes a defection because during his rise to richness, Michael Edgley stuck close by the great traditions of American-style showbiz promotions. And who, after examining his record for supplying what the punters want, would bet against his chances of delivering a blockbuster unto the silver screen.

The search is not for some high-tech monument like *Star Wars*, *ET* or *Close Encounters*. Edgley would settle for a *Terms Of Endearment* or a *Chariots Of Fire*; what the hell!

Some folk who know not a little about movies and how they're made believe the Edgley machine is hardly geared to producing a film of international consequence. Like the commentator who compared Edgley's *The Man From Snowy River* movie with a virulent strain of gastric flu that was sweeping Sydney at the time (lots of color and movement but very little substance), there are plenty who believe the man's movies are little more than bright bags of jingoistic wind. Said one critic of *Snowy River*: "Walt Disney was making movies about a boy and his horse 20 years ago. It hardly needed repeating."

There is also a certain irony in Edgley's citing of *Terms Of Endearment* as one of his international yardsticks. That Oscar-winning wonder exposed the flaws in the system when it was rejected by almost every major production house in Hollywood.

If the Beverly Hills hot-shots couldn't recognise an award-winning script when it was dumped on their desks, what chance would Michael Edgley have of establishing the merits of a great script, should he be so lucky to find one in his Christmas stocking?

But Edgley's heard all the criticism and scepticism. Like others of his ilk he dismisses it for fear it should obscure the real objective of getting the job done, the investors paid, punters satisfied and profits tallied.

Meanwhile, those on the fringe of it all are still left wondering if the entrepreneurial ace has really got what it takes or will this passion be the beating of a man attempting to make the long leap from Down Under promoter to international movie mogul?

Don't leave your seats, this could take some time to resolve.

Meanwhile, out there in tax shelter land where accountants and film directors make such strange bedfellows, Edgley's credibility is okay. From a purely fiscal perspective, he's the guy investors are prepared to heed because when it comes to the bottom line, he knows that 99 cents plus one make a buck. And, no matter what any idealists might offer, the ultimate survival of the Australian film industry will depend on its ability to produce movies that guarantee returns.

Michael Edgley is no academic, but if there is one gem he gleaned from an education that included Christian Brothers, Perth, accountancy school and a showbiz upbringing, it is knowing what the public will pay to see. In any summation of the Edgley success story that gift cannot be ignored. Since 1967, when Michael's dad died and the son, then 23, took control of the family business, that nous has been the font of the family fortune.

Before 1967, Edgley's was a Perth-based showbiz company which managed a theatre, promoted and produced live variety and musicals, and since 1960 had specialised on a very modest basis in the importing of Russian variety troupes.

It wasn't a licence to print millions, but in its Russian contact the Edgley concern had entree to the greatest untapped source of talent in the world, the state-controlled and financed Soviet entertainment network. To understand the depth of this Soviet talent pool, one has to have some understanding of Russia where the prohibitive climate, cultural purity and political isolationism created the need for a domestic, mass entertainment industry. Hence the existence of the Moscow State Circuses, Bolshoi Ballets, singing, dancing Cossack troupes and Reds on ice.

America, home of Burbank, Busby Berkeley, Gomer Pyle, Disneyland and Louis Mayer, had no need of such an import. But Australia, isolated by geography rather than politics, did. And the Edgley family recognised it.

From a platform of promoting just one Russian variety show per year, Edgley, in tandem with wife Jeni, family and staff, used the Soviet exclusivity to build the greatest mass-appeal, live entertainment business Australia had seen.

For the Russians it provided a much-needed source of export revenue, helped put a human face on their international act, and created cultural exposure. For the Edgleys, the promotions were a series of mind-boggling logistical exercises. And the profits matched their vision, perseverance and ambition. His first major presentation, the Moscow State Circus, pulled a total Australian audience of 1.2 million and grossed almost $7.5 million. If Edgley needed an endorsement to back his confidence, that result provided it.

It was the first of many major successful forays into the Soviet variety field, a practice which peaked in 1981 when the Edgley company presented 21 live shows throughout Australia.

Did the Russians resent the profit motives of the Aussie promoter?

"Not when they saw how hard we worked," answers Edgley.

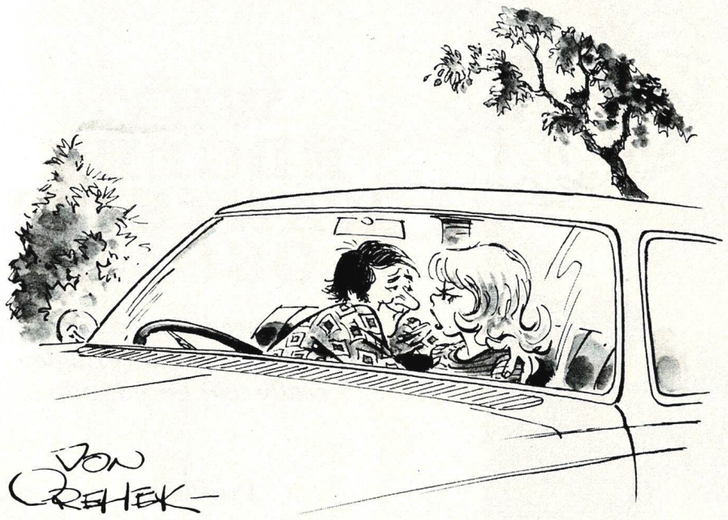
Although, in Andrew Guild, Edgley has an executive director who specialises in live Russian entertainment, the boss still makes regular trips to Moscow because he understands the Soviet preference for dealing with the head honcho.

"They like to see that I'm not merely a cardboard cut-out," says Edgley.

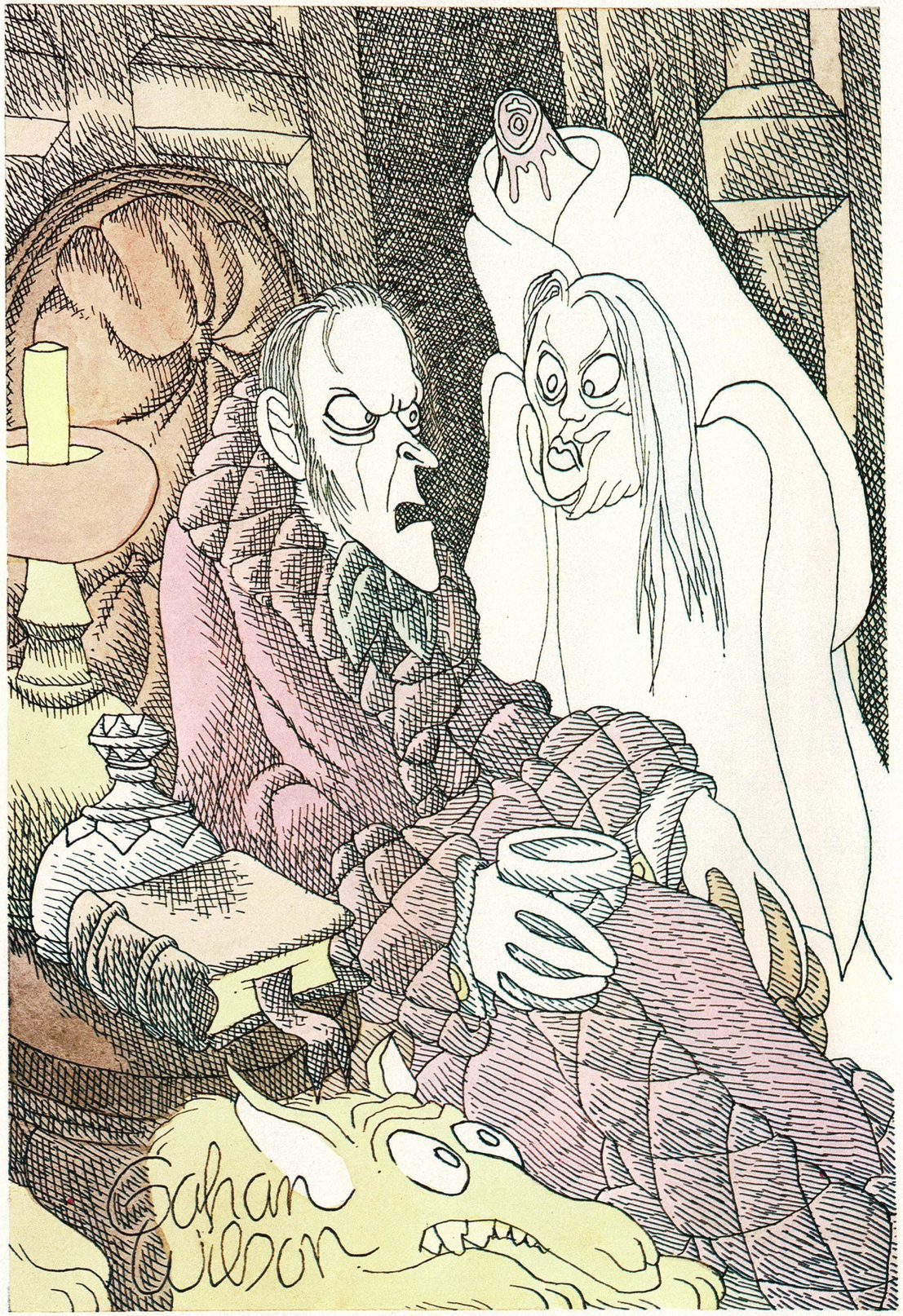
The extent of the Russian-Edgley arrangement can be gauged from the company's airline stubs: Edgley has made about 45 trips to Moscow while Guild has visited the Soviet capital on more than 70 occasions.

The key to Edgley's transition from a modest family business is a philosophy that has dictated most of the company's changes since Michael assumed control.

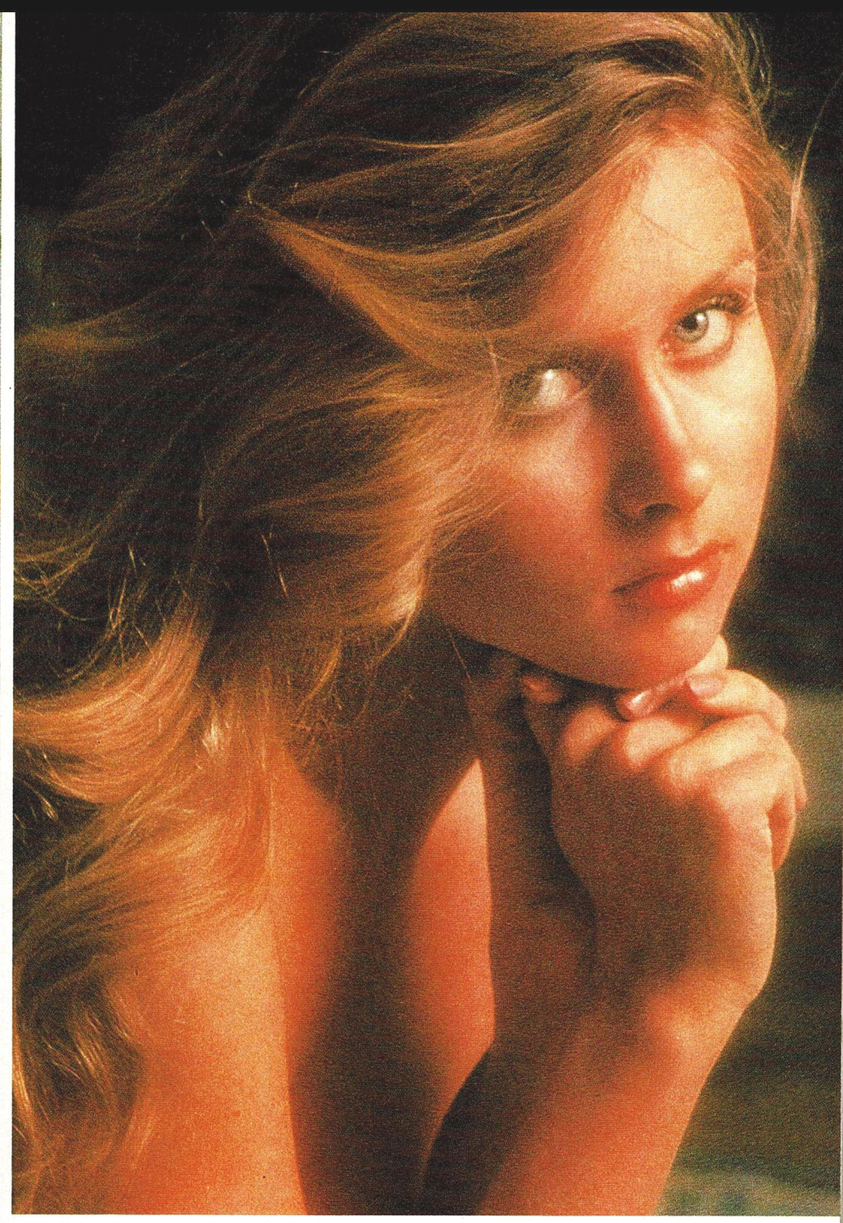
(continued on page 135)



"That's not what I meant when I said you could run your fingers through my hair!"



"Look . . . I said I was sorry."



MOVIE BUFF

Starstruck Karen wants to be in movies, but we think she's already got the right parts.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

I'm basically a shy, sensitive person. If I could change one thing about myself, it would be the shyness to make it easier to talk to people."

Karen Morton grew up with a crush on Clint Eastwood. She's seen all his movies, some of them six times. After Clint her favorite movie star is Woody Allen. Obviously she's a girl with wide-ranging tastes in men, but she says there's not that much difference between Clint and Woody. And just what have they got in common that turns her on? "Sense of humor, of course," says Karen.

What do I like most? A quiet walk through warm rain with someone special. Making love later."

How can you argue with a man when you have no idea what he's talking about? Australian Playboy's Christmas tribute to the nation's leaders, compiled by Liz Porter.

That's easy for them to say

Never had that awful, queasy, nagging fear that our nation's leaders don't know what the hell they're talking about? Relax, you're not Robinson Crusoe there. And you'd be dead right. They don't. What's more, we've got the proof. Just sifting through the public utterances of the men who steer Australia's destiny is a terrifying exercise in unscrambling poli-speak.

Political speaking is that art a politician uses to silence all opposition, because when no one understands what he has said, how can anyone possibly contradict him? At its best, poli-speak is real-life farce, a comedy of errors, free entertainment of the most delicious kind. At worst, it's a load of unintelligible old rubbish.

Consider the following samples of wisdom from Prime Minister Hawke, Liberal Party leader Peacock and National Party leader Sinclair. They may differ in style, but whatever color the balloon, hot air is still hot air.

The grand master of poli-speak is, of course, Bob Hawke. Our Prime Minister's determined and prolonged strangulation of the language has become so celebrated it has acquired its own name: Hawkespeak.

In order to practise Hawkespeak fluently,

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

every sentence should have at least 100 words (109 is believed to be the master's record) and should contain at least one of the following terms: "in respect of", "let it be clearly understood" and "I make the further point".
The master usually throws in a few "aaaaaarghs" to stretch the thinking time needed to catch up with a clause he abandoned 30 or 40 words earlier, but Hansard reporters kindly leave them out. Here's a good example of the master at his unbeatable best, reported by *The Sydney Morning Herald* in May 1984:

"We do not flinch from the fact that as a result of the situation in which the people of Australia now find themselves and in respect of which we as a government have a responsibility to take action, there will have to be some hard decisions taken if we are going to have a position where we are going to be able to undertake stimulatory economic action which will generate activity and generate jobs but still do it in a way which in respect of the mess that we inherited will still leave a deficit situation which is not going to impose undue pressure upon inflation and upon interest rates."

But Hawke can be just as baffling and brutal to the language when he's brief:

"I was subject to examination and cross-examination and the evidence that I gave in regard to the statement of Mr Combe already before the commission that it contained inaccuracies was sustained and accepted as a result of my evidence."

Sometimes words are like chickens, you know that someday they'll come home to roost. Just ask Mick Young. This is Hawke on election promises when challenged about the Alice Springs to Darwin railway and the four-year Parliament:

**"I have very clear recollections of everything that happened in that campaign, not only the promises that were made by us but also the context in which they were made.
We got the overwhelming mandate we did on March 5 because we were honest and our opponents were dishonest. That is why for election after election from here on, while the Opposition continues to be dishonest and we continue to be honest, we will continue to be honest, we will continue to win."**

Without doubt the award for sheer incomprehensibility (let's call it the Eh? Award) goes to Hawke for these remarks on the advisability of an inquiry into the Combe-Ivanov affair:

"Look I am saying what my decision is. Now there may have been a view in respect of other members at the time in terms of what they knew up to that date, which is not appropriate. Now, I am saying to you that in respect of my view of how the thing emerged and, taking account of all the requirements of both the nation and its security interest, and Mr. Combe, that I believe that it is the right decision. Now, if there is some difference about that, which I don't concede there now is, then that may emerge in Cabinet."

And sometimes the record just seems to get stuck:

"In respect of that question, I haven't made any decision. That is one of the questions in respect of which I may ask for more specific information . . . In respect of the second part of your question, I just refer to you what I said in the statement: that I believe that in respect of the trade unions."

Mind you, Hawkie has no trouble at all making himself understood when it comes to trading insults in Parliament. Witness his treatment of Ian Sinclair as reported in *The Australian* in March 1984:

"The people of Australia must be splitting their sides when they realise the leader of the National Party is getting up in this place and addressing himself to appropriate standards of behavior."

And:

"There has never, in the history of this country, been a person occupying a seat in this House of Parliament who has such a zilch rating in credibility as the Leader of the National Party. You only have to go into any political meeting and mention the name Sinclair and they are reduced to hilarity."

•

IAN McCAHON SINCLAIR is credited with that wonderfully Australian epithet,

"If you see a head, kick it."

However, politics can be a funny game and there have been occasions when Mr Sinclair has been unable to express himself quite so succinctly. Such as the time he addressed a press conference to announce his election as leader of the National Party:

"I thought it would be appropriate if I came down and officially announce the results of the ballot of the party this morning which has seen myself elected as deputy and Ralph Hunt as my . . . er rather, myself elected as leader and Ralph elected as my deputy."

On another occasion Mr Sinclair had no trouble making himself understood, he just happened to be wrong:

"On uranium the left wing has sufficient strength — and can still call in enough votes from the Australian Democrats of the ALP, the Centre Left — to halt Hawke's pragmatic policy in its tracks."

Mr Sinclair learned the importance of being vague, evidenced by his remarks in June 1979, when asked about houses owned by the Sinclair Pastoral Co Pty Ltd, in one of which, it had been alleged, a friend was living rent free:

"They don't all earn income in a conventional form of renting. I think you're on the wrong track, old son. I've got to go."

Sometimes you just can't win whatever you say, such as the day in August 1980 when Sinclair was quizzed in court after the Finnane Report had alleged he had forged his father's signature on the annual returns of a family company. Asked whether it would be fair to say that he was a highly intelligent man, Sinclair replied:

"I have no judgement on things like that."

•

ANDREW PEACOCK told legal counsel for the federal government during the Hope Royal Commission:

"I am in the habit of choosing my words carefully."

You'd never know it from the remark he made to the same commission:

"Whilst I was Prime Minister . . ."

said Mr Peacock, forgetting he had lost the leadership challenge he mounted against Mr Fraser in 1981. And in May 1984:

"I'm not entering a period of self-flagellation about why we lost the next election."

However, Andrew has tried to make himself perfectly clear, such as his explanation of the "blurring" between Liberal and Labor policies:

"There might have been a blurring in recent years, but you will find that the Liberal Party gave back the basic principles in reformulation and re-assessment of policy, and they will not be making the distinction for distinction's sake, but because we go back into opposition and re-appraise on the basis of our fundamental principles which are so different from the principles of socialism."

Peacock has also discovered it's far safer to promise nothing though you must wrap it up nicely:

"I don't know that any politician can say honestly that our policies will work. We are so impacted upon by other factors. I'd love to be able to say I can honestly guarantee, but that would be dishonest."

Insults are much safer:

"Putting Mr Young in charge of Federal Police and national security matters is like locking Dracula up in a blood bank."

Or:

"This mendacious Prime Minister (whose) mendacity is exceeded only by his ego . . . if he can't tell the truth he should not come in here (into the House of Representatives) . . . he cannot tell the truth but he can jump up and down . . . the Prime Minister cannot sit in this debate with clean hands . . . the man who occupies the position of Prime Minister has brought it to the lowest standing in the history of this nation. He is, in fact, deceiving the people and he has deceived this house today and he knows he has lied."

But it doesn't help when you trip over your own metaphors:

"You were prepared to crucify that man (David Combe) and yet you come in here with your crocodile tears and stroking your platitudes until they curd, saying you are the only group concerned with civil liberties."

And above all, one must learn to be flexible in politics. Compare these comments made to and about Malcom Fraser by Mr Peacock following his resignation as Industrial Relations Minister from the Fraser government in April 1981:

**"I believe you have engaged in acts of gross disloyalty to me and my office;
I believe you have consistently allowed false and damaging reports to be published about me in my capacity as a senior minister;
I find this constant disloyalty intolerable and not to be endured;
Indeed you have a dangerous reluctance to consult Cabinet and an obstinate determination to get your own way."**

with these remarks only two years afterwards:

"I don't foresee any change in Liberal Party leadership in the future. Mr Fraser has my full and unequivocal support."

and

"Mr Fraser says he wants to be Prime Minister until the bicentenary. I'll wait until he's finished and then I'll run."

You can say one thing for Mr Peacock though. He is consistently flexible. In March 1983 he went one way:

"Bob (Hawke) is a very good politician. I have a respect for him but I disagree with his policies."

But by July 1984 he wasn't so forgiving:

"I don't revere him (Hawke). In fact I have lost considerable respect for him."

MEN'S RIGHTS

Sick of women's lib? Then be a man and fight back. Diane Armstrong tells how to fight women with their own weapons.

IT'S DAMNED HARD being a man in the '80s. With all the emphasis on women's lib, men's rights have been completely overlooked. And yet it's really the other side of the same coin. As a result of women's increased assertiveness, many guys feel insecure about their role in a relationship. And what's more, they're confused by the double standards and conflicting messages they're getting. While demanding equality, many women still expect men to treat them with chivalry,

ILLUSTRATION BY RIC P. HAYNES

pay their way and woo them all the way to the bedroom too.

Then there's the problem of identity. Boys who were brought up to be tough and to act like John Wayne are increasingly expected to become sensitive and articulate, like Alan Alda. And to add to the confusion, in locker rooms where males exert enormous peer pressure on each other, the old macho values still prevail.

What makes it particularly hard for men to adjust to the rapidly changing attitudes is that they didn't engineer them. This revolution is the first one that men have had thrust upon them by women. Says Terry Colling, clinical director of the Marriage and Family Centre of NSW: "It's like the French Revolution finally catching up with the bewildered aristocracy!"

Economically, too, the world is changing and 45 years of full-time employment is no longer a certainty for any bloke. So where does that leave men who've always been conditioned to value themselves largely in terms of their work, professional status and income?

In the past few years, the rules governing male/female relationships have altered considerably and we're all living in a state of flux. But men can benefit from these changes provided they take a hard look at what's happening, decide what they want out of life and renegotiate their roles.

Firstly, you're entitled to express your real needs. For centuries our society has conspired to suppress men's rights to show their feelings by brainwashing them that this wasn't masculine. Author of *Everyman* Professor Derek Llewellyn-Jones says: "We bring boys up not to show their feelings, which is wrong. Men have the same emotions as women, and the same need to express them." When Malcolm Fraser broke down on election night, many people commented that it was the first time he'd ever appeared human. If he can cry, so can you!

Men in Anglo-Saxon society are emotionally deprived from childhood. Mothers, who are usually demonstrative toward their children, stop being physically affectionate with their sons as they get a little older, while fathers rarely show affection for fear of turning their sons into sissies. The result is that boys grow into emotionally isolated men who find it difficult to show emotion or talk about their anxieties.

David is now 18, in his last year at a Sydney high school. "I can remember coming to put my arms around my mother when I was 13, and her pushing me away saying I was too big for that sort of thing. Now she complains that I don't talk to her about my problems or show her any affection. I just got the message that I should keep it all to myself, and now I do."

When marriages break down, women often complain that their husbands just don't care about them or their relationship. Sydney clinical psychologist Greta Goldberg doesn't agree. "When I talk to the guys, in 90 percent of cases they care a lot, but they can't bring themselves to discuss their feelings. In an emotionally demanding situation, they prefer to withdraw because they're not used to expressing how they feel."

When Bob and Sue, a Sydney couple in their late twenties, consulted a marriage counsellor, Bob cried during the interview. "That really shocked Sue," he said, "because she always said I had no feelings. I just couldn't cope with scenes and tears. I felt too uncomfortable, so I used to switch off or go quiet. That session with the counsellor helped us both; she saw that I did care, and I started letting my feelings out."

Because emotional intimacy is one of men's weakest points, men have great difficulty in confiding intimate problems to their friends. This deprives them of the immense relief of unburdening themselves and getting emotional support. For men, exposing their innermost feelings and anxieties implies weakness. As a result, few men enjoy friendships of any depth. Mateship, however, is okay: that merely involves a drink at the pub, belting a ball around a court, or sitting through footie games, accompanied by suitably superficial talk. For many Australian men, friendship with another male on any other level is impossible, and sexually suspect as well.

Because men don't discuss their intimate sexual problems with each other, they believe that everyone else is more competent and more successful than they are. Paul, a 24-year-old chemist from beachside Maroubra, suffered for years on account of his sexual inadequacy, but never considered confiding in his best friend. "There's a macho jealousy between guys which makes it impossible to reveal your weaknesses. The odd thing is that I suspect he has problems too, in relating to women, but I know he'd never talk to me about it. So when we meet, we talk about work, sport and cars."

When magazine columnist Robert Massello recently unburdened himself spontaneously to his friend, he was surprised by his helpful and sympathetic attitude. "Peter

(continued on page 124)

MALE DISCRIMINATION

BRISBANE: A Queensland blue-collar union is leading a campaign, through the Sex Discrimination Act, to have the male retirement age reduced from 65 to 60.

The Federated Ironworkers Association's proposal was rejected at the ALP's national conference in July, but the union's Queensland secretary, Pat McGeown, hopes the Federal Government's new anti-discrimination legislation can be used to show that existing retirement ages deliberately discriminate against men.

Since 1909, the pensionable age, and thus retirement age, has been 65 for men — but 60 for women. Says Pat McGeown: "There's no doubt women have been badly discriminated against over the years but, with the introduction of the Sex Discrimination Act (on August 1 this year), there's been a tendency to ignore the fact that males are also discriminated against."

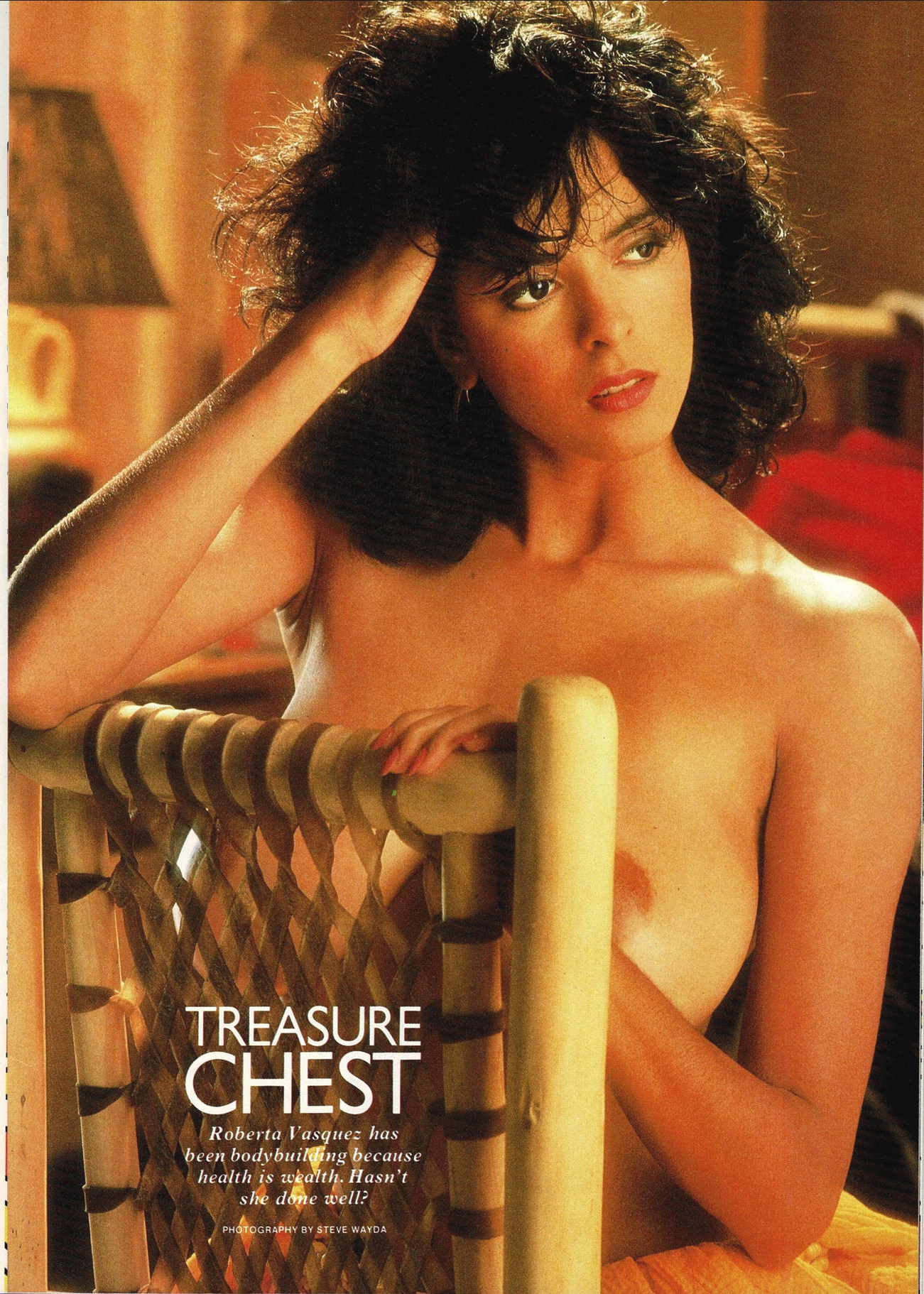
He says his union members are heavily worked but not highly paid. Most do not have access to superannuation schemes. "By the age of 65, some of our men simply could not enjoy their latter years in retirement because they will be burned out. We are not suggesting compulsory retirement at 60, but that men should be able to retire then if they wish."

McGeown believes employers will eventually support the idea on the basis that they could replace older employees with "unemployed youths who would work harder".

Although agreeing there is discrimination in the present pension system, Social Security Minister Senator Grimes is predictably cautious in responding to calls for male-female parity. For one thing, it's been estimated the Government would face an extra $707 million in pension payments if the male retirement age was dropped to 60.

Pat McGeown argues that a compensatory factor would be the Government's saving on unemployment benefits paid to young men who, by virtue of the reduced pension age, would be entering the workforce five years earlier.

His union will seek a recommendation in favor of its proposal via the Human Rights and Sex Discrimination Acts.



TREASURE CHEST

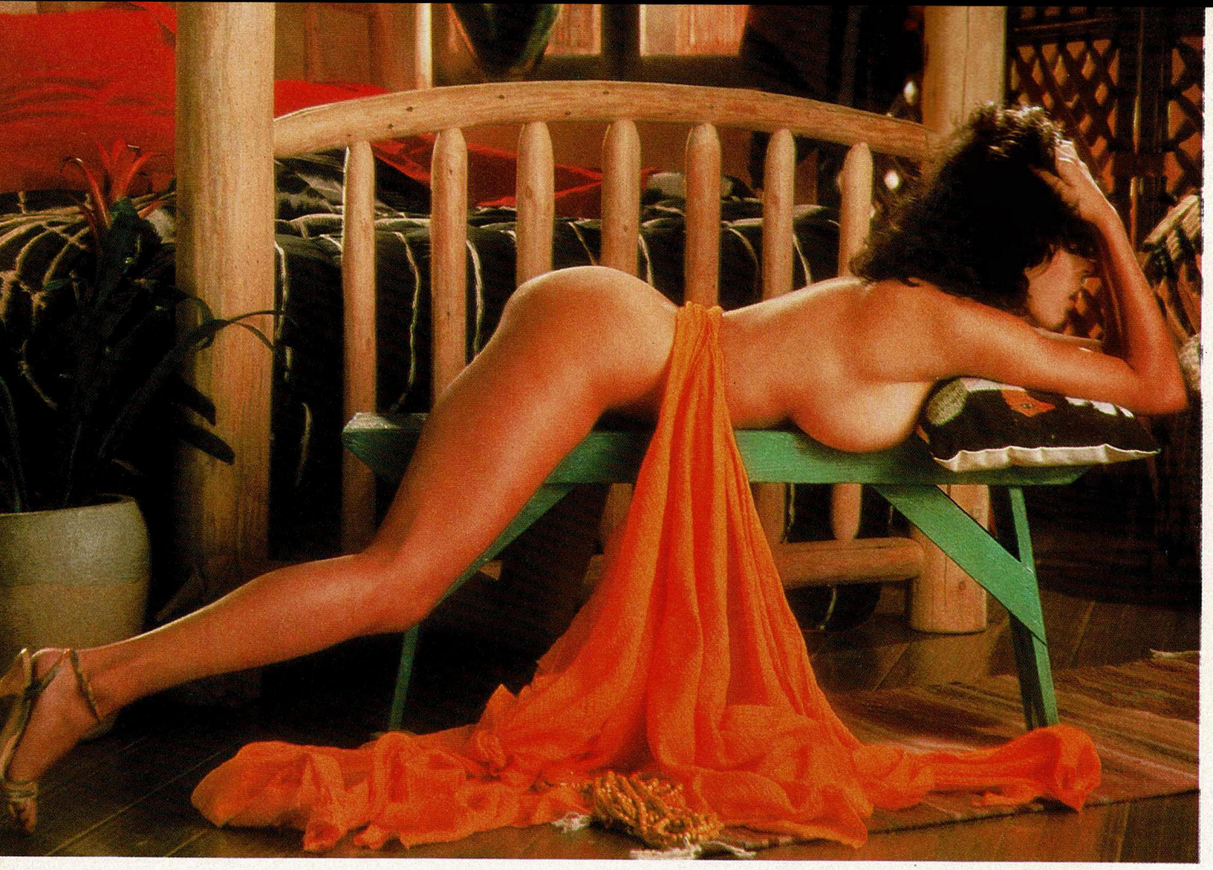
Roberta Vasquez has been bodybuilding because health is wealth. Hasn't she done well?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA

Roberta plans a career as a private bodyguard. It's an interesting idea. With her around who's going to pay any attention to the nobody she's guarding? After training as a policewoman she found paper shuffling in the police bureaucracy a bit of an anticlimax. Life as a security guard was just as boring so she's set her sights on her own bodyguard service. With that aim in mind she spends several hours a day working out in the gym. Having been poor as a child she has vowed never to be poor again and is willing to work hard to achieve financial success. We'd say she's already made a big impression.

"I usually end up going out with older men. Like late thirties. That's older for me. For some reason they make me feel comfortable. They make me feel wanted and they make me feel special. That's what I like. I like a lot of affection."

"If I'm going to make love to somebody, I don't want to come over at 11 at night and have to leave at two in the morning. I want a whole evening of it."



"I don't want to overpower a man. I never want to dominate. I just want it 50-50."

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Roberta Vasquez

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Roberta Vasquez

BUST: 40 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 13-2-63 STAR SIGN: Aquarius

AMBITIONS: To have a great body the day I turn 40. To get all that I can out of life.

TURN-ONS: A gentle kiss, a strong body, driving fast, Thai food

TURN-OFFS: People who feel they are better than everyone else, smog, drunk drivers

HOBBIES: Working out, reading good books

FAVORITE AUTHORS: I'm not hard to please, I like so many.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Al Jarreau, Tina Turner, Lionel Richie.

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Hill Street Blues, Dynasty, Twilight Zone

FAVORITE CENTURY, AND WHY? This one, because I'm in it and I can enjoy it.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two guys were sitting at a table in a pub when an attractive blonde entered the establishment and sat at the bar. After staring admiringly at her for a while, one of the men said to his friend, "Just sit back and watch the master at work."

He strutted over to the bar, sat next to the blonde and delivered his best pick-up line. She turned around and hissed, "Piss off!"

Feeling totally humiliated, he walked back to the table where his friend immediately started to make fun of him. "Leave it to a real pro," he was told and the second guy sauntered over to the bar. He, too, delivered his best line and was rewarded by the same reply.

They both sat staring into their beers feeling very depressed when they noticed a short, fat and very ugly fellow standing at the doorway surveying the scene. He spotted the blonde, walked over to her, she greeted him warmly and they left together a few moments later.

Totally bewildered by this, the two guys approached the bar and asked the bartender what line the short man used to pick up the blonde.

"He didn't say a word," the bartender replied. "All he did was lick his right eyebrow!"

An unfortunate trollop named Mandy
Loved a man who was awfully randy;
Through a fault in his plumbing
He pissed before coming,
Producing a sexual shandy.

A wife turned to her husband in bed one morning and said, "Gee, I had a fabulous dream last night. I went to an auction."

"Did you, dear?" her husband replied. "What were they auctioning?" "Penises," she replied. "The great big ones were bringing in about $1000 each and the little puny ones about $10."

"Really," he commented. "And what about ones like mine?"

"Ha, ha," she laughed, "they didn't even crack a bid!"

Next morning the husband casually told his wife that he'd had a fabulous dream the night before wherein he'd been to an auction where vaginas were being auctioned. The little tight ones were fetching $1000 each and the big slack ones about $10. Of course she couldn't resist asking about ones like hers.

"Ha, ha," came the reply. "That's where the auction was being held!"

A man paid a call on a theatrical agent and demanded an audition.

"Okay, okay," said the jaded agent, "what do you do?"

"It's a crocodile act," replied the hopeful young man.

"Seen it! Next!" barked the agent.

The young man pleaded that his act was totally original and worthy of an audition so the agent gave in and slumped in his chair while the performer opened his bag. A crocodile was produced, the man unzipped his pants, took out his penis and rested it on the crocodile's lower jaw. He then hit the croc on the back of its neck, the jaws snapped almost shut, stopping a few centimetres from the man's penis.

The agent was amazed. "I can get you a booking tonight," he enthused and began making telephone calls to line up an appearance.

That evening, the pair went on stage and performed the stunt to a packed house. The audience went wild and demanded an encore.

"Okay," said the performer, "is there anyone in the audience who would like to have a go?"

All was quiet until a little old lady stood up in the front row and said, "I'd like to try."

The audience all looked in astonishment as she approached the stage.

"Mind you, young man," she chirped, "I trust you won't hit me as hard as you did that poor crocodile!"

Has your purchase of a king-sized water bed improved your sexual relationship with your wife?" the therapist asked his patient. "Not really, I'm sorry to report," answered the man. "Now she insists she has to wait for the tide to come in!"

Word has reached us about an outwardly demure young lady who, when aroused, is more than willing and even insists on a repeat sexual performance from the guys she goes out with. Her nickname among those in the know is Little Goody Two Screws.

Question: If the stork brings white babies and the crow brings black babies, which bird brings no babies?

Answer: The swallow.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Where did you decide to hang the wreath, dear?"

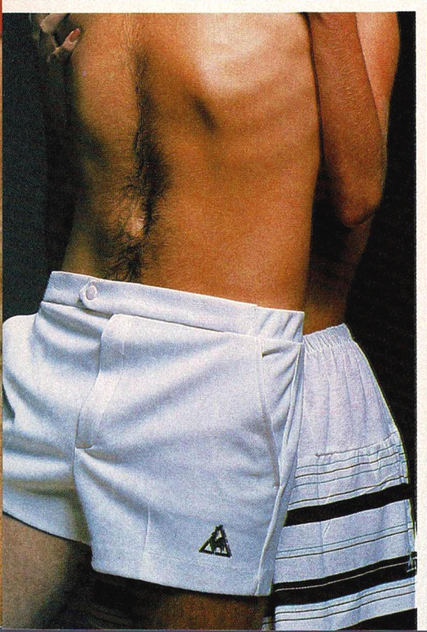
Our fashion
gymwear makes any body hot property.

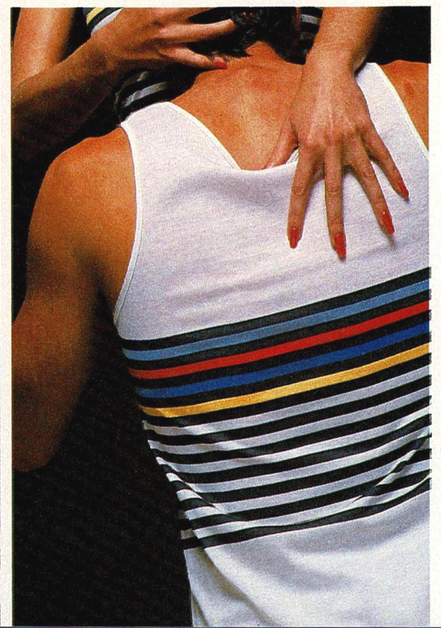
BODY HEAT

We think it's about time to admit the real reason why you've joined the gym, started jogging or taken up tennis. Be honest, it's to meet all those gorgeous athletic women showing off their shapely forms. To ensure that

Fashion by **VITEK**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVIE HUGHES





you look fit and fantastic when you're in the company of these svelte sorts, we've assembled a collection of colorful and comfortable gymwear — crisp cotton shorts topped with body-hugging singlets that show off every finely tuned muscle in your body plus track pants that keep their shape while accentuating yours. We can't imagine any better incentive to work out and make out.

PREVIOUS PAGE: White mesh singlets with bright slashes of color around the midriff, $12.99 by Kevin Junee. His "Florida" shorts, $7.99, by Le Coq Sportif.

RIGHT: He helps her on with a striped Frisco singlet available in six color combinations and priced at $14.99. With his Frisco singlet he dons L.C. Trainer track pants constructed from coarse spun yarn with a weaving method which gives the garment a "memory" to prevent bagging and permanent stretching, $21. Her Silhouette track pants constructed by the same revolutionary wearing process and priced at $21.99. All clothing by Le Coq Sportif.

TOP LEFT: Get your feet into the right gear and slip on a pair of these workout wonders. He wears white Puma Boxer boots highlighted with the distinctive Puma stripe in red, $49.99. Her Ashe Team tennis shoes constructed in nylon and rubber with leather trim, $60. Snazzy sports socks, $5.50. Tennis shoes and socks by Le Coq Sportif.

CLOCKWISE FROM CENTRE LEFT: White and navy Marika singlet, $12.99, available in six color combinations; his Laker singlet, $14.99; her flirty Melody tennis skirt, striped at the edge with navy and light blue bands, $12.99, his Levan shorts in cotton polyester blend, $28.99. All clothing by Le Coq Sportif.

STOCKISTS FOR LE COQ SPORTIF: Sydney: Adiaction, Chatswood and City; Running Inn, Drummoyne. National: Athlete's Foot. Nails by Fuss, corner of Glenmore Road and Oxford Street, Paddington.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

When it comes to doomsday machines Australia has some gadgets even the Yanks and the Russians haven't got.

WAR·TOYS

THE YEAR IS 1991. No one knows how the war began and it hardly matters now. The Soviet Union and the USA are both in ruins, their major cities reduced to contaminated rubble, millions of their people dead. Between them, Western Europe has been crushed as if between two millstones. The industrial heartlands of Britain, Germany and France have virtually ceased to exist.

Australia, almost alone amongst Western developed nations, has escaped physically unscathed from the holocaust. Thrown into an uneasy federation with New Zealand, it awaits the next spasm of a maimed world. To the north, Asia is in turmoil. Japan, bombed in passing by the Soviets, may rise for the second time from its own nuclear ashes but it will take generations. Korea is locked once again in civil war. China, Hong Kong and Singapore, marooned by the total collapse of world trade, labor to feed and control their mushrooming populations.

But Indonesia remains almost intact. A new military leadership in Jakarta, by turns

Article by **TIM GRIGGS**

jumpy and assertive, is uncomfortable about the turmoil to the north and about the remnant of the old capitalist order to the south. It looks with envy at Australia's open spaces, at New Zealand's prime agricultural land, and at our huge deposits of uranium, now the only source within reach and possibly the key to Indonesia's own security in the future.

Australia's armed forces may be operational, but suddenly deprived of the logistical support of the nation's traditional allies, its military hardware begins to look puny and its position vulnerable in the extreme. It can throw up a few dozen US-built FA18s and some now ageing F-111s but it can expect no replacements for aircraft lost, nor even spare parts. The same is true of the handful of 30-year-old French Mirages, still serviceable aircraft but increasingly subject to operational loss through metal fatigue.

An enemy need not plan to shoot Australia's air force out of the sky. Left long enough, it will simply fall apart as components fail and cannot be replaced. Even the ceramic coatings for the jets' turbine blades cannot be restored: they were supplied directly by manufacturers in the USA.

Once an enemy gains a foothold on the Australian mainland, the same picture emerges. Initial successes by Australian troops using German tanks, Anglo-American armored personnel carriers and US carbines cannot be exploited as equipment failures aren't made good and overseas-made ammunition begins to run short. The result is a foregone conclusion, but whatever happens on the battlefield, the war will eventually be lost in the repair workshops and maintenance depots.

●

Fiction? Maybe, yet our forecast, or something very like it, must have crossed the minds of Australian military planners. To them, the only likely scenario is that some corner of the globe will always be at war and Australia needs to be prepared for the time when it's our turn.

Australia could never build enough of its own weapons to fight a modern war. Technology has gone too far too fast for a country this size to manufacture significant quantities of its own military hardware. Instead, Australia is an eclectic buyer: Leopard tanks from Germany, French jet fighters, Italian jet trainers, British submarines and Land-Rovers, American communications equipment and Japanese computers. All mesh somehow into our multinational defence network headed by the deadly FA18 Hornet strike fighter from the US, and while it is just one example of sophisticated overseas machinery in service with the Australian military, it does show that, as yet, there is no workable alternative to dependence on foreign-made armaments.

Unlike its namesake, the McDonnell Douglas FA18 Hornet carries more than one sting. It can take out almost any aircraft in the world and its Sidewinder missiles can bring down an enemy even if attacked from behind.

It has an outward-bound attack range of 1000 kilometres but can be refuelled in flight so it can go anywhere. It flies at twice the speed of sound and when it gets there it can destroy anything that moves on land, sea or in the air.

It is not quite true that it can be flown by a chimpanzee, as some of its more enthusiastic salespeople have claimed, but it is true that its flight and targeting computers allow even an inexperienced pilot to destroy any target with greater precision than a fighter ace in a less advanced plane. The Hornet's least efficient component will probably be the man who flies it.

It's an awesome war machine with, predictably, an awesome price tag. Australia is paying $1 million per day for the next 10 years for just 75 of these aircraft, which means for the next decade every man, woman and child in Australia will contribute about six cents each day to buy those few dozen planes.

But it would cost many times the FA18's already staggering $3500 million price tag for Australia to research and build its own state-of-the-art fighter.

While we may buy major equipment from overseas, the weapons trade isn't all one-sided. We invent, manufacture and sell to the Americans and other buyers and, despite our modest means, we have a world-wide reputation for the ingenuity behind our war toys which has made even the Russians and Americans sit up and take notice.

Most of our weapons research is in the hands of a small and relatively obscure body of civilian scientists in the Defence Science and Technology Organisation (DSTO). Part of the Department of Defence, the DSTO comes under the aegis of the Chief Defence Scientist in Canberra. It boasts about 1000 professional scientists, perhaps a third of them PhDs, in 10 laboratories scattered all over Australia. The five biggest of these are sited near Melbourne and Adelaide.

The DSTO's budget is a modest $140 million, or rather less than three percent of Australia's defence outlay, and it is only half the size of the CSIRO. Over the years the DSTO has turned out to be a genuine quiet achiever.

Usually tight-lipped for security reasons, there has been a good deal of jaw-loosening in the DSTO recently. In an effort to disprove the propaganda that DSTO scientists are mad boffins building ultimate weapons, the organisation has opened its doors a crack wider to show off its latest accomplishments.

Much of the testing and evaluation work carried out by the DSTO is not glamorous. Indeed, as one scientist at the Materials Research Laboratory (MRL) near Melbourne said: "It is aimed at making sure the armed forces don't make fools of themselves when they buy something."

Australian conditions are unique and unusually harsh and foreign hardware is often not suitable for a variety of unforeseen reasons. The tracks of Leopard tanks, for example, are ideal for the soft Bavarian countryside, but less than satisfactory on hard-baked Australian soil. And F-111 cockpit canopies (at $15,000 apiece) proved mysteriously prone to cracking in Australian heat and humidity. It was DSTO scientists who solved those problems.

They often initiate new and exciting projects in both offence and defence in collaboration with Australian industry or foreign defence forces. Many of these projects are world-beaters.

PROJECT WINNIN

In 1967 an Israeli destroyer was sunk by an insignificant Egyptian patrol boat using a Russian missile. The incident shocked naval experts the world over who saw their beloved surface ships become virtually obsolete overnight.

Countermeasures were rapidly and successfully developed. When the Egyptians tried to repeat their success in the Yom Kippur War of 1974, they fired 50 missiles and scored not a single hit on Israeli ships.

Just eight years later the British discovered to their dismay that the pendulum had swung back again. The French-built Exocet missile used by the Argentinians has now entered folklore. Despite their sophisticated weaponry and the use of helicopters tailing the bigger vessels, the British could do little but employ a tactic of Jutland vintage: turning their ships end-on to present smaller targets. They rarely had the time even to do that and their losses are now history.

But the Exocet is not a wonder-weapon. Even before the Falklands, Australia's DSTO scientists had come up with a decoy which could put the French missile and others like it back in the cupboard.

Decoys are not new. The British used helicopters with some success in the Falklands, but pilots are expensive to replace and could be forgiven for finding decoy flying one of their more onerous duties.

Systems capable of deceiving missile guidance radar have been tried on a variety of vehicles including unmanned mini-helicopters and balloons.

Under Project Winnin the decoy is carried aboard a hovering rocket — an Australian world first. Successfully tested in 1981, the Hoveroc can be launched within seconds of the detection of a missile attack.

Hovering on end, the rocket can be tilted, rotated and steered by remote control away from the ship which it is guarding. The length of time it can stay up is classified, but DSTO says it is "more than a few seconds".

Mr J. Scot Allison of the Electronics Research Laboratory (ERL) near Adelaide, who has been closely involved with Winnin and the Hoveroc, says: "The payload includes a wave tube which picks up the missile's terminal guidance radar, reintensifies it and reflects it back to the missile. To the missile it looks like a ship, only more so."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Cheryl, the sex manual is upside down."

SCIENCE SPIN-OFF FOR PEACE

DSTO scientists don't spend all their time studying war. Much of their work is specifically designed for peaceful purposes and has benefits for industry and the community.

One example is LADS (Laser Airborne Depth Sounder) which will cut the time necessary to chart Australian coastal waters to safe navigational standards from 80 to 10 years. (In some areas explorer Mathew Flinders' charts of the early 19th century are still the only guide.)

Time is not the only consideration. Developed by the Electronics Research Laboratory (ERL) and the Advanced Engineering Laboratory (AEL) in Adelaide, LADS is designed for use in shallow waters, obviating the need for survey ships to work dangerous coasts. A red laser beam is projected on to the sea surface and reflected back to the transmitting aircraft. A green laser beam penetrates to the seabed. The time difference in their reception by the aircraft's monitoring equipment is a measure of water depth.

Aeromed — a high-tech crib designed for use on the RAAF's frequent Outback errands of mercy — is another invention of AEL. The unit consists of an incubator with heart-rate monitor and oxygen analyser, designed at Adelaide's Queen Victoria Hospital.

At 70kg, it is 30kg lighter than previous units and much easier to handle. AEL designers ensured that it would not only fit comfortably in RAAF planes but in St John's air ambulances, State Rescue helicopters, and road ambulances.

A great deal of research work on aviation has applications in the civilian sphere. Aeronautical Research Laboratory (ARL), for example, has developed computer-generated imagery suitable for use in a control tower simulator. On basically the same principle as the now familiar flight simulator, the ARL invention would allow flight controllers to be trained in realistic surroundings without actually putting anyone at risk.

Another example is a pilot's force measurement glove developed at AEL. Force measurements are made through pads attached to ordinary flying gloves. The pads contain sacs of silicone oil connected to a wrist-mounted display unit. The glove, which has obvious applications for civilian as well as military flyers, allows the pilot to measure precisely the forces which need to be applied to the control column. This permits "preview testing" even when time for flying the aircraft is limited.

Other DSTO aeronautical research could well find its way into the civilian sphere. This would include windscreen damage testing, fuel and hydraulic fluid research, and work on pilot and crew safety.

Laser technology (Materials Research Laboratory has one of the most powerful lasers in the southern hemisphere) has wide industrial application, particularly in the field of welding where it is already extensively used.

Thermal infra-red imagery, so useful for spotting troop movements at night, can be adapted to "see" inside people on the operating table. DSTO scientists worked with surgeons at some of Australia's recent heart transplant operations. IR imagery also has civilian security applications.

And the development of artificial intelligence by the DSTO can go even farther. This work at the forefront of fifth-generation computer technology is a step toward devising computers which can think. Put simply, artificial intelligence gives the computer the capacity to receive a vast amount of relevant data quicker than an operator could feed it in, and then to make rational decisions based on this data. The technique has already proved to be more accurate than a doctor when making a diagnosis of a patient's disease.

And one scientist at ARL in Melbourne hinted to me that they may be on their way to developing the ultimate "smart weapon" — as soon as it is activated, it turns itself off again.

The Hoveroc concept is revolutionary. Its solid propellant is safe and easy to handle and it is expected to be usable in stormy sea conditions, though no ship test firing has been done. It also has the added advantage that its payload can decoy several missiles at once. There are some drawbacks. For example, the payload is extremely expensive, but so are ships.

Many details of Winnin are classified and it is not yet clear whether Australia will go it alone in further development or pool resources with a friendly power. Either way it seems certain that Winnin will go ahead.

RAILGUN

At the Materials Research Laboratory, work is underway in collaboration with the Americans on a weapon which may have further implications for ship defence.

Known as the railgun, it can fire bullets at fantastic speed, not with an explosive charge but using electromagnetic power. The bullet is loaded into the railgun by placing it between two parallel metal rails. A thin metal foil covers the "breech" end of the projectile.

A sudden burst of electrical power is fed into the rails in a surge lasting a fraction of a millisecond. The current vaporises the foil into a plasma of metallic particles which acts as a conducting bridge between the rails. The powerful magnetic field generated hurls the bullet down the rails at speeds many times the velocity of the fastest rifle bullet.

Much of the problem of countering missiles and low-flying aircraft has been the very short response time allowed to the defender. Often it's only a few seconds. Currently the best last-ditch defence seems to be the American Phalanx system which, following the Falklands lesson, is now being hastily fitted to many Western warships.

Phalanx is little more than a computer-controlled Gatling gun. It tracks an incoming missile over the last few hundred metres and tries to put as many bullets in its path as possible. It is not an elegant system and involves a great deal of hit and miss, with a lot of misses.

The railgun could, in theory, put up many more shots in the same time. Its bullets, because of their vastly higher muzzle velocity, could also be far more destructive.

"For Australia's part the defensive possibilities loom large for close-in weapons systems to defeat cruise missiles attacking a ship, or for shooting down terrain-following strike aircraft," says Dr Ian Sach of the MRL.

Obviously the railgun has considerable potential for offence, too. MRL is testing two railguns. One, with the appropriate acronym of RAPID (Railgun Armature Plasma Investigation Device), is a mere 500mm long with a tiny 6x8mm rectangular bore. It can shoot a 0.5gm polycarbonate bullet at speeds up to 1km/second.

The other has the less happy name of ERGS (Experimental Railgun System). It has a 900mm barrel and is designed to achieve velocities of about 10km/second.

Such speeds stretch the imagination. An Exocet travels at only about 1/30th of the maximum muzzle velocity of ERGS, and a 105mm howitzer shell at about 1/20th.

Railgun theory has been around for a while. Hitler explored the possibility of bombarding Britain with a railgun, but like many of Hitler's secret weapons, it was defeated by its own logistical problems. The huge ring of generators needed would have been enormously expensive and vulnerable to air attack, so the project was abandoned. The same applies to the Japanese, who were working on their own railgun project by the end of the war.

The railgun is still very far from a workable weapon. No one has yet designed a projectile carrying a warhead that can be launched at the enormous velocity of a railgun without disintegrating and generating equipment is still too large and cumbersome for battlefield use. But DSTO's American partners take it seriously. While the Australian team is filling in much of the basic science, the Americans' project is to develop a railgun which can shoot a full-scale projectile weighing more than one kilogram. They are already reporting successes.

A measure of the American commitment is that the US Defence Technologies Study Team has recommended the Reagan administration invest several hundred million dollars in hypervelocity ballistics over the next five years.

There are already rumors that President Reagan wants to use a railgun as part of his supposed *Star Wars* defence plan. Equally inevitable (and probably true) are reports that the Russians are developing a similar device.

Karinga is probably the most effective weapon of its kind in the world . . . 12 would be quite sufficient to devastate an enormous area.

KARINGA

The DSTO has been behind the development of a unique cluster-bomb project. Karinga, as it is called, is a 350kg parcel of devastation designed for use against dispersed aircraft and "soft-skinned" targets. The DSTO insists that this does not mean humans (though they would be well advised to get out of the way).

Karinga can be released from as low as 60 metres or from much higher, and at speeds up to 650 knots. Within the body of the bomb and packed in foam plastic are 81 tubes, each containing six bomblets. The scientists rather coyly describe these as "submunitions".

As the bomb is released, a drag parachute is deployed and the nose casing is ejected. The parachute induces spin and under this effect the bomblets are released and automatically armed. The 486 bomblets are scattered over thousands of square metres and as they explode, the casing of each shatters into 100 fragments, each of which can pierce 5mm steel plate at 10 metres. The havoc wrought on planes and trucks is stupendous. As if that were not enough, incendiary bomblets can be mixed with the high explosive bomblets to ignite spilled fuel.

Karinga is probably the most effective weapon of its kind in the world. An RAAF F-111 can carry 20, though 12 would be a normal load, and quite sufficient to devastate an enormous area.

BARRA

Australia still depends for its economic life on coastal shipping to a far larger extent than most other developed nations. Every one of the country's major cities except Canberra is a seaport.

Coastal shipping is particularly vulnerable to submarine attack. Inshore waters are noisy and crowded and it is easy for a submarine, especially a quiet-running nuclear vessel, to escape detection.

DSTO scientists have been working on a number of systems for use in anti-submarine warfare (ASW), and by far the most successful to date has been the Barra sonobuoy, developed jointly with the British in the late 1970s. Now in service with the armed forces of both countries, Barra has so far attracted $120 million in sales and seems certain to generate still more export dollars.

The buoy itself, encased in a 12.7kg canister, was developed by DSTO scientists and Australian industry and is in production with AWA. The British contribution was the airborne processing equipment now carried by RAAF Orion P3Cs and RAF Nimrods.

The buoy canister is dropped from an aircraft in the general area where a submarine is suspected and separates on water impact into a floating top section and a submerged array of hydrophones. Hundreds of simulated drops were practised in limestone caves in the Mt Gambier region of South Australia to prove the principle.

One sonobuoy is able to detect a distant nuclear or conventional submarine and to provide information on its bearing. Two or more will give an accurate fix, while the submarine's crew will be unaware that their vessel is being tracked.

Now an updated Mark II Barra is under

(continued on page 114)

"That's fine, but can it vacuum?"

Me Jane!

If Tarzan's Jane looked like this, no wonder the old swinger went ape.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

There had to be a damn good reason why Tarzan was happy to spend so much time in the jungle — and here she is.

This is Jane. No wonder the Lord Of The Apes wanted to keep her all to himself. But Jane got a bit fed up with jungle life. The bad manners of all those monkeys, the creepy-crawlies and the noise. Have you ever thought about just how noisy the jungle is? Especially in the morning when you want to have a lie-in and all those exotic birds start up. So Jane gave Tarzan and his jungle kingdom the elbow and came back to civilisation.

She's adjusted perfectly to life back in the big city. Got herself a lovely little flat, done it up a treat, all modern you understand, no bamboo, no rubber plants. All she needs now is another swinger. And with body language like that it doesn't look like she'll have too long to wait.

Beware the weekend tennis warrior, he plays dirty.

THIS IS NOT A LOVE MATCH

GARRY: It's Thurgate serving from the northern end.

PETER: He hasn't got a great serve, Garry.

GARRY: No, he doesn't have a big weapon. What do you think, Alan?

ALAN: It's difficult serving from the northern end at this stage of the afternoon because the sun is starting to set in the west.

GARRY: Very true. There's the serve. Karen creams it.

PETER: Thurgate's managed to get it back. You can't write him off.

GARRY: Here's a good deep volley from Karen's partner.

PETER: He took that volley on the full.

GARRY: Thurgate's partner's not much use. What do you think, Alan?

ALAN: She's taken up the damsel in distress position. You see her there, on the net, in the tramlines, holding her racquet in front of her face.

GARRY: Thurgate's scrambling around, getting everything back.

PETER: By gee, Garry, I wouldn't want to be his hamstring.

GARRY: Karen volleys short. Chance here for Thurgate. He's winding up, he's going to murder this ball. Here's his shot. Oh my God!

PETER: He's just floated it down the centre.

Sport by **ALEX BUZO**

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

GARRY: It's the most deadly shot in mixed doubles, Alan. What's it called?
ALAN: The Homewrecker.
GARRY: Karen steadies herself for a backhand volley.
PETER: Here comes her husband.
GARRY: Karen's husband takes it right off Karen's racquet with a forehand volley.
PETER: And he dumps it in the net.
GARRY: Why is that shot called the Homewrecker, Alan?
ALAN: You'll soon see, Garry.
GARRY: Karen goes up to her husband.
PETER: Here's the shot. Oh! Poor bloke.
GARRY: Karen breaks her racquet over her partner's head.
PETER: Let's take a break. Then we'll be right back to talk to Karen's lawyer.

●

Wimbledon mixed doubles finals? Well not quite. Every weekend 125,000 registered competition tennis players turn out for one of Australia's most popular do-it-yourself sports.

The Lawn Tennis Association of Australia thought that was so wonderful when they got into financial trouble that they imposed a $2 levy on all registered players. That brought in approximately $249,998 (yours truly to pay). The LTAA now has less incentive to balance its books, whether subconsciously or not, as it knows the mug comp player will be there with the readies. It knows big money can ruin a game.

Who are those people at the $2 end of the game? For once, the publicity is right: tennis is the sport for all ages and all sexes. During the course of a 10-week comp you can get to meet the whole spectrum, from temperamental juniors through to temperamental seniors.

AGE AND SEX

One old boy I know still plays a good game of A-grade tennis in his mid-sixties. He was a right-hander until be badly injured it in a cycling accident. So he taught himself to play tennis left-handed and worked his way up to A-grade, from where he will only be dislodged feet first. He has a great serve, one of the best I've come up against, and if he gets his racquet on a volley he puts it away. He also argues with the umpire and his wife, is a master of Oscar-winning time-wasting tactics (he will note where a ball is, walk slowly in the opposite direction, turn, see the ball, give a little gasp of surprise and then set off after it with a gait that suggests he has the pink pages down his shorts) and, as if that weren't enough, he actually wins more matches than he loses, even when he partners his wife.

She is also in her sixties and still hanging on in A-grade. In one mixed-doubles encounter I noticed her moving in and to her left on my second serve, as if she were preparing to cream my offering with a big forehand. I have to say that I wasn't all that flattered to see a woman in her sixties moving in on my second serve with an air of contempt. I had to ace her or I wouldn't be able to live with myself, so I served my first ace of the comp. These are the threads by which a comp player's ego hangs.

More than 50 years separates this pair from the juniors who come up the ranks. When a good player in his early to mid-thirties loses to a junior after holding a good lead he is never the same again. The junior usually goes into the club's A1 team or even farther.

One friend of mine was a great match player. His strokes weren't all that good but, as a former London junior table tennis champion, he knew something about winning and I never saw him lose a singles tennis match. Sometimes all he'd do would be something simple. When you have the wind behind you, the book says, keep your shots low and strong. I saw this bloke demolish a much better player by keeping his shots high and soft when he had the wind behind him. The high spiralling bounce drove his opponent crazy enough for his game to fall apart. But one day the body clock, or the tiger inside, said it was time to go and that's just what he did. He led 5-2 and 40-15 against a junior and lost 7-5.

The junior found the match a turning point for him as most of the club selectors were there and before too long he was in A1. My friend started to lose interest in tennis after this and now hardly ever plays. He'll probably come back in his forties and settle into a niche somewhere in comp, but for the moment the fire has gone out. Whether you're 15 or 65, it's still all in the mind.

RULES OF THE GAME

Most Saturday afternoon comps are mixed, between teams of four men and two women each. The men play four sets of doubles, there are four sets of mixed doubles, and one set of ladies' doubles. All women are ladies in comp tennis, just like at Wimbledon. The only problem is that out of nine sets, each player only gets in three, so there is a lot of waiting around.

Most tactics revolve around whose "put on" it is. One team sends a pair out on to the court and the other captain then decides which of his pairs he will put on, depending on game style, court surface, weather conditions, team politics or whoever happen to be the first two players he can see. One captain had two players in his team with dreadful hangovers, so he put them on first and they lost horribly. He doubled them up in the next available set and they lost horribly. Then they and the rest of the team played brilliantly in the mixed to win all four sets. Eventually this team won on the day — after such an appalling start — and got into the semi-finals. Who would be a comp tennis tactician?

If a player is late, the opposition can claim a 6-0 forfeit in that set, but almost invariably they will put on other pairs until the latecomer arrives. One team from the South Sydney Junior Leagues Club was a bunch of genuine shockers who looked like reformatory material. When one of our players was delayed for five minutes by a puncture they claimed a forfeit. It was a beautiful sunny day just right for tennis, but they preferred to play one set less and get the points.

"I've cut my finger!"

SHIFT WORK

I joined a club by looking through the local suburban rag's classified ads. One team, Alexandria, advertised for players to join, mainly because hardly anyone lived in Alexandria. It's an industrial suburb in the heart of Sydney and like a ghost town at the weekend when the factories are closed. The only life was provided by the cries and whispers of the Saturday comp players.

Those players were a chequered group, with a high proportion of interstate people. Melburnians, born politicians, got themselves on to the committee, New Zealanders, "ethnics" (including one genuine punk Filipino), society types who went skiing and talked a lot about it, inner city street-fighting types, a large proportion of single women aged about 29, a macho gay with a black dog, quite a few country people who'd moved to the city and looked a bit lost, Maoris with holes in their mufflers, bank girls called Karen who drove rusty Mazdas, and one playwright.

After working my way up to B1, I found the way barred by committee types who weren't going to stand aside for anyone, however much better they played. I changed to another club, called Orana, which had a similar setting: the Pagewood Bus Depot opposite a now-derelict GM-H factory. There I got into A3 and there we played, as shiftworkers slowly and noisily demolished the monumental steel and glass factory, even on a Saturday afternoon.

There are shiftworkers in tennis, too. Our captain makes our first pair double up, so they play two of the first three sets (the ladies go on second). He reasons that the balls are newer early on, and the light better, so the first pair should have all the advantages. Playing in the second shift is a different proposition. The balls are soft, the light bad, and the pressure really on. In the winter the last set is often left unplayed because of the dark.

Sometimes our tennis activities provide a bit of contrast with the empty or derelict factories around us, but sometimes comp tennis can be a grind just like working in demolition on a Saturday afternoon.

THE ROLE OF THE MINIMALLY TALENTED COMMITTEE PERSON

The Minimally Talented Committee Person gravitates to the selection committee and puts himself in a team well above his standard. He surrounds himself with good players who are either junior stars shooting up or Obliging Types who never complain. The juniors realise they'll be moving up soon, so they don't mind partnering a Minimally Talented Committee Person. The Obliging Types realise that the only way they can move is down so they shut up when the Minimally Talented Committee Person double-faults on break point.

There are those who say that anyone who has to endure the boredom of committee meetings deserves a few perks and who's to say they're not right?

TRIUMPH OF THE WILL

Many people believe that a good innings in cricket represents the triumph of the batsman over himself, not the triumph of the batsman over the bowlers. Ralph Barker gives many instances of this in his enjoyable book *Innings of A Lifetime*. Of course, we'll never know for sure whether people play badly in a crisis because their mind lets their body down or vice versa.

One player I came up against was the captain of an A3 team and a pretty fair player. He had a hard, flat serve with no margin for error. There was no spin, no placement, he just went for broke and served a lot of aces and a lot of faults. Now the trouble with this was it put too much pressure on his second serve. The second serve should've been a more conservative version of the first. If you miss the first, then your swing should be in the groove for the second. This bloke's second serve was a soft spinning bunt, nothing like his first serve, so he was never in the groove for it. In a tight corner, the second serve broke down. Then the first serve would become even more erratic, and the rest of his game followed suit. One time he served for a match at 5-3. My partner and I kept getting the ball back, nothing spectacular, and we won it eventually as the opposition crumbled. I don't think the man had any psychological problems; his technique was simply at fault.

Another player, a junior, had similar problems with his second serve, and it was awful to watch him choke. His eyes became hooded, his shoulders stooped, he seemed like a hunchback crow as he poked at the ball. Sometimes he was so eaten up with tension his second serve would barely reach the net. When he was playing well he was devastating, but our tactics were to ignore that and to keep attacking his second serve until it broke down. That was one case of a player who either won or lost against himself; the opposition was just there to make up the numbers.

THE LADIES

The tennis ladies range from flat-chested, nationally ranked 12-year-olds right through the full bloom to diet fanatics in their fifties. Some of them can get out of a yellow Subaru wearing a tennis dress and make it memorable, while others realise it would be best for all concerned if they didn't get into a Subaru in the first place.

"Women's tennis is less conflictual than

"On the other hand, Mr Peterson, a transvestite clerk in our lingerie department just may open up new horizons for us."

men's," said an earnest sociologist recently. Quite apart from the fact that there is no such word as "conflictual", there is just as much conflict in women's tennis, although it is expressed in different ways. I don't pretend to understand all the eddies and currents of female conflict in the average tennis club, but the signs are all there: the smiling abuse, the bouts of "no speaks", the descriptions of each other ("She's the one with the heavy hips") and some of the loaded conversations about clothes all add up to evidence that you don't have to shout abuse at the umpire to be "conflictual".

It would be hard to convince an earnest sociologist of this, but it just happens to be that sort of game, requiring the utmost in precision and concentration. Everyone falls short of this and everyone takes it out on everyone else.

WHITE DEATH

The ladies serve afternoon tea on Saturday afternoon. They bring it and they make it. They pay less for the court than the men and they don't have to umpire. Occasionally a few male feminists raise their voices in protest about this arrangement, but the women keep mum. They know they've got a good deal and that's just how they want it. They're Ladies Who Want To Be Ladies.

Since the advent of health food, afternoon tea tends to be short on white bread and white sugar. Sandwiches are made with wholemeal bread and few get eaten because no one likes wholemeal bread. One of the triumphs of the health food movement is to get people to buy but not eat horrible-tasting things.

MIXED DOUBLES

The key to playing good mixed doubles is this: never criticise your partner or look even slightly displeased at one of her errors. Most women have trouble dealing with criticism, probably because they get it so rarely. Can you imagine the screaming if the national sports slob was Norma instead of Norm? Most organisations who don't want to be criticised hire a good-looking woman as public relations officer because they know it's rare for the press to criticise a good-looking woman. No one likes criticism, and you shouldn't ever rebuke your partner whether it's mixed or men's doubles, but it is usually sudden death for a man to criticise a woman during a mixed doubles match.

106 *"I'm sorry — no birth control pills without a prescrip. . . oh, all right."*

It is also a good idea to change your game halfway through the set. Your opponents will have worked you out after a few games and adjusted to what you're doing. If you're volleying winners early on and poaching like a beauty, then watch out. Pretty soon they'll work you out and start passing you. Of course, if you keep winning games then it would be silly to change, but I have seen so many couples go down because they always used the same tactics. And if you lose a mixed, guess who gets blamed?

THE NIGHTMARE

Large numbers of New Zealanders have migrated to Australia in recent years. "They've raised the IQ of both countries," said former NZ Prime Minister Robert Muldoon. They've also lowered the number of video cassette recorders in residential areas, as more than a few have got themselves involved in the drugs-and-crime scene.

There was one Souths team that was full of Maoris. They were nice people. You could lend them your front door key and the VCR would be safe. They probably didn't live in Bondi and probably didn't hang towels over the front balcony. They were pretty muscle-bound, however, and they wore kneeguards and used a lot of topspin.

"You wouldn't want to face them on a fast court on a cold day with a gale blowing and the odd shower of rain," I said (or something like that) after we beat them on our slow courts on a still, warm day.

The nightmare came true. And of course we lost. And we got cold and wet and pulled muscles on the slippery court. "At least we now know why those Maoris wear knee-guards," I said, as I limped off the court.

MEN'S COMP

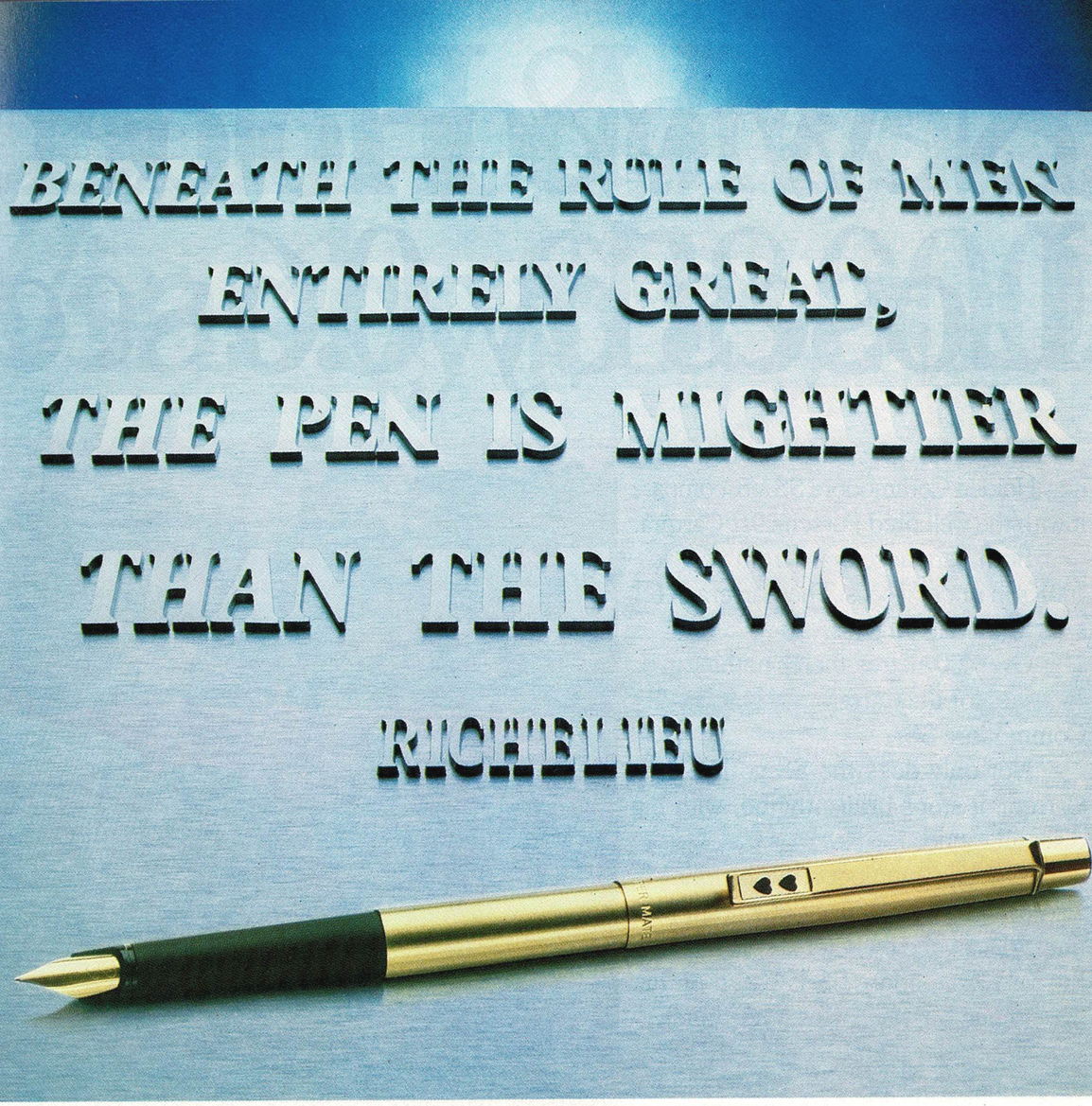
This is played on Sunday mornings between teams of four, so you play three sets out of eight: two doubles and a singles. The atmosphere is usually poisonous, with hangovers playing havoc with form. Usually someone has to go and get some soft drink from one of those shops that stay open on Sunday morning to sell soft drinks to thirsty tennis players. If you lose, you feel terrible until Monday morning. If you win, you feel tired until Sunday night. I play mixed and enjoy it much more, partly because I've been lucky in my mixed partners, partly because Saturday afternoon is, and should be, for tennis, but mostly because it's more fun and more like the real world.

HOW TO BEAT THE OFFICE POSER

Play comp tennis. Any comp player can handle a social player, given reasonable conditions. Comp tennis sharpens up your game and makes you improve more than you thought possible.

The only drawback is that the LTAA may impose another $2 at any time.

BENEATH THE RULE OF MEN
ENTIRELY GREAT,
THE PEN IS MIGHTIER
THAN THE SWORD.
RICHELIEU



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At over $56,000, the Porsche 911 costs about three times more than the V8 Commodore SS — a difference of over $38,000.

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The SS rear spoiler and side skirts are optional at extra cost.

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ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN EWART

OCEAN BLUES

Sometimes you imagine things in the water. Sometimes they're really there.

STREAKY BAY is perched on the Great Australian Bight, a small fishing town on the eastern fringe of the Nullarbor. The town appears almost by surprise out of the savage country, a green oasis of watered lawns and tall eucalyptus amid the arid scrub. December 23 was a typical summer day. At four in the afternoon the sun was well on its way toward the western horizon,

Fiction by **CHARLES DE SALIS**

though the air was still like a kiln. A single figure stood on the top of the headland, watching the swells roll in from the clean, cold waters of the Southern Ocean. Fifty metres below, a reef of granite boulders ran into the mottled blue water. Stretching into the distance, a beach shone like a thin strip of silver between the sheer cliffs that disappeared into the heat haze.

What had attracted the surfer's attention were the waves that were breaking across the reef below. They broke in long, even lines along the edge of the rocks for a hundred metres or more, the gentle off-shore wind lending them a kind of mirror-like perfection in the afternoon sun.

The surfer turned away, squinting against the glare of the sun despite the shady protection of a huge straw hat. He was never happy about surfing in this place alone. One tended to see shadows in the water, shapes out of the corners of your eyes. No, he decided, it wasn't worth it and began to trek back to the car where Cathy was asleep.

It didn't take him long to change his mind. Cathy somehow managed to sleep through the heat, sprawled across the old mattress in the back of the equally ancient station-wagon. He tried to interest himself in some well-worn magazines, but found he knew them by heart. A squadron of flies didn't make things easier by attacking his eyes, ears and mouth. Sweat was beginning to drip off his chin and form rivulets down his chest. The water seemed to offer the only possibility of escape.

Even though the temperature was pushing 40 degrees, the surfer wore long trousers and a shirt for protection against the sun. He was one of those fair-skinned, white-haired men who never tan but alternate between red and white. His face was almost covered with white zinc cream, lined by perspiration. Most of the wax on his surfboard had melted and run down on to the roof of the car.

There was no path down to the beach. The slope down the headland was nearly vertical, made up of chalky, white mudstone which crumbled underfoot. The surfer made his way carefully down, but still managed to slide most of the way. The rocks were sharp and his feet were bleeding by the time he reached the bottom. He stopped for a moment to catch his breath and swear at the cliff before struggling the final 200 metres to the edge of the calm channel on the inside of the reef. The channel provided a protected path to the outside of the reef where the swells broke in the continuous roar of blue energy. At the water's edge, the reef looked a long way out from shore, forbidding in its isolation. After a moment of hesitation the surfer threw his board into the water upside-down to cool the wax, and put on his wetsuit. The wetsuit burned and he had to dive into the water to cool himself off. Then, after making sure that his legrope was secure, he began the long paddle to the outside reef.

It usually took about 10 minutes to paddle out. Today it was more difficult because of the south-easterly wind blowing across the reef. The wind blew a stinging spray of salt water into the surfer's eyes, making it difficult to see ahead. The ocean had become a flecked mosaic of white and blue catching the glare of the sun as he looked toward the horizon, watching for the tell-tale dark lines of swell.

He tried to ignore the impulse to watch dark shadows on the reef below him. They seemed to move in the corner of his eye only to stop when he looked at them. The reef's reputation for sharks refused to leave his mind, and he became painfully aware that his legs were dangling vulnerably over the edge of his surfboard. In an admission of defeat, he lay on the board instead of sitting on it.

But the waves were good. He soon forgot his fears in the enjoyment of the moment. The sun and the long-walled waves were reassuring. A lone dolphin caused him a moment of doubt when it burst through a wave, breaking two metres in front of him, but its presence was comforting. It stayed for half an hour, playing the waves, before continuing its journey. He decided it must have been a scout for a larger school. It had been pleasant company and he regretted seeing it go.

He surfed for another hour, racing up and down the steep waves, before he started to tire. The tide changed, and the sets began to fade, the wait between rides longer and longer. Then he thought he saw something between him and the horizon. His adrenalin surged momentarily and he squinted even harder against the glare of the sun. Then he saw it again, a dark triangle cutting the surface of the water, some 400 metres away. He watched it long enough to be certain it was not a dolphin, then began stroking toward the shore as smoothly and as quickly as he was able. His stomach had shrunk into a tight ball of fear, the edge of panic, and he had to force his imagination to stop racing. He frantically scanned the ocean around him. He had lost the fin. If you saw a fin around here, he remembered the locals saying, you could bet it was a White.

The shore seemed an eternity away. One wave would have been enough to take him to safety but none appeared. While the knot in his stomach stayed, his mind was calm and everything seemed unusually clear. The rocks and safety were nearly in reach.

He saw the white-ghost shape of the shark against the dark kelp bottom when it was only two metres away. He didn't have time to see if it was a White or not, he just knew it was moving toward him very fast. In a reflex action, he rolled off the board and thrust it between him and the shark. The water around him exploded and he was lifted clear by a tremendous blow. The air gave momentary safety, then he was back in the water, his arms and legs still intact. He began swimming toward shore expecting to be dragged under at any moment.

But nothing happened. The surfer looked back for a moment.

The shark was attacking the surfboard 20 metres away, tearing huge crescent-shaped bites out of the board. He couldn't see the shark through the boiling water. Once it threw the board up in the air like a cat playing with a mouse. He trod water wondering if he should wait and hope the shark would ignore his presence. He decided to swim for it.

It seemed like hours before he climbed gasping through the breaking waves on to the granite boulders, his feet and hands bleeding from barnacle cuts. Nearby, what was left of the surfboard floated in tranquil calm. The wind was taking the debris out to sea. As the surfer watched it go, a feeling of elation overcame him. He felt as though he were floating with the peculiar lightness of relief. There was no sign that the shark had ever come out of the cold deep waters.

Hands shaking, he sat at the water's edge, the wind drying the water on his face to a thin white film of salt. Then, slowly and stiffly, he rose and began to walk back to the car. In a week or two he might laugh at the whole incident.

"Too bad a thing of beauty isn't a joy forever."

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TOYS

(continued from page 90)

Under some circumstances subjects can be seen when they believe themselves to be invisible.

development using more advanced technology to get the most out of existing hardware.

Pursuing another approach, DSTO scientists have also been working on long arrays of hydrophones designed for towing behind vessels for ship and submarine detection. Previous attempts were cumbersome and bulky. The hydrophones were encased in unwieldy lengths of tubing filled with kerosene for neutral buoyancy. They could not readily be winched in or out and were subject to attack by sharks and barracuda. They made very expensive fishing lures.

Working with Australian industry, however, the DSTO has produced miniaturised hydrophones insulated in ropes of buoyant plastic fibres, with Kevlar reinforcing. Kevlar is a material stronger weight-for-weight than steel and apparently less attractive to carnivorous fish.

Full development is expected to get under way in 1985 and export prospects are thought to be good with Australia acknowledged as a world leader in this technology.

INFRA-RED SURVEILLANCE

As an alternative to daylight visibility, thermal infra-red (IR) radiation — commonly known as heat — has a number of advantages. These have been explored by scientists worldwide but among the leaders are researchers of the Optoelectronics Division at the DSTO's Electronics Research Laboratory.

Detection equipment is now so sensitive it can produce pictures of near TV quality even in total darkness. People show up quite clearly on the screen, the warm areas around the eyes (where blood circulation is concentrated) appearing pale and the nose and mouth darker, cooled by breathing.

Scientists at the laboratory show "photographs" of Sydney Harbor Bridge taken at two in the morning from a distance of 5km.

Infra-red pictures of buildings give clear definition, with the figures of passers-by readily distinguishable. From the military point of view infra-red radiation can be more useful than light itself under some circumstances because subjects can be seen when they believe themselves to be invisible.

As well, IR imagery can have an effect similar to X-ray photography. A ship's engine room is clearly visible within the outline of the vessel itself because of the intensity of the heat generated there. Even freshly repaired sections of the hull can be readily distinguished. If oil tanks are viewed through a thermal imaging system it is at once obvious how full they are; which raises all sorts of interesting possibilities for intelligence gathering.

Infra-red radiation has a longer wavelength than visible light and can only be focused with special lenses, usually of germanium, or with mirrors. Unfortunately glass is totally opaque to IR, which means an enemy can escape detection after all, providing he can hide his men and vehicles in a big enough greenhouse . . . not the world's best shield.

TACTERM

Nap-of-the-earth (NOE) flying, as it is called by the military with a rare flash of lyricism after the nap that is raised on a tablecloth by light brushing, is an increasingly important tactic in modern warfare.

It gets attackers under radar screens and permits them to strike and get out before defensive weaponry can be brought to bear. For slower aircraft, especially helicopters, NOE flying is a virtual necessity. Such machines are sitting ducks for fast-response ground-to-air defence systems, or even for the infantryman with a backpack weapon.

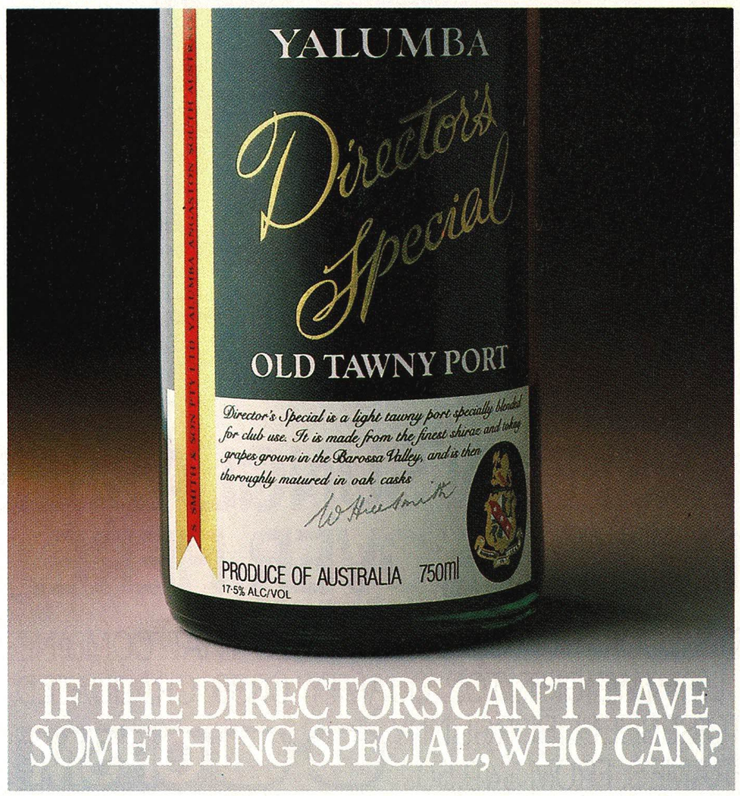
But NOE flying is extremely hazardous. A pilot's instinct, like that of the captain of a ship, is to keep as far away from the earth as possible. And with good reason. There is little margin for error if anything goes wrong and one miscalculation will result in total destruction.

At night, or when the ground is obscured by fog or smoke, the problems become even more intimidating.

The DSTO's Aeronautical Research Laboratory (ARL) near Melbourne has developed an ingenious system designed to reduce the hazards of treetop flying to a minimum: TACTERM — tactical terrain contour matching — uses computer technology to rapidly update the information provided by an aircraft's own existing navigational system.

TACTERM updates a pilot's position relative to the ground every few kilometres, typically between 3km and 6km, and automatically corrects errors in his main system. This allows the pilot to fly very close to the ground with confidence, even at night or when visible sightings are otherwise out of the question.

The TACTERM system requires information about the terrain over which the NOE flying is to be carried out. The information on a 1/100,000 scale map would be sufficient, once fed into the navigation computer in digitalised form. This done,



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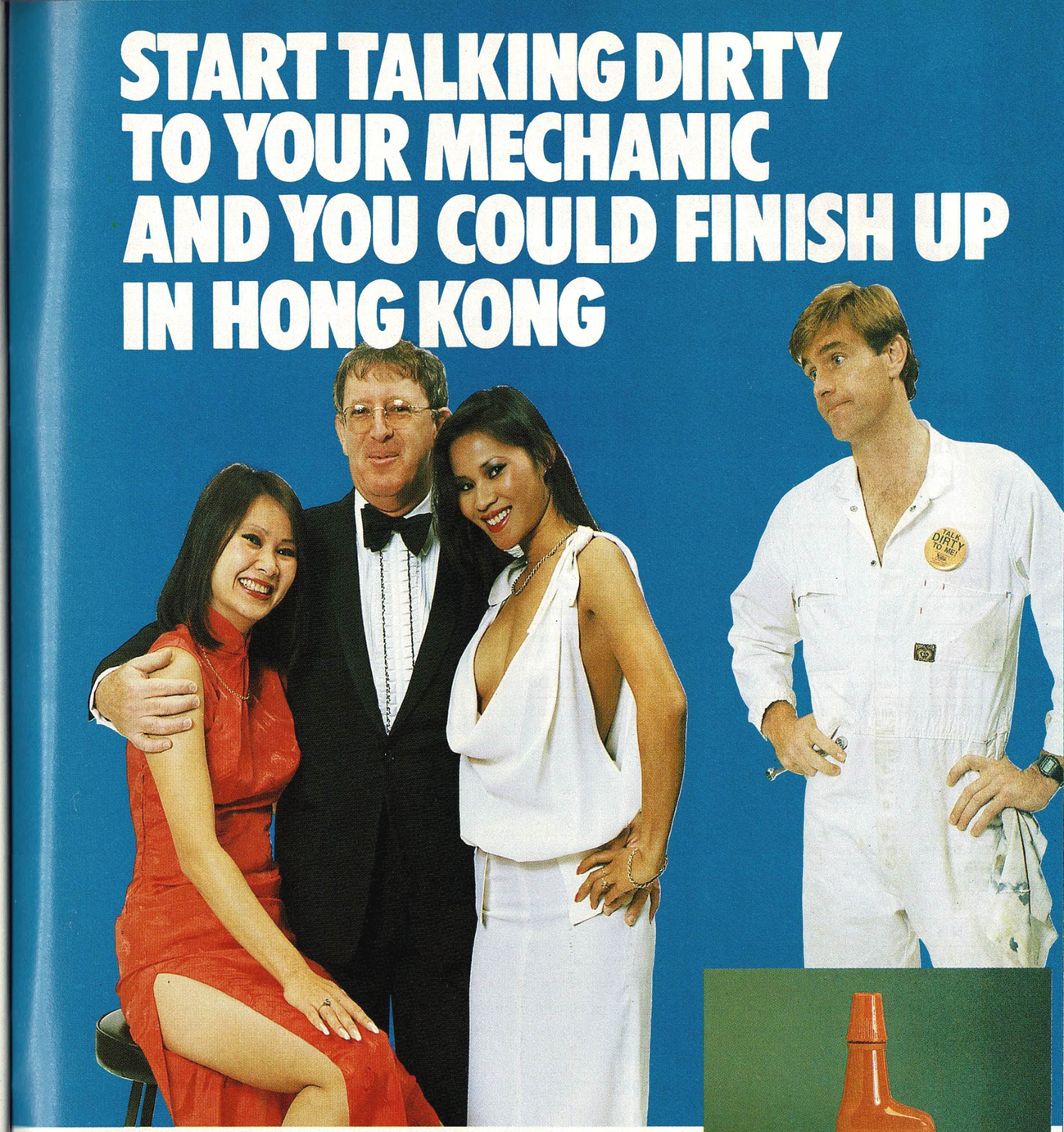

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OCT '83	Joan-Beatrice Tichy	Mike Gibson	Why ASIO Doesn't Work
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JUN '84	Conie Pound	Peter Brock	The Decline of the Kennedys
JUL '84	Tricia Lange	Ian Sinclair	Sex Therapy in Australia

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TACTERM is capable of updating an aircraft's main system over any region covered by the information previously fed into it, without the need for a pre-arranged flight path.

Information like that is fairly easy to come by. ARL scientists, while insisting that from the military point of view only continental Australia interests them, point out that cruise missile navigational systems have terrain information which will take them at treetop height all the way to the Kremlin.

The cruise system, though, is crude by comparison. It does use an updating method with similarities to TACTERM, but it is pre-programmed for a particular route only. The TACTERM system chooses and changes its own route, and has the added advantage that it is not limited to aircraft.

"It could be used in any ground vehicle needing navigation," says ARL scientist Ian Lloyd, who works on the project, "especially in the bigger tanks. They could use TACTERM to navigate at night or when the battlefield might be obscured by smoke."

Armageddon scenarios suggest TACTERM-guided tanks could continue to trundle around on their own on battlefields contaminated by chemical weapons or radiation.

In fact, much of the early testing of TACTERM was carried out in an ARL van which navigated itself efficiently around Melbourne's only slightly contaminated streets. If only Melbourne's motorists had known they were sharing the streets with a robot prototype for some futuristic battle-wagon!

Since then successful flights in a UH-1H helicopter have been conducted over the Edinburgh air base near Adelaide and the Woodend area near Melbourne.

Australia may not be a nuclear power, but should our worst nightmares come to pass and the Russians and Yanks start slinging missiles around the globe with enthusiastic abandon, someone will have to occupy the radioactive real estate when the dust clouds settle. Assuming that some Australians will survive deep in their protected command posts and isolated Outback settlements, what better to re-establish sovereignty over a contaminated landscape than an impregnable robot scout car, tank or seeing-eye chopper?

It's not an ideal scenario by any means, but it's one we must face, considering the world's more belligerent powers show no signs of scaling down the arms race or their bluster. To borrow from an old war veteran's motto that the price of peace is eternal vigilance, the price of survival is preparation. Make sure you've got your backside covered before the big one goes off. It's nice to know someone, somewhere in Australia, is thinking along those lines.

How to Reach the Moon in Perfect Time

A range of moonphase quartz timepieces for men.

Maurice Lacroix

Sydney: Prouds, cnr Pitt & King Sts., Watches Galore, shop G18, Mid City Centre. **Melbourne:** Prouds, 339 Bourke St., Franco, shop 11, Centre Point Mall, Bourke St. **Brisbane:** Prouds, cnr. Adelaide & Edwards Sts., Lennon, City Centre Arcade. **Adelaide:** Congdon Time Centre, Rundle Arc., Sheppards, 71 Rundle Mall. **Perth:** Charles Edwards, cnr Hay St. & Piccadilly Arc. **Hobart:** Precision Jewellers, 91 Collins St. **Canberra:** Prestige Jewellers, Centre Point, Canberra City.

PRI 2057

SOLE SISTER

Bet your local shoemaker doesn't look this good!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JURGEN DOMNICH

Sexy Sonya Walter knew early in life what she wanted for a career. She wanted to design high fashion shoes. She's good at it too. So good that she runs her own little business and fills orders for wealthy clients and theatrical costumiers. Despite her smashing figure and demure looks, Sonya, 23, says she has no wish to pursue a career in showbusiness. She's happy with her own little toe-hold in footwear.

Making shoes is both an art and a science," she says. "It's highly creative and sometimes a real challenge, especially when one of my clients needs shoes for a special occasion, like a wedding." Sonya is so happy in her work it's unlikely anyone will be able to step into her shoes. Which just goes to prove the old adage — there's no business like shoe business.

RIGHTS (continued from page 68)

If it's mutually acceptable to you and your partner, you don't need to be a lifelong workaholic.

and I have been friends since college, but it had never occurred to me that our friendship didn't have to be so superficial. If we men seldom do get such support from each other, it's because, not expecting to find it, we never bother to ask." Close friendships with both sexes can be developed. You have the right to show verbal and physical affection toward men without being labelled soft or queer, and you also are entitled to close friendships with women. Most men see women only as potential lovers or non-lovers, and don't feel they have the right to maintain the relationship unless they're sexually interested. And that's a pity.

Where work is concerned, you are entitled to follow whatever vocation appeals to you, whether your friends and family approve or not. Men are sometimes discouraged from entering traditional female careers such as secretarial, typing or nursing, because society regards these as effeminate. Dr Fred Orr, clinical psychologist and student counsellor at the University of NSW, advises: "Follow whatever career interests you. It may take courage at first, but if you do it well, people will respect you."

You may find that you are refused jobs because you're a male. Increasing numbers of men are coming into traditionally female areas of employment where some employers prefer to employ women. Under the current NSW Clerks' (State) Award, for instance, only females can occupy part-time clerical positions. Says Greg Tillett, education officer with the Anti-Discrimination Board of NSW: "If you are being discriminated against in being refused work, in the range of work you're offered, or in your prospects of promotion because of your sex, you are entitled to complain. Come and discuss your situation with us and we'll advise you about your rights, and perhaps even act on your behalf."

Recently the Board acted on behalf of a male cleaner who lodged a complaint that the award for female cleaners was higher than for males! Male nurses sometimes find that their range of activities and experience is limited by prejudice against them among matrons and patients. A similar situation sometimes occurs with male infants school teachers.

If you are being sexually harassed at work by either a man or a woman, you're entitled to complain, although complaints of this type by men in Australia are still rare. In the US a male employee in the civil service was awarded $200,000 damages after being sexually harassed by a woman in his department. Greg Tillett believes that men probably are harassed in Australia, although this situation wouldn't happen often because so few women are in top executive positions. "If it did occur, Australian men would be reluctant to lodge a complaint for fear of ridicule," he says. "Our macho view of sexuality suggests that a man is always in control and admitting being harassed would be tantamount to admitting sexual incompetence." But should men complain in this situation? "Of course they should," says Greg Tillett. "Being sexually harassed by someone in a powerful position is oppressive, humiliating and must be stopped."

In the past, when women had no control over their fertility, men had to accept the "provider" role, but this rigid division of labor between the sexes is no longer necessary. If it's mutually acceptable to you and your partner, you don't need to be a lifelong workaholic. You are entitled to develop some leisure pursuits if your wife will share the workload. You may even find she's willing to change roles with you for a limited time, to give you the chance to study or do a course you've always wanted to complete.

"More interchange in male/female functions would benefit most people," says Professor Llewellyn-Jones. "Why shouldn't men stay at home some of the time, while their wives become managing directors of BHP, if they both want to?"

Comments Greta Goldberg: "I see a lot of guys who are miserable because they're trying to live according to other people's expectations. You have the right to reject the traditional achievement-oriented mould that society has imposed on men. If you don't want to achieve and compete, don't. Do whatever you need to be happy."

You have the right not only to put forward your views about sharing the workload, but also to discuss how the money will be shared, and who's to be responsible for the finances. All this needs sorting out at the beginning of a marriage or de facto relationship, because this is another instance of today's unresolved double standards. Last year, Carl, a 26-year-old bank teller, married the girl he'd been living with for the past two years. "We keep fighting about our earnings. When we were living together, we both put money into the kitty and both decided how to spend it. Now that we're married, Debbie puts her salary aside and expects me to pay for the rent, the food, everything." Unless couples sort out their financial arrangements beforehand, Greta Goldberg says that they'll drift into traditional patterns which may cause resentment. "Guys often don't realise they're entitled to discuss financial matters so that they don't get landed with all the responsibility and all the repayments as well."

After marriage and mortgage come children. You are entitled to have a close relationship with your children. That's their right too. Start developing a close bond with them from the moment they're born by doing as much for and with them as you can. The old myth that men are no good with babies is nonsense. Don't be afraid to be openly affectionate with them, boys as well as girls. Don't allow yourself to be turned into the family ogre who metes out punishment on return home from work. That's not the way to forge a close and loving relationship with kids.

Too often, when a marriage has failed, a man finds that he hasn't only divorced his wife but his children as well; it's sad to realise that within one year of divorce, about

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO:

1. Express all your feelings without fear of appearing unmanly.
2. Confide your problems and anxieties to friends.
3. Show affection verbally and physically to the people you care about.
4. Choose whatever type of work may appeal to you without worrying about what others may think.
5. Not let yourself become trapped by traditional expectations that turn you into a workaholic who has to compete and achieve.
6. Before marriage, sort out how the money is going to be earned and shared and who's to be responsible for the financial arrangement.
7. Become close to your children. That's their right, too.
8. Seek custody of your children after divorce if you want to look after them. Don't assume that fathers can't be sole parents.
9. Be the recipient of sexual activity, not always the sexual guru who has to initiate everything all the time.
10. Ignore society's expectations of how you should live and assess what you need to be yourself.

'I said bring out the Drambuie!'

50 percent of Australian fathers have lost regular contact with their kids. But if you haven't been close to them while living with them, how can you expect to be close when you move out? Ken, a journalist who's been divorced for five years, explains: "I've got used to living without my wife, but I still can't get used to living without my kids. I'm glad I weathered that period because at least I see them from time to time and we have a good time together. But when I look around at some of my divorced friends, they've lost their kids."

Unaware of the change in legislation affecting divorce arrangements, many men still believe that courts invariably give the woman all the property as well as custody of the children. This is no longer the case. Ever since the introduction of the Family Law Courts, the law no longer differentiates between men and women in matters of property, custody or maintenance, but treats each case on its own merits. When settling the issues, judges are not concerned about whose "fault" the breakdown was, but are guided by the children's best interests.

You have the right to look after your children if you want to, and feel that you can. According to Sophy Brodow, research psychologist with the Family Law Court in Sydney, fathers now have a better chance of getting custody than most people realise. In a study of 100 contested custody cases that she followed up with Frank Horwill, and published in 1983, fathers got custody in 31 percent of the cases, and split custody with their wives in a further 10 percent.

Sex is one area in which men are expected miraculously to be totally experienced from an amazingly early age, though no one seems able to suggest how this expertise can possibly be acquired. The pressure on boys to be experts on sex is so great that even very young guys find it impossible to admit lack of experience. Andrew, a student at the University of NSW, still shudders when he recalls his first attempted sexual experience. "I had no idea what to do, I wasn't all that keen on the girl and I was terrified of making a fool of myself. She asked if it was my first time, but even at 18 I couldn't own up to being a virgin so I told her I was impotent instead!"

Men tend to think of themselves as being solely in control of a sexual encounter; they see their role as initiating sex, turning the woman on, controlling the pace and giving their partners orgasms. In fact, some men become so preoccupied with their partner's orgasm that they feel they've failed if she doesn't have one. But one of the results of women's lib is that pleasure, like responsibility, should be shared between the sexes. Don't fight it! This also means that women should take responsibility for their own sexual pleasure. That is, they should know what turns them on, and let you know too. Naturally you want your partner to enjoy sex with you, but you don't have to be obsessed with her orgasm because you're *not* solely responsible.

In fact, you're entitled to enjoy sex without reference to any orgasms, hers or yours. So forget all about "performance" and concentrate instead on all the delightful sensations that relaxed bodies are capable of feeling. There's a lot more to sex than what Germaine Greer so graphically calls "squirting the jam into the doughnut", but many men miss it because they're so preoccupied with performance and ejaculation.

During lovemaking, you are entitled to ask your partner for sexual stimulation. Don't be shy. Be direct and specific so she understands what you want. Concentrating on your own pleasure isn't selfish because unless you get the stimulation you need, lovemaking will become unsatisfying. "Men are so used to turning their partners on, they often neglect their own sensual pleasure," says Greta Goldberg. "For instance, oral sex plays a large part in male fantasies, but most men aren't assertive enough to ask for it."

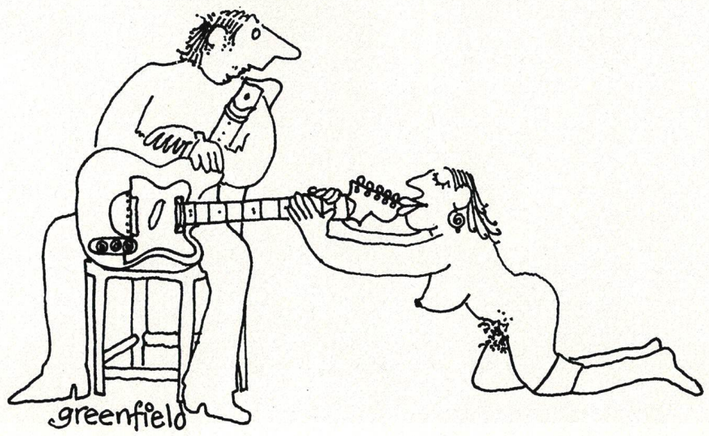
Mark, a 35-year-old electrician, is a good example. "For years, I was too embarrassed to tell my wife I wanted to try oral sex. She was reserved and rather passive, and I thought she'd be horrified. Our sex life got a bit dull and one day I talked to her about it. To my surprise she agreed that things weren't very exciting and she was willing to try something new. Our sex life is great now, but I wish I'd mentioned it sooner!"

Deeply entrenched among macho myths is the notion that a real man wants to have intercourse with every attractive woman he sees anywhere, anytime. This fantasy, which reduces men to the level of unfeeling machines, has produced anxiety among those who don't feel like producing erections on demand. So it will probably come as a surprise to many of you to learn that, like women, you too have the right to say no to a sexual encounter that doesn't meet your needs. Steven, 32, met an old flame at a party in Sydney's trendy Paddington. She asked him to take her home. "I knew it wasn't a good idea because I had a steady girlfriend, but I couldn't resist the invitation," he said. "By the time we got to her place, I was guilty, uptight and didn't feel like screwing, but I couldn't see how to get out of it. In the end, I couldn't get it up anyway and the whole thing turned out to be a fiasco and I'd have been better off saying how I felt right at the start."

In her latest book, *Sex And Destiny*, Germaine Greer says that no sex is better than bad sex, and increasing numbers of men as well as women seem to agree. Casual sex can be thrilling and exciting, but if you want something more fulfilling you need a partner you care about and who also cares about you. After his divorce, Allan spent a lot of his time picking up girls in wine bars. "Sex was pretty good, but after a while it all became quite pointless and left me feeling empty. I realised that what I really wanted wasn't just physical intimacy but closeness and affection. And you can't get that from a one-night stand. I never thought I'd be saying this, but I can see now that for sex to be fantastic, you need a good relationship."

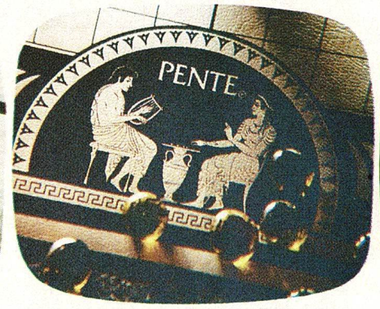
You are, therefore, entitled to delay sex until you feel comfortable with a woman, and the circumstances feel right.

And how will you benefit from recognising and asserting your rights? According to Terry Colling, you'll have better relationships, a less stressful life, and you'll probably live longer as a result! "You'll have rewards you never dreamed possible, without even working for them," he says. "Your children will like you, you'll get on better with your partner, have a more fulfilling life and you'll be happier and more relaxed. And you'll be amazed by the marvellously novel experience of being yourself, instead of becoming trapped in roles of other people's making!"

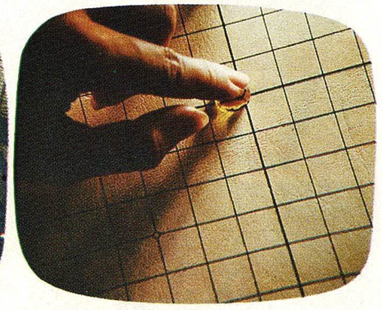


Pente. For men and women who like to play games.

ANNOUNCER:
This is the beginning...



ANNCR:
...of the most intriguing game...

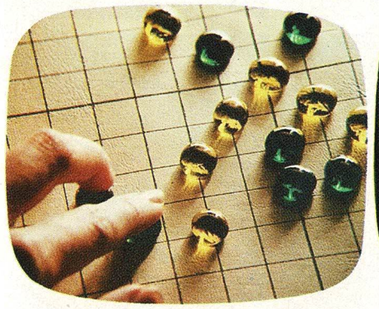


ANNCR:
...of all.

WOMAN:
Got a letter from Robert yesterday.

ANNCR:
A game of strategy...

MAN:
He doesn't give up does he?

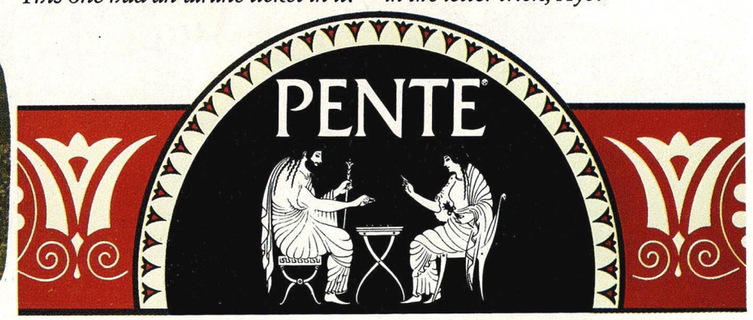


ANNCR:
A game of challenge and intellect.

WOMAN:
This one had an airline ticket in it.

MAN: *The old airline ticket in the letter trick, Aye?*

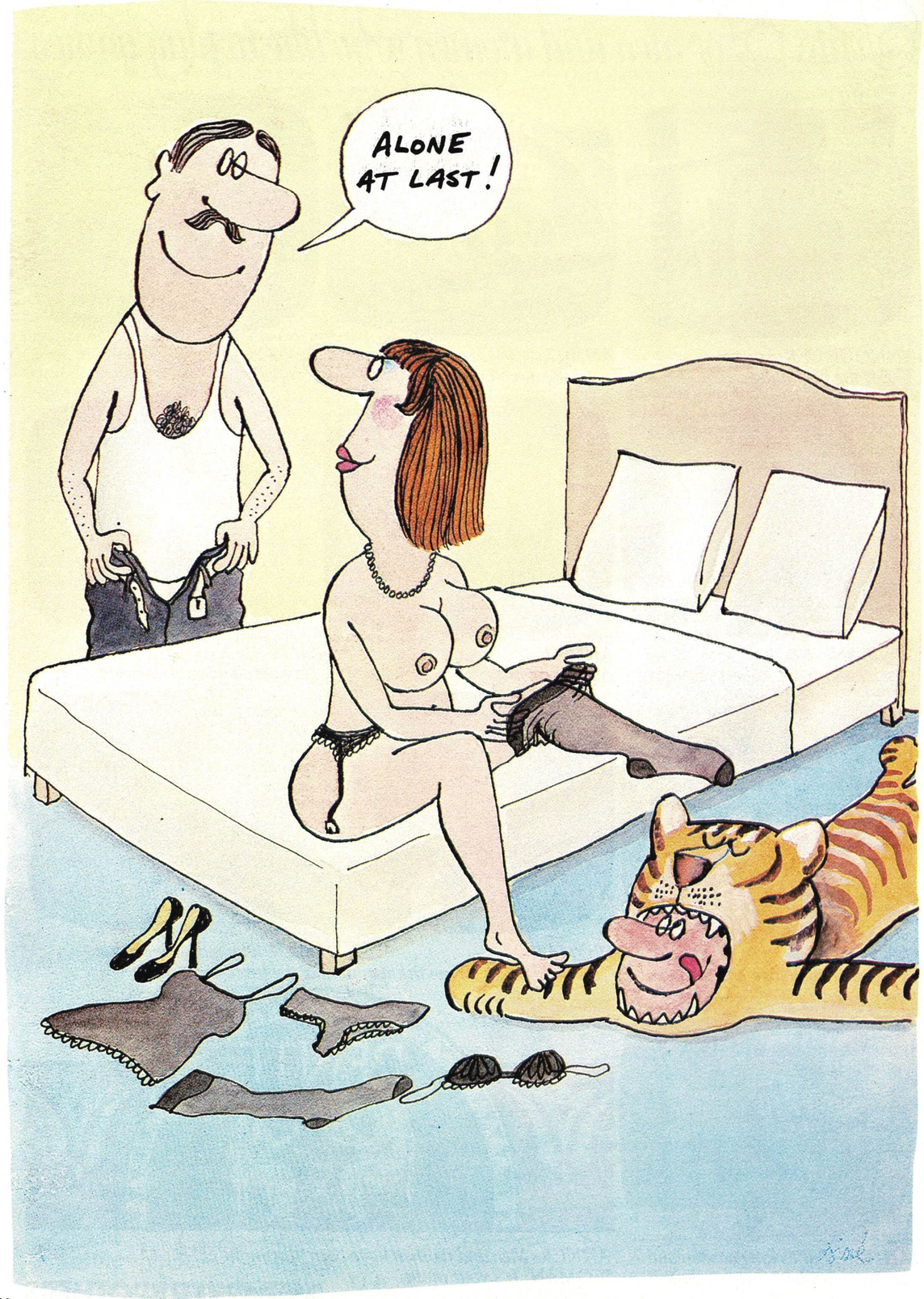
ANNCR: *For as long as men and women have been playing games...*

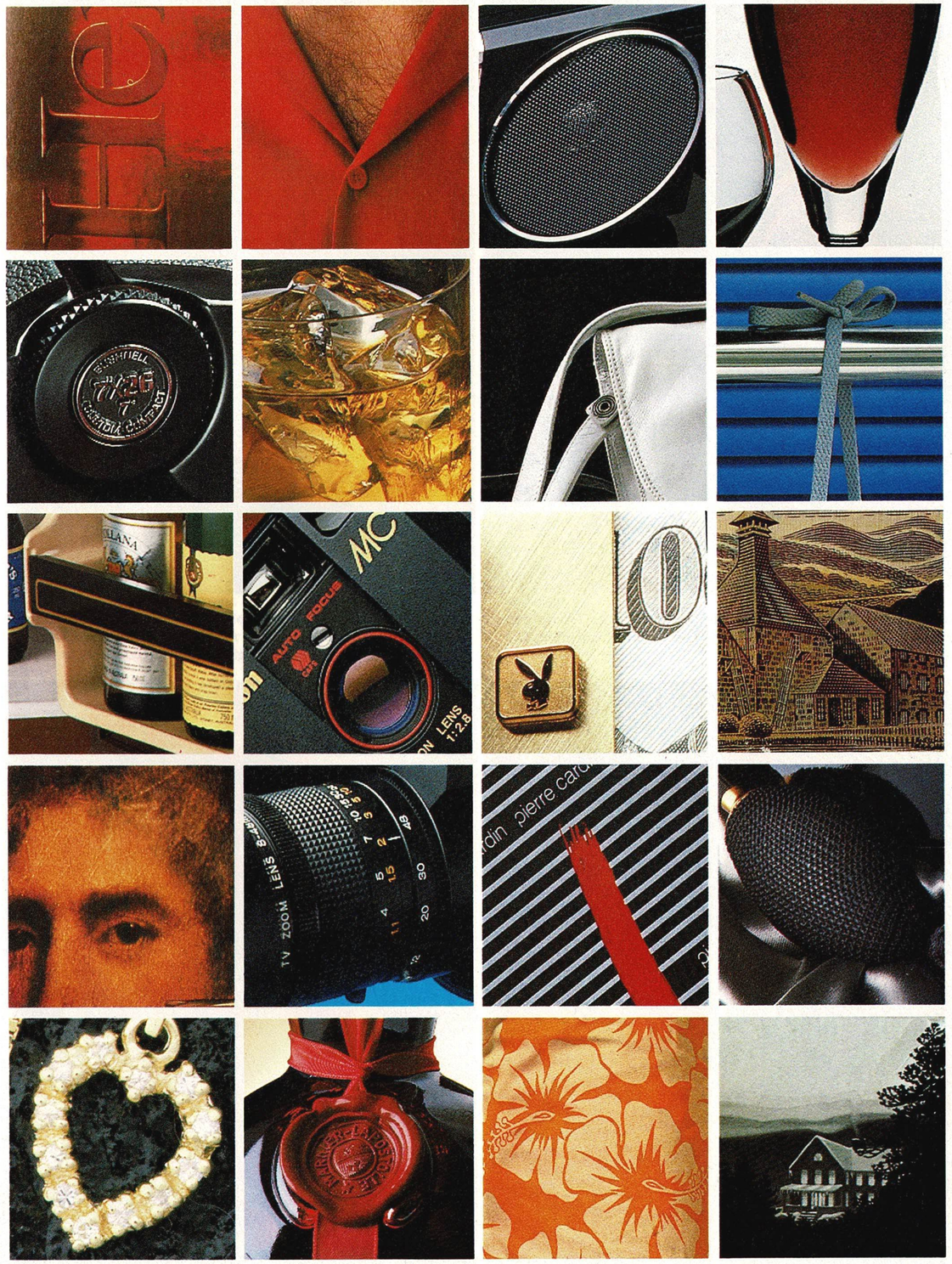


ANNCR: *Men and women have been playing PENTE.*
WOMAN: *It's your move.*

®PARKER BROTHERS

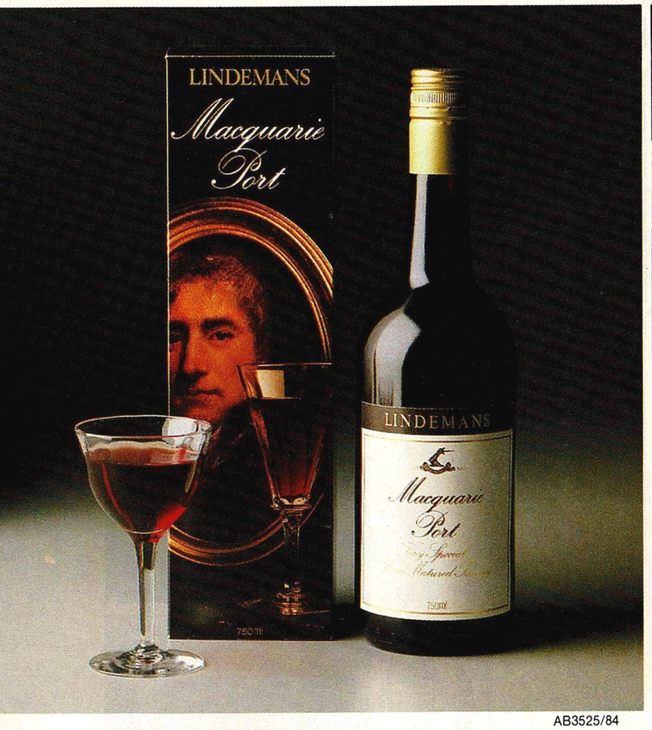
®PENTE. Registration pending. TOL598/84





Twenty ways to add sparkle to the festive season.

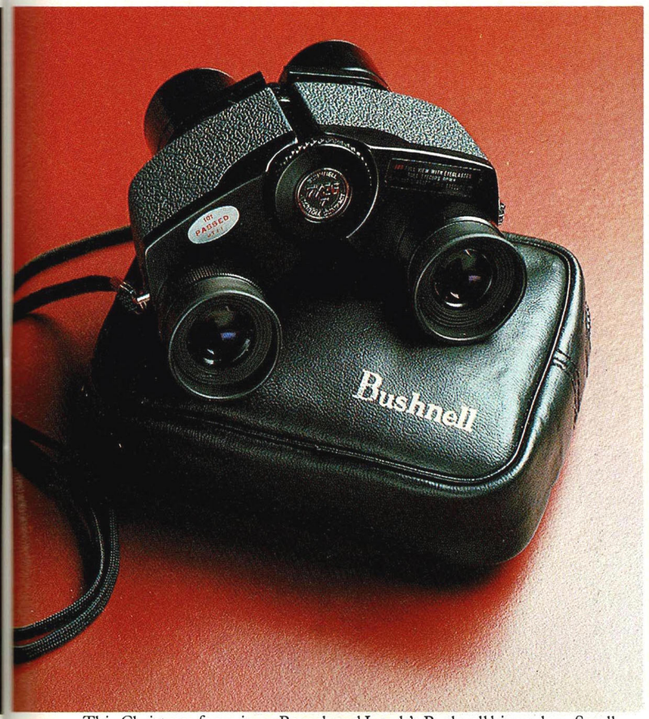
CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE



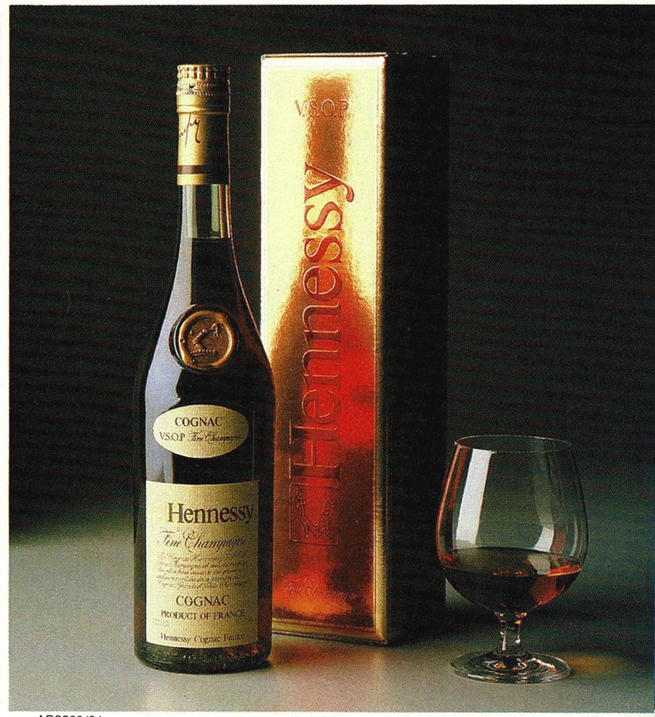
AB3525/84

Award-winning Macquarie Port is the ideal choice for serious port drinkers. A fine, wood-matured tawny port with a soft, round, full-bodied palate, Macquarie retails for $7.99.

Australian PLAYBOY's 18ct gold plate money clip is designed to keep your notes neatly folded. Exclusive to Australian PLAYBOY and available for $29.95 from PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.



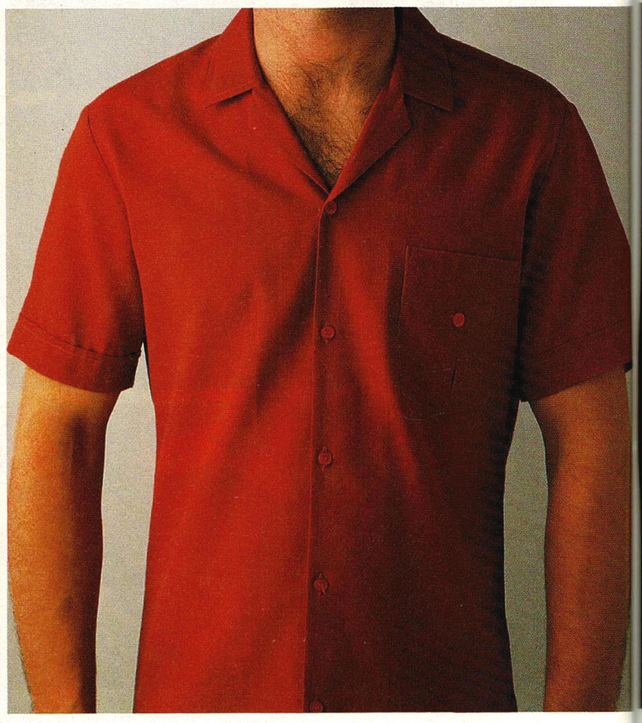
This Christmas focus in on Bausch and Lomb's Bushnell binoculars. Small and lightweight, these 7 x 26 custom compact binoculars give seven times magnification and are ideal for all those occasions you wish you were a little bit closer to the action. Available from leading photographic and optical outlets.



AB3526/84

Well-rounded and smooth, Hennessy VSOP Cognac combines premium quality with premium taste. The perfect gift for the discerning cognac drinker. Cheers!

Celebrated designer Pierre Cardin presents the ultimate in prestigious toiletries for men with elegantly packaged gift sets and compact travel kits retailing for just $29.95. The perfect Christmas gift suggestion for men going places. Check the men's toiletries counters at leading department stores and selected pharmacies nationwide.



How about a country club for Christmas? Well, a Country Club shirt, that is. Casual, comfortable and classic. Available from menswear sections of leading department stores and specialty boutiques.

AB3527/84

Johnnie Walker Cardhu Malt Liqueur. This Christmas give the authentic, soft, mellow and smoky flavor of the Scottish highlands. Cardhu malt whisky is distilled from a centuries-old recipe and then matured for 12 years in oak casks. The ideal gift for the malt whisky connoisseur.

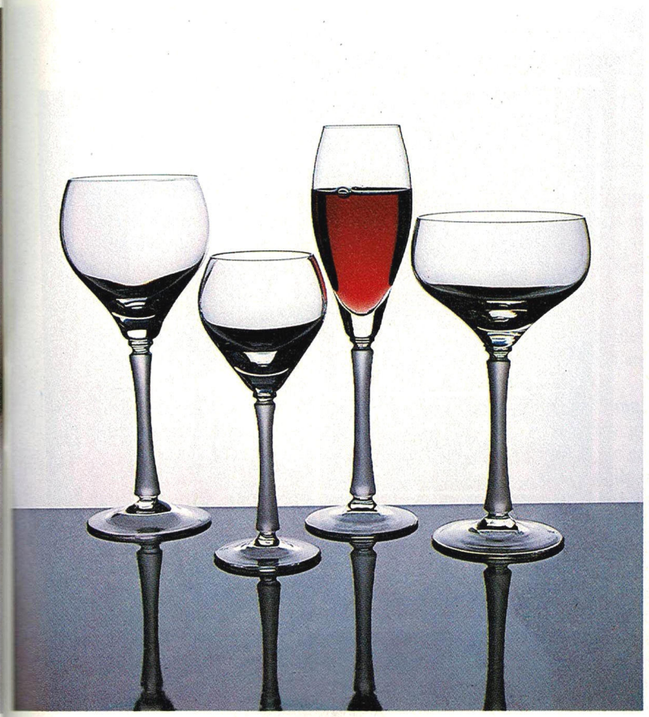
Sanyo, the giant in portable sound, presents the MS 300X mini stereo cassette recorder with four-band radio. This great little gift idea is available in red, electric blue and black from all leading department stores and hi-fi outlets. Mini size, giant sound, bumper gift idea for young and old alike. Sanyo . . . that's life!

Grand Marnier is Australia's largest selling French liqueur. Its distinctive taste and unrivalled popularity make it the perfect Christmas gift for discerning imbibers.

Silences Prestige Gift Coffret contains 175ml parfum de toilette with black pump spray bottle and gold-plated nozzle. Presented in an elegant gift box lined with satin and priced at $109.50.

A peep at just part of the exclusive and extensive range of quality leather goods and luggage available from Hunt Leather. Sydney: MLC Centre (02) 233 1681; Melbourne: Block Arcade (03) 654 4151, Collins Place (03) 63 2945, Jam Factory (03) 240 9453; Brisbane: Wintergarden Centre (07) 221 8667.

JVC's new GZ-S5 is the world's only compact TCL-IS (through-the-camera-lens-image-sensing), auto-focus video camera, bringing unprecedented convenience to live portable video recording. This compact wonder gauges distances from 1.1m to infinity with unvarying focus accuracy over the entire zoom range. Check your JVC stockist for details.



Hand-blown crystal glasses made exclusively for Mikasa by Spiegelau of West Germany. The Bon Vivant design shown here is available from leading department stores and selected retailers.

High technology at an affordable price. Next time you pound the pavements, make sure Dunlop KT Super or Quasar training shoes for men are on your feet. Both models available for around $50.

Prouds is the place for a dazzling selection of quality jewellery. Our selection embraces an 18ct gold ring with 0.5ct of diamonds ($1100) with matching 9ct gold pendant featuring 0.5ct of diamonds ($950); 18ct gold ring with 0.17ct diamond ($570); 9ct gold pendant with 0.2ct diamond ($575) and 9ct yellow gold heart pendant ($415).

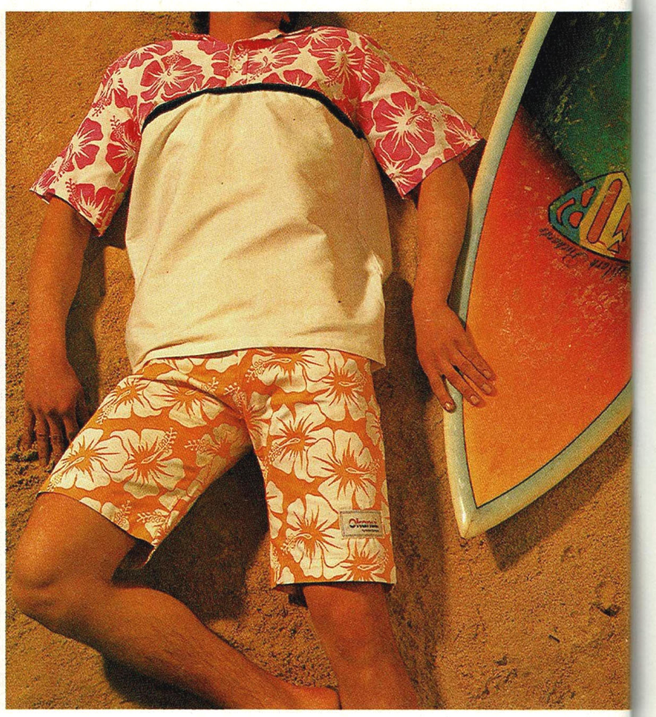
In today's fast-paced world there are very few Scotch whiskies that are produced to the demands of Scottish tradition. One of the rare exceptions is Glenfiddich Pure Malt, a 100 percent pure malt whisky regarded by many as the finest single malt the Highlands has to offer. Glenfiddich — the essence of the pure malt tradition.

AB3530/84

Jim Beam Black Bourbon Whiskey — serve it neat, on the rocks or with a mixer. However you drink it, legendary Jim Beam will add sparkle to the festive season.

The perfect way to store your Christmas cheer. Pacific compact bar refrigerators are especially designed to cope with all those clumsy two-litre bottles and casks. Recommended retail price is $269.

Pretty small and pretty smart — that's the new Canon MC camera with automatic focus, automatic exposure, automatic flash, automatic film load, automatic film advance and automatic rewind. For beautifully simple 35mm pictures, it has to be your automatic choice. The perfect way to record those fun-filled Christmas moments.



Okanui cool and casual shirt in bright pink, blue and yellow to team beautifully with Okanui long boardies in light blue, dark blue, red, pink, orange and yellow. The only way to hit the beaches this sultry summer and make a great impression. Okanui beach shirts and board shorts are available from leading surf shops right around the country.

EDGLEY

(continued from page 52)

Edgley prides himself on knowing just what makes the fans part with their bucks.

"I realised how important it was to be flexible and to diversify if the company was to grow and prosper," he said.

Diversification meant presenting something more than Russian attractions. Edgley's became involved in plays, musicals, and even sporting events in keeping with Michael's aversion to the idea of having all his eggs in the one basket.

The risk of relying almost exclusively on one source of input came into perspective via international sanctions imposed firstly when Russia marched into Czechoslovakia and, more recently, Afghanistan.

"The four years of boycotts that resulted from the Afghanistan war denied us a lot of income," says Edgley, deliberately understating the true impact of the bans.

Edgley had no idea how long the bans would last, but the experience exposed just how vulnerable his empire was to political and economic circumstance. But instead of retreating and consolidating, he made the calculated step of re-establishing the business on a foundation of film rather than Folies de Kiev.

For Michael Edgley there was an even more personal reason for making the move. The novelty of pulling millions from live entertainment had lost its appeal and with it went Edgley's enthusiasm. He needed a new carrot.

Perth was no place from which to run a movie business, so in 1979, out of the west came the still youthful Michael Edgley to set up shop in Sydney. As ambitious as the move may have appeared, it was underscored by Edgley's innate caution. Promptings aplenty had been thrown his way urging him to become part of Australia's burgeoning movie business, but he was more than wary about sending his dollars on missions improbable.

Edgley watched and waited for the right means of access.

"My great strength is spotting the vehicle, procuring it, and marketing it. I regard those as the enjoyable chores. Then you've got the really intense part of getting the operation going and pushing it through its paces. Fortunately I'm a good delegator and we've got excellent people to take care of those areas that aren't my strengths."

For a vehicle Edgley found *Snowy River* as his first film venture and in the delegation department he later formed an association with the Hoyts group that realised the Hoyts-Edgley company, currently Australia's most ambitious film production outfit. The association grew from a strong personal relationship between Terry Jackman, managing director of Hoyts, and Edgley, after the pair had pooled interests on the *Snowy* project. The association has lasted almost five years and has been a happy one for both parties. The Hoyts group, with its history and contacts in distribution and presentation, provided Edgley with the expertise he required to support his flair and marketing skills.

On *Snowy River*, Michael Edgley shared production credits with Simon Wincer, Jeni Edgley's cousin and the man who prompted the move into film. Producer Geoff Burrowes showed them the *Snowy River* script and the Edgley-Wincer team moved in with the cash and ideas.

The film has grossed more than $50 million and is expected to realise about $10 million profit for its investors. It was the most commercially successful movie ever made in Australia and provided Edgley with the investment credibility his new film ambitions required. For the man who prides himself on knowing just what makes the fans part with their bucks, the returns compensated for some less than laudatory critical cracks. Criticism of that kind, he says, doesn't worry him. "If we develop the reputation for being a boring but profitable company, I'll be delighted."

The producer admits that his taste in film is not all that intellectual, but one suspects he nurtures a desire to make a movie whose quality is reflected in its profitability and critical acclaim. The yardstick Edgley nominates for this ambition is David Puttnam's Oscar-winning *Chariots Of Fire*.

Phar Lap was Edgley's second film and despite a generous publicity and media splurge it hasn't been as successful as its backers might have hoped. Three months after its mid-year US release, however, the company was still optimistic about its international appeal.

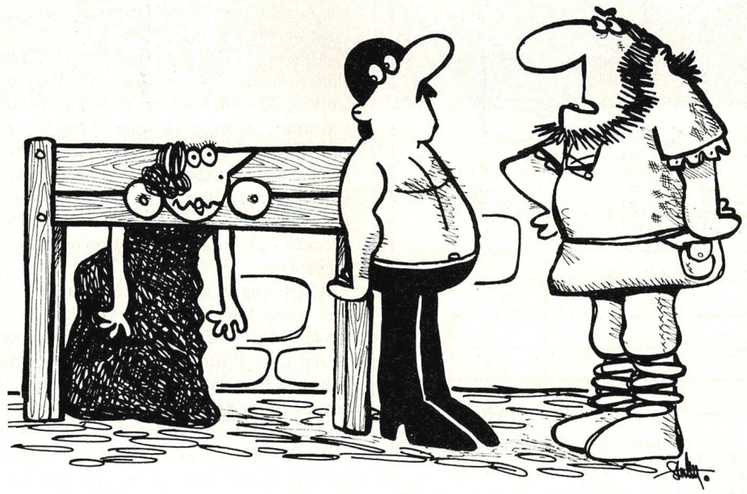
"Our third film, *One Night Stand*, wasn't successful," concedes Edgley, "although from an investor's point of view we're still hopeful it will return 30 to 40 percent of the initial investment. If that's the case, from the taxation-investment viewpoint, the backers should come out okay."

Michael Edgley is acutely attuned to the needs of investors because projects Hoyts-Edgley wish to become involved with are large, commercial epics requiring great capital.

Those closest to the Australian film industry speculate about Edgley's motives and question his loyalty to the local product. But he is interested in commercial reality, not sentimentality. On that score justification comes in two colors: red or black.

That attitude has put Edgley in conflict with sectors of the local industry which opposed the appearance of US actor Ron Leibmann in *Phar Lap* and Kirk Douglas in *Snowy River*. No doubt the same people were miffed when they learnt that Edgley had commissioned award-winning composer Bill Conti (*Rocky, The Right Stuff*) for *Coolangatta Gold*, a great-race epic derisively billed as *Speedos Of Fire*.

"If you're making big-budget films you have to think in international terms and that adds up to cracking it in the United States," he says. "Anybody who wants to catch a movie in LA will pick up the guide and see *Coolangatta Gold* in there along with a dozen other fine shows. If you are going to have a big success, you've got to be able to compete in that sort of market. Jackman and I want to make successful movies for



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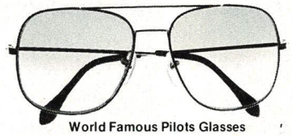

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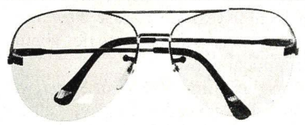

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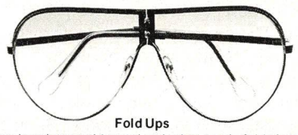

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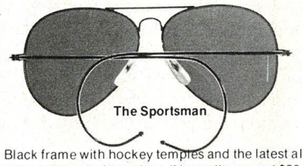

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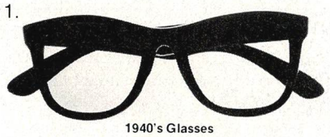

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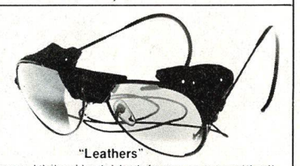

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PTO/PB 12/84

Australia, but for them to be really profitable they must make it in the US."

And therein lies Edgley's Holy Grail. He believes there is nothing preventing him making a movie of the calibre of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* or *On Golden Pond*, both $100 million grossers and major international successes.

"Either of them," says Edgley, "could have been made in Australia."

In keeping with his eggs-in-more-than-one-basket policy, Edgley still sees flexibility as a vital ingredient in his act. Consequently he's kept his options open on live entertainment, much to the delight of the company accountants. Earlier this year it enabled him to pull off an enviable international coup of such magnitude that even those who knew Edgley well were mildly surprised.

Until Michael Edgley watched the Sarajevo Winter Olympics on the box he had little idea of the style and drawing capacity of the British ice skating pair, Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean. Yet, a few months later, with the world awaiting the couple's professional debut, Edgley announced that it would take place in Australia. Not Switzerland, not Britain, not America . . . Australia. The promotion and tour were so successful that what was intended as the briefest of stays was developed into a full-blown national extravaganza. The Aussie public adored the skaters and Jayne and Chris were appreciative of how the Edgley organisation handled their first professional outing.

When the skaters' grand British tour went on the drawing board, the couple recommended that the Edgley team be involved. Michael appreciated the recommendation but will like it even more if it returns a bankable interest.

On the day before Michael Edgley was to sell Australia's most expensive home — his home — he decided not to. There comes a time in the life of every entrepreneur when you have to pass up the chance of making a buck in order to make two.

Although Edgley had put in a 20-year slog to make his millions and was still working 50 to 70 hour weeks, there was still the strain of being too damn busy to take care of other business. A $6 million Sydney harborside mansion might be everybody's idea of heaven, but as far as Michael was concerned, heaven could wait. This entrepreneur simply had too much on his plate to move again.

There was an imminent Moscow trip to put more Soviets on ice, the launch of *Coolangatta Gold*, the shooting of the new *Burke And Wills* movie, the Torvill and Dean British co-venture and the on-going search for the great Aussie film script. If his business demands were not great enough, he still had his classics-winning string of harness horses to keep tabs on, and then there was his post as president of the still-struggling-to-fly Sydney Swans Australian rules team.

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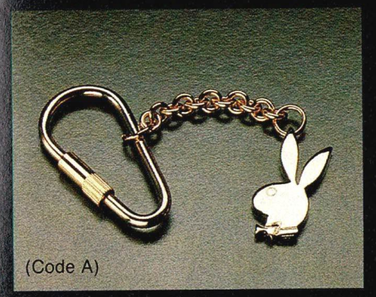
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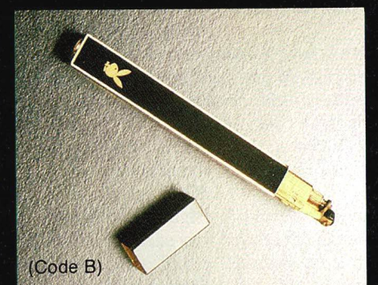
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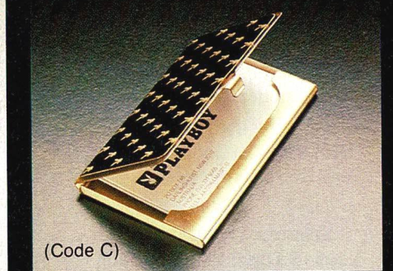

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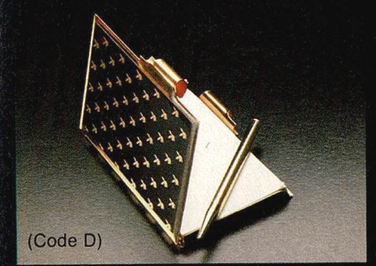
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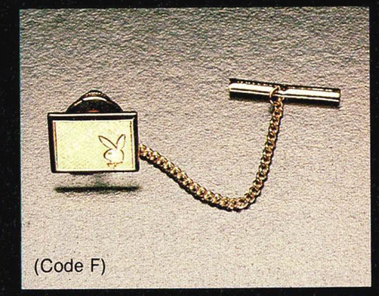
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Michael Edgley is a busy man and he gives the impression of having honed his lifestyle to suit his working demands. Gone are the meaningless trappings like the gold Rolls and fur coats that once went with his flash existence. Gone too is the odd public affair and the glamor escorts that jeopardised his marriage to Jeni and distracted him from his work.

The Edgley home is also his workplace and in that role is functional rather than personal. There is nothing there that discloses more about the man than what we already know. The garage is full of Mercs, but they're the low-key variety: no flashy colors, no vanity plates.

Michael has a preference for sweatshirts, hates ties and owns just one all-purpose business suit. He places health above everything and both he and Jeni are vegetarians. Ms Edgley, in fact, is carving out new facets of her career in the domain of diet and natural health.

The at-home Edgley displays wealth on all fronts, from the view beyond the picture windows to the Sidney Nolan original on the living-room wall. But it's wealth without waste. The same applies to every other aspect of his lifestyle and business. The company has offices in Sydney, Melbourne and Perth but employs no more than 20 highly trusted, capable and well-rewarded staffers.

"There's a hell of a lot more to Michael Edgley International than just me," he says. "I'm supported by my family and I've got three or four people who work for me who are entrepreneurs in their own right."

One is left with an impression of a man who just might be letting the challenge of his work dominate almost every facet of his life.

If so, it appears to be doing him no harm. At 40, he still possesses the freshfaced looks that went with his wunderkind image of 15 years ago. The appearance might be misleading for there is a new maturity to replace the previous vulnerability. The man who once ran with showgirls has toned down his act.

"I'm not a prude. I love life and what it's got to offer and I've made a few mistakes," he admits. "But I've learned from those mistakes."

In a mogul-ridden world of mass entertainment where the smartest money of all eventually accumulates, Michael Edgley is more than holding his own. Even in an Olympic year at a time when East and West were hurting over games boycotts, Edgley's heart and hip pocket were hovering happily between Moscow and Hollywood, *Burke And Wills* was in production under an all-star team, *Coolangatta Gold* was in the movie houses and the Swans were looking great for '85.

Now, if somebody would deliver that block-buster script, what a Christmas it would be.

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THERE ARE doers and there are thinkers. Thinkers think they can do better than doers, and they put a lot of thought into that. While they have their heads in that space, the doers have finished the job. About this time the thinkers surface again to point out how it should have been done. If there are, say, half a million motoring enthusiasts scattered about these sunburnt climes, then there are half a million brilliant ideas for a new sportscar. Funny then, that only a miserable handful have been tacked together over the past 20 years or so, while the rest have been lost in the great graveyard of good intentions. But all hope is not lost. Some serious thinkers have changed overnight into some clever doers. *(continued on page 144)*

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKE SKELTON

Cliff Trefery knows all about thinking and doing. For more than two decades he has dreamed of building his own sportscar. His idea of a mid-engined sporty came in the 1960s when he was cutting his first mechanical engineering teeth, and the idea lived with him through the heady days of the Galaxies, and Ford Mustangs which he modified while working for Ford.

After a workshop accident when Cliff lost an eye, he started his own business manufacturing artificial eyes which is now the largest such outfit in the southern hemisphere. He will tell you with a wry smile that through all of it, he never lost sight of his objective.

Wal and Bob Hadley know a fair bit about thinking and doing too. In the '60s they were aircraft engineers with Hawker Siddeley in England, and both were driven by their inspiration and skills to build an ultimate aluminium sportscar body, but lacked the ways and means. Wal Hadley came to Australia and worked in a garage near Guy Buckingham's Nota sportscar enterprise and that only fuelled the flame.

Brother Bob, still fired up about GT cars, also arrived from the UK after a further stint with Handley Page Aircraft, and the two brothers set up camp building this country's finest special coachwork for hearses and limos.

At opposite ends of the geographic and demographic spectrum these three men persevered with their dreams. Then one day they bumped into each other like dodgems in a funpark.

At the point where they first squatted down on the Hadley bodyshop floor together and chalked out a chassis plan, these three men had shared a 20-year-old idea. Just 18 months later they turned it into reality.

The Triad project is even more remarkable for the swiftness of execution than it is for the cleverness of its design. To convert dream to reality in such a short time took a rather special approach that identified objectives and recognised personal limitations.

These men all knew they wanted a simple, effective GT car. They wanted a machine that would be quick to build in production with low maintenance if not "no maintenance" bodywork, state-of-the-art handling, steering and braking, the fastest possible 0-100km/h time, good aerodynamics and Italian-looking styling ("because they're the best in the world").

They defined their tasks. Cliff Trefery reckoned his attempts at body building looked like the aftermath of a shark attack, so the Hadley brothers got no interference in that quarter. And the Hadleys didn't want to know about damper rates and component sourcing so Trefery think-tanked the chassis with Ron Tauranac.

Some pretty amazing ideas surfaced right away. The Hadleys thought current aerodynamic artifacts could be built into the body, so they shaped the chin spoiler, side skirts and rear wing into the moulds and pulled them out in one piece. The underbody was moulded flat with all the plumbing and hardware concealed (important on a low-clearance car) and the doors were designed around the front hinges so you could get your whole hand in to clean them in a single wipe. The wheel arch rims were turned back under the guards and moulded to an inner panel for a perfect finish. The bulkheads were moulded in panels, and the front boot and engine hatches contour-moulded to the body.

The wedged-nose, kicked-tail is a lightly compromised version of Giorgio Giugiaro's Ital Design approach to current-think in coachcrafting and has a lot of the Lotus Turbo Esprit about it. But then looks-appraisals are personal. The important thing is the car looks "now".

Technologically it is "tomorrow". The skin panels are Kevlar-reinforced glassfibre with Divinycell inserts: a biscuit-like foam used extensively in the fuselages of aircraft like Boeings to get rigidity and strength with little weight. High-tech plastic reinforcing supports all the stress areas around the cockpit cell which are plugged with steel in high-loading points (such as at the seat-belt anchorages).

The body has been sculpted with the aid of aerodynamicists from the aircraft industry and from Unisearch, but this is such a black art that a maximum run along a

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AUSSIE SPORTSCARS: MAKE OR BREAK?

BUILDING an Australian sportscar has given many hopefuls a high-speed ride to the bankruptcy court. Dreams turn into nightmares somewhere between concept and completion chiefly because of lack of research or knowledge of government regulations including registration. Anyone buying into this enormous task needs to assemble the same level and range of talents as a motor car manufacturer.

In the last double decade there have been some massive efforts to mount sportscar enterprises. Perhaps the most spectacular failure was the Ilinga (Aboriginal for spear), which was fatally wounded by foreclosing creditors before the production car turned a wheel.

The 10-year-old, highly secretive but well-leaked Chimere, built by Henry Nehrybecki of Lolita and Lamborghini NSW fame, was aimed at the Stateside market. After appearing to founder on the rocks of a cashflow shortage, it may have scored the greatest success of all if rumors that a Korean group has paid more than $2 million for the nearly developed sportscar are true.

"Clancy's Car", the Mirella, privately built as a one-off with the very best in design and engineering expertise, may be headed for production in the near future. Discovered by Australian PLAYBOY and exclusively previewed in our February '84 issue after starring in the last Melbourne Motor Show, it has suddenly grown a Ford turbo engine and other motor industry support.

Australian PLAYBOY is to launch another great Australian sportscar project of its own.

Motoring Editor Rob Luck is reviving the legendary Bolwell Nagari sportscar, a real balls-and-all convertible that is powered by a 351 cubic inch (5.8 litre) Ford V8.

A "new" Bolwell Nagari body has been pulled from the original moulds and will be recrafted to "now" styling by leading automotive designer Wayne Id. A Barry Main competition chassis/suspension system will be added too, with the support of a South Australian consortium funding the Bolwell revival and led by John Lowe.

Meanwhile, we're happy to report that other special sportscars are thick on the blacktop at the moment. The Bolwell Ikara is still available on order (Golf-powered) and other Clubman-type cars of this type include the JSA (built by Jim Smith of Melbourne), and the GS Motor Bodies' Canstel Clubman.

Kit cars are usually available incomplete to duck around design rules and other requirements and most are VW-powered. We've shown you the Eureka (Australian PLAYBOY, August '84), which is also available in a Targa (open top) version — all for about $14,000 complete, on the road.

There are a couple of tricky-looking Dino Ferrari mimics including the Kelmark GT (imported) and the Condor GT (local). A Queensland firm produces a car tagged the Sabre in both coupe and convertible forms, while Condor also produces the Perentti 2 + 2, which is a Chev Corvette clone. Manta produces a number of race-type GT cars apparently based on early racing Lolas and available in several versions including closed coupes and convertibles. There are many others including heaps of private builds like the Jackal, which was a very cute VW special.

Sporty car fans have recently been served up some production car-based convertibles like Canopy Industries' Toyota Celica and the Mitsubishi Scorpion. Ken Mathews Honda (through Super Smash) has also built a very fine Honda Prelude convertible and there are more to come.

There's a feast of Targa-top cars based on production sporties. Perhaps the first, a twin-port Targa-roofed Scorpion was so far ahead of its time (it was built before the Datsun 280ZX Targa) that local producers were scared of it. Since then the most successful Targas have been based on cars like the Mazda RX7.

In the field of replicars, there's been a growth of action with a number of projects on the Cobra sports, the United Sports Cars MiGi (on the MG TD sports), and an outstanding D-type Jaguar replica produced by Tom Luxton.

Most of these devices (with the exception of the $50,000 D-type) qualify as affordable exotics, some of which require a fair bit of assembly, but many of which can be delivered to your door, fully assembled by a firm contracted by the manufacturer, for less than $20,000.

suitable test track will be the only real proof.

The suspension, which follows current exoticar thinking (fully independent with link-type wishbones/control arms, fabricated hub-carriers, coil-over adjustable dampers and stabiliser bars), is engineered for precise steering and maximum capacity brakes (four gigantic ventilated discs designed to stop a car more than half as heavy again).

They have to be good, because this machine will have other aircraft properties: it will fly. The prime mover is a Volvo V6 engine placed right in the middle of the chassis to balance the weight evenly from front to rear. This 2.8 litre fuel-injected 1980s design pumps 155bhp and with the optional twin turbo should send this gadget down the road at up to 130 mph (210km/h) and get it to 100km/h from a standstill in Porsche Turbo times (around six seconds).

The gang of three is planning to clip on the twin-turbo kit specially developed for this engine for the ill-fated DeLorean project. With that on board, the team will need to draw on every bit of their aeronautical experience. The thing will want to take off.

This machine pulls its amazing acceleration tricks courtesy of a Citroen five-speed transmission hung off the back of the engine driving straight to the rear wheels. The boys also made room in there for the automatic Citroen gearbox which is recognised as one of the beefiest and best in the world (it was used in the Citroen Maserati).

The cockpit is full of nice ideas. Generous space for the arms and legs and head was a priority achieved with custom-designed seating and ergonomically controlled layout. Trefery went to the aircraft shops to design instrument layout and lighting, and the Hadleys set the cabin hardware up so it could be plugged into right or left-hand side with equal ease, thus opening up the export potential for this vehicle in world markets.

This machine meets every single paragraph of the mercilessly tough Australian Design Rules for motor vehicles, although it will be constructed to the under-25-per-annum rule to avoid the expense of sending prototypes to the wall in barrier crash tests, which it is thought might have the effect of also sending this company to the wall in view of the horrific costs involved.

Debuted to a gasping public at the Sydney International Motor Show, this car is destined for real life production within 12 months. That means you can buy one. It won't be cheap, but it will be cheaper than any imported exotic which it will equal in performance and prestige. Around $50,000 should put one in your garage, which is as little as $600 or so on monthly lease. The same goes for a Jag, big BMW or Porsche. It won't cost much to keep it there either. Mechanicals are strong and simple, and the bodywork is unbreakable. Everything on the car is understressed, including the occupants.

The same performance and prestige-for-money co-efficient would cost you between $70,000 and $100,000 from Italy, the home of the low-to-the-ground GT missile. At the money it will be a bargain, and as honestly Australian as a boxing kangaroo.

Triad is built by the Hi-Tec Car Company Pty Ltd, 22 Britton St, Smithfield, NSW 2164.

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

LOOKING GOOD

Wrinkle warfare for men with skin sense.

For decades young Australian men signalled their passage into manhood with three time-honored signals — their first beer, their first cigarette and their first bottle of Old Spice.

Shulton, the company that has made squillions producing such a popular after-shave, is not noted for its interest in fly-by-night products. When a product appears under the Old Spice logo it is usually in response to a mass demand and not the isolated voices of fragrant fringe groups. Old Spice After Shave Skin Conditioner is a face-protecting cream. Skin care for men has well and truly come out of the closet.

Despite the influence of Boy George and other gender-bender pop stars, most Australian men do not wear make-up, therefore their constantly exposed complexions have to battle the elements unguarded. Most of what we call ageing is actually weathering and unguarded faces are prime candidates for early lines.

Doctor Norman Orentreich, one of the world's foremost authorities on ageing, has been conducting research for more than 40 years. His basic advice to men who want to keep their skin young, healthy and good looking is crystal clear: clean, scrape and moisturise. A good soap and daily shaving take care of the first two and regular use of a lotion or cream completes the job.

Water is the only substance that will keep the skin looking youthful but its distressing habit of evaporating means that it really does need a helping hand to retain any staying power. The skin's oils were designed to form a natural barrier against moisture loss but everyday washing rinses away nature's "moisturisers" along with the dirt and soap. Although the body will reconstruct its own "defence system", this rebuilding process takes time. If a new "man-made" barrier does not fill the breach in the meantime, a fair amount of the skin's vital moisture supply will be lost. To put it bluntly, without a protective cream a ruggedly handsome face soon becomes a ruggedly old face.

Most blokes imagine that creams and lotions will leave a tell-tale shine on their face — a factor that deters many men from saving their skin. However, in general, lotions and creams specially formulated for men are water-based. They are not super oily and do not create a permanent Vaseline-like sheen.

Even if you have oily skin you still need protection. Skin ages because it lacks moisture and a lot of oil does not mean a lot of water. If you are extravagant in your use of soap, or torture your skin with highly abrasive after-shaves, you can easily strip away all the natural oils and expose it to dryness.

Without proper skin care, you are begging for wrinkles. Ageing is a natural process but you don't have to hurry it along. In today's competitive job market a man who looks old is often viewed as a has-been. The benefits of maintaining a fit body and a healthy youthful appearance are now financial as well as physical.

More and more men's toiletry and skin care ranges include protective day lotions and associated products. One of the leaders in this increasingly crowded field is Clinique. Launched in Australia just over a year ago, Clinique's Skin Supplies For Men have proved to be popular with appearance-conscious men from all working backgrounds.

The Clinique skin care regime for men ranks as one of the better methods for producing healthier male skin. It consists of three products — Face Soap, Scruffing Lotion and M Lotion moisturising balm. Completed in three steps, the entire routine takes up three or four minutes of any man's time. All the products in the range are packaged in grey plastic containers which fit easily into overnight luggage.

Other male skin care products currently available include Aramis 900 Maximum Moisture Lotion, Jacomo de Jacomo Hydro-Actif Moisturiser and After Shave Unifying Gel, Eau Sauvage After Shave Moisturiser and Chanel's newly released Antaeus After Shave Balm.

You need skin protection throughout the year but summer is the season when it becomes absolutely mandatory. A suntan is nature's most beguiling turn-on but acquiring a tan can be devastating to your skin. Reckless sunbathing and exposure not only invite painful sunburn, they set the scene for wrinkles and skin cancer. You cannot play fast and loose with the harsh Australian sun.

With today's wide selection of effective and scientifically formulated sunscreens, no one need burn in order to tan. Many products contain numbered Sun Protection Factors (SPFs) and such factors are an invaluable guide to choosing the right sun filter for your skin type and the intensity of ultra-violet exposure. Tanning lotions and oils without sunscreens afford no protection for the skin other than lubrication.

In general, factor numbers range from 2 to 15 for sunscreens (those lotions which block out a percentage, but not all of the ultra-violet rays). A *total* blockout is distinguished by its SPF of 15+.

Generally speaking, SPF 2 and 3 are designed for dark or lightly tanned skins which tan easily. Factors 4 and 5 are for normal skins which have an initial tendency to redden, but which then go brown easily. The higher factors 6 to 15 offer maximum protection for fair, sunsensitive and untanned skins.

High protection factors should be used by almost everyone for the first two or three days of sun exposure and at any time when the sun is fierce. It isn't necessary to stay with the same factor: once you acquire a tan you can move on to a less protective factor.

A good sunscreen means more than a good tan. Dermatologists aren't just concerned about painful sunburn, they're warning us about the drastic effects of progressive ultra-violet damage. Not only does the sun drain moisture from the skin and dehydrate the outer layers, it also affects cells deep down in the dermis which are several years away from the surface. It's this damage to cell structure that harms the vital elasticin/collagen structure which keeps skin young and supple.

Sun damage sneaks up on you, and going to the beach isn't the only problem. Even in the winter or on cloudy days, the sun's rays can still cause damage so you should make sure you're well protected with a sunscreen all year round.

Water resistant suntan lotions are the best choice for anyone who is in and out of the water or who works up a sweat in the sun. And after-sun preparations really do help to cool the skin and keep it supple. Remember, skin doesn't have the faintest notion about sex: it only knows when it is being burned or permanently damaged.

— CHRIS JACKSON

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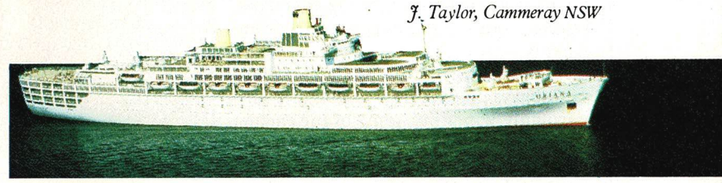

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SEX • BETTINA ARNDT

I am 26 years old and my wife is 27. We have no children. We have been married for three years and have known each other and been going together for about four years. When we were going together our sex was good and quite often. Since our marriage my wife has never once initiated sex and we are doing it about once every week or fortnight. When she gets her period it occurs even less. I can have, and have had (in the past), sex at least once a day. When I try this, my wife complains. We have talked and tried to compromise and even that doesn't work. Our sex is good — when it happens — but my wife seems to have "premature ejaculation". I try to last but she wants to orgasm quickly, and our sessions usually last only about 15 minutes.

Hoping you can help us, as the last thing I want is a broken marriage.

— P.D., Vic.

This depressing state of affairs is quite common and there can be many reasons why this change occurs. Prior to marriage, sex is often a treat, an exciting event you look forward to and plan for. There may also be a "forbidden fruit" aspect which adds to the excitement, particularly if you feel somewhat wicked about the idea of "premarital sex" or if you are hiding your sexual relationship from parents.

After marriage, sex is "on tap" as they say, always potentially available and this inevitably wipes out some of the excitement. When living together or in a marital relationship, it's all too easy not to schedule time for relaxing lovemaking. Sex is left for last thing at night when you are both tired from working or first thing in the morning with one eye on the clock so you don't miss the morning train. Then there are all the changes that occur in a relationship when you commit yourself to marriage. You start looking toward the future and as the thought of years and years together gradually sinks in, tensions often arise over all sorts of things which didn't matter before. The way she leaves the toothpaste lid off, his desire to wind down and read the paper after work just when she is dying to talk. Financial issues often loom larger; there are a thousand possible causes of tension and all of these have the potential to upset the sexual relationship.

On the matter of your wife's "premature ejaculation" — if lovemaking isn't enjoyable for your wife because of other things in your relationship, it's not surprising she wants to get it over with as quickly as possible. This is not "premature ejaculation" as such but I did speak recently to an American therapist who told me she had seen three cases of female "premature orgasm" where the woman's orgasm always occurred extremely quickly, before her partner was ready to end lovemaking. The problem with these particular women was once the orgasm occurred, they all disliked being touched or stimulated. All they wanted to do was roll over and go to sleep. In a total reversal of roles, this meant the male partner was left feeling frustrated and missing out on

He has a slow hand but she just can't wait.

the prolonged lovemaking he might have enjoyed. The therapist treated the women using a technique similar to the one used to treat premature ejaculation in males. In this "start-stop" technique, the woman is taught to extend the plateau phase before orgasm by having her partner stimulate her until she reaches the point just before orgasm. When she experiences her "warning signals", she warns the male who stops the stimulation until sensations die down, then they start all over again. So you see, there can be "trigger-happy" ladies as well as men.

It is difficult to advise you on what is obviously a complex problem with so little information to draw upon. I would suggest you see a counsellor and I will write privately giving you names of appropriate people in Melbourne.

I am an 18-year-old male and always confined to an electric wheelchair, but I still have all my feelings. I would like to know the causes of masturbation. I have never had intercourse, and have been masturbating for the past five years or more.

I masturbate every day and sometimes I could do it three or more times a day if I didn't think it was harming me. I wonder if it could affect me later on in life or if it could affect me when it comes to the real thing.

Please tell me what I should do.

— S.R., WA.

There are very few young men of your age who don't masturbate. Most males start masturbating during adolescence and continue throughout their lives.

Self stimulation provides an important source of sexual relief to help you cope with your normal sexual drive, which is quite unaffected by your disability. Rest assured that masturbation cannot do you any harm and there's no problem with your frequency of masturbation. Many adolescent males masturbate far more often than you do.

Masturbation can even help you prepare for future sexual relationships if you learn to masturbate without guilt, enjoying the build-up of sensations and experimenting with prolonging the experience as long as possible. This type of prolonged self-stimulation can help you learn ejaculation control, a great asset when it comes to future relationships.

I'm 33 years old and due to being unemployed for the past couple of years, I am still living with my parents.

My problem is that during sex and masturbation I get an erect penis too quickly and tend to come about five minutes later even though I try to hold back.

I am a Catholic and this is a major problem too because my parents brought us up believing that sex and masturbation were dirty and were not to be experienced. My sisters were told that sex was for having babies and not to be enjoyed.

Over the years I have always tried to find out what my partners liked and disliked during sex. But when it came to intercourse I would no sooner penetrate when I would come, which was very discouraging.

Unfortunately during the past five years I have not been out with a girl because of this, and I do not know what to do about the problem. — L.S., WA.

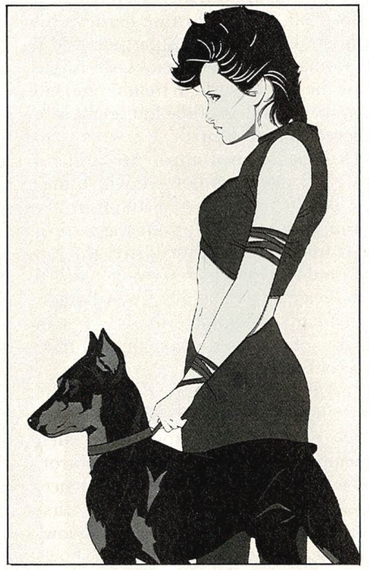
When you have been brought up to think of sex as sinful and dirty it is often very difficult to escape from this conditioning and learn to accept sexuality as a normal, joyful part of life. When the American sex researchers Masters and Johnson conducted research on the causes of sexual problems, they found that many people with severe sexual problems had experienced a similar upbringing to your own and religious belief was often a major contributor to the anxiety underlying these problems.

There is an excellent book by American therapist Albert Ellis called *Sex And Guilt* (Lancer Books, 1966) which deals with some of the myths and anxieties about sex which inhibit sexual enjoyment. Your local Family Planning clinic may be able to help you track down a copy of this old but valuable book. It seems your ejaculation problem is due to anxiety and it may well be worth talking to one of the counsellors at Family Planning about the aspects of sex which still cause you to experience guilt. If necessary, your counsellor will refer you to a sex therapist, who can further explain the fears which may be contributing to your lack of control.

It is most important, however, that you do not continue to allow this problem to further prevent you from having new relationships. You will need a comfortable, secure relationship with a loving partner to really overcome your problem and the sooner you start working on finding the right person, the better. Many males experience similar difficulties to you, but with the aid of a considerate partner they are able to relax and learn to slow down. By avoiding girls you are simply maintaining your anxiety at its present high level. Premature ejaculation is a very simple problem to treat. All you need is a loving woman and the right therapist. So start looking.

I am 20 years of age and started to have sexual intercourse at 11, but now I don't enjoy sex at all. My boyfriend and I don't have much foreplay, and when it comes to the crunch I would much prefer him to insert his finger than his penis. I just freeze when I know it's his penis. I seem to get more satisfaction from his foreplay than the actual sex. Of course, he doesn't. I get sexually aroused when he puts his hands between or on my legs. I thought it may be because we are close and this is the first time I have felt something for a guy, and we're soon to be engaged. I did enjoy sex till I was 18 years of age. — A.N., Vic.

The sad truth is that the crunch is overrated. Intercourse for many women is not all it's supposed to be. During intercourse, the clitoris, which for most women is the centre of their sexual arousal, receives only indirect stimulation through muscles and tissues connecting the clitoris to the vagina. A great many women find that unless the clitoris is being directly stimulated using a finger, tongue, vibrator or whatever, they do not receive sufficient stimulation



Bizarre sexual practices from around the world.

to become aroused and reach orgasm. If you have very little of this direct foreplay, inserting a penis into your vagina is unlikely to do very much for you at all.

The trouble is that most men receive their maximum pleasure from intercourse. For them, all the other techniques are just foreplay that leads up to the main event. It is very hard for them to understand what it's like just to be offered a rather dull main course when you are really pining for the entrees and desserts.

I doubt if the problem is purely emotional. It simply sounds as if you have never really talked about the sexual techniques you find most arousing and never taught your boyfriend what you need to receive real sexual pleasure. I suggest it's time you started doing this, particularly as you are soon to be engaged. He may not realise that women need the type of stimulation I have described.

Perhaps in your previous relationships you did indulge in more petting. Think back and try to remember the techniques you used then which were particularly arousing. Once you have learned to find methods of increasing your pleasure, I'm sure you will also learn to welcome his penis. Intercourse may never be the most arousing technique for you, but you'll learn to enjoy it as long as that's not all you are being offered.

WIDE WORLD OF SEX

How many times have you heard someone complaining that an aspect of sexuality is unnatural or abnormal? It's easy to think that our beliefs about what is normal sexual behavior are the only correct ways of approaching sex, yet it isn't hard to prove that those ideas are culturally imposed, inherited from our civilised Western culture and strongly influenced by the Judaeo-Christian tradition.

Sex is one aspect of human behavior which superbly illustrates the enormous influence of culture on the way we act, and every society has different beliefs about what is proper sexual practice.

The wonderful variety of practices that exist in the wide world of sex is superbly demonstrated in a recently released book on cross-cultural sexuality, *Sexual Practices* (Franklin Watts, 1983). The author is the Professor of Anthropology at Queens College, City University, New York, Edgar Gregersen, who spent five years assembling and researching material for his unique survey of the world's sexual practices. The result proves the diversity of beliefs on every conceivable aspect of sexuality.

Take conception, for instance. The Wogeo of Papua New Guinea believe the foetus is made up of a combination of menstrual blood and semen, and copulation has to be repeated often so the passage leading from the womb will be blocked up with semen to prevent blood from escaping.

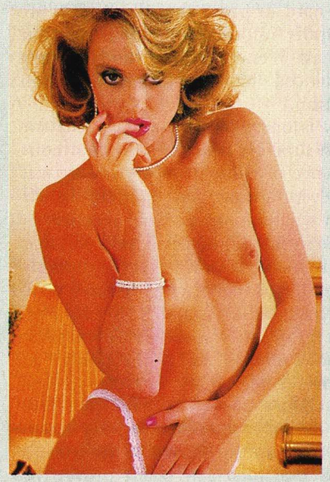
The Yanomamo tribes of Venezuela and Brazil believe that for a child to grow strong, many men should copulate with the mother as often as possible during her pregnancy. This has its problems, since if she is discovered with a lover her husband will almost invariably challenge him to a duel and will then abuse her.

But mothers apparently know their obligations and are willing to risk even

NEXT MONTH

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL McCARTNEY TALKS FRANKLY ABOUT ALL THAT MONEY, DRUGS, MIDDLE-AGE SPREAD, THE BEATLES AND LIFE SINCE THEIR DEMISE, AND THE LONG, LONG SHADOW OF JOHN LENNON.

JOE BUGNER, FORMER BRITISH, EUROPEAN AND COMMONWEALTH HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING CHAMP, NOW LIVING IN AUSTRALIA, DELIVERS SOME TOUGH TALK ABOUT GETTING OZ BOXING UP OFF THE CANVAS.



LOVELY LISA: WE START THE NEW YEAR WITH A GORGEOUS SYDNEY GIRL — LISA MAHER. ONE LOOK AT LISA WILL MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE CELEBRATING.

PINE GAP: IT MAY SOUND FAR-FETCHED THAT THE AMERICANS ARE PREPARED TO DEFEND PINE GAP WITH AUSTRALIAN-BASED MISSILES AND FINISH WORLD WAR III FROM THE OUTBACK IF NECESSARY. BUT TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

the wrath of their husbands for the sake of their children. Before you sit back feeling very smug about such strange beliefs, remember that Westerners have equally weird ideas. There are still parts of many Western countries, including England, America, Jamaica and Puerto Rico which adhere to beliefs that a woman definitely must experience orgasm if intercourse is to lead to conception.

It wasn't long ago that a male journalist asked me whether women had to have an orgasm to conceive. And he was married with three children.

Gregersen has unearthed societies with wonderfully complex beliefs about sexuality. The Kagaba Indians of Colombia, for instance, believe that if a man's rhythm during sexual intercourse is thrown off, this may cause harm to his children, himself and his partner. And if the woman should even move, she might cause the whole world to tremble and fall from the shoulders of the four giant men believed to hold it up.

The Kagaba men apparently suffer a very high rate of impotence which may well be due to bad diet, alcoholism, the consumption of coca or other aspects of their lifestyle. However there was an additional factor which the men recalled with dread: as soon as a boy was thought old enough to copulate, he was put in charge of an old woman to have intercourse.

The woman was a widow, usually somewhere around 50, and probably quite wizened and toothless. Men remembered this experience with horror, and when they talked about impotence, they tended to relate it to their first experience of copulation with the widow. In praise of older women? Well, it shows there must be limits.

Apart from impotence, other sexual problems feature in this excellent book. The Ganda of Uganda place great emphasis on female sexual satisfaction and have names for some of the specific types of frigidity prohibiting their enjoyment: *ewuzza* (frigidity), *matabo* (a condition in which a woman could have sex only after an attempt was made to strangle her by the neck) and *olwazi* (a woman with a tight vagina). The traditional cure for *olwazi* was to pour grain into the vagina and let a rooster peck the grain out.

An Indian tribe from North-West America, the Nootka, took a dim view of unresponsive brides.

"If a groom found his wife totally unresponsive to his advances," says Gregersen, "he would cut off (or bite off) the end of her nose. The bride's family sided with the husband if they wanted the match to continue. This seemingly crazy act of the husband's was said to be 100 per-cent effective."

One of the most fascinating chapters in the book looks at sexual techniques and how they vary around the world. As Gregersen points out, the missionary position, where the man lies on top of the woman, was given its colloquial name when Christian missionaries tried to convert the natives to what they saw as the only appropriate or natural position for intercourse.

It was St Paul who decided that women should be subject to their husbands and hence the husband must assume the dominant position in copulation. Apparently, when the Bororo Indians of Southern Brazil first heard of this position, they were deeply offended.

"What an insult against the one who is underneath!" exclaimed one Bororo man.

The missionary position was the most common position used in most cultures. The so-called "female superior" (woman on top) positions were rare. In one sample of nearly 200 societies, fewer than five percent practised it. There were societies where the male dominant position was virtually ignored.

The Trobriand Islanders, for example, used only two coital positions: the Oceanic position (with the man on top, squatting on his knees and the woman lying underneath him) and a standard side-to-side position.

Sexual Practices also includes detailed descriptions of some of the elaborate sexual techniques used by different societies.

The Trukese in the Pacific Islands call their coital technique *wechewechen chuuk* (Trukese striking): "The man sits on the ground with his legs wide open and stretched out in front of him.

"The woman faces him, kneeling. The man places the head of his penis just inside the opening of her vagina. He does not really insert it but moves his penis up and down with his hand in order to stimulate her clitoris. As the couple approach climax, the man draws the woman toward him and finally completes the insertion of his penis. Before climax, as the partners become more and more excited, the woman may poke a finger into the man's ear."

How about that? A poke in the ear as the ultimate thrill.

It's all absolutely fascinating stuff demonstrating the richness and seemingly endless variety of sexual practices which have developed through the centuries in all corners of the world.

There are a thousand and one ways to be quite normal. It just depends on where you live.

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Please send all your sex queries to Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Bettina welcomes all inquiries but regrets she cannot always reply to each reader individually.

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The on-board computer module.

Alfa Romeo's legendary 1.5 litre boxer engine and perfectly chosen ratioed five-speed transmission combine to deliver power, smoothness and response that are still unmatched.

The central locking system, interior operated dual side mirrors and high/low rear window demister give new meaning to safe, stress-free driving.

The AM/FM stereo cassette system, electrically operated front windows and ergonomically designed seats upholstered in superb Italian fabric wrap your senses in luxury.

A 12-month unlimited kilometre warranty and 6-year anti-corrosion guarantee give you total peace of mind, not just for a few short months but for many worry-free years to come.

The 5-door hatchback split rear seat configuration.

Add the flexibility of the brilliantly conceived 2/3, 1/3 split rear seat configuration and you have a personal family motor car that is unsurpassed.

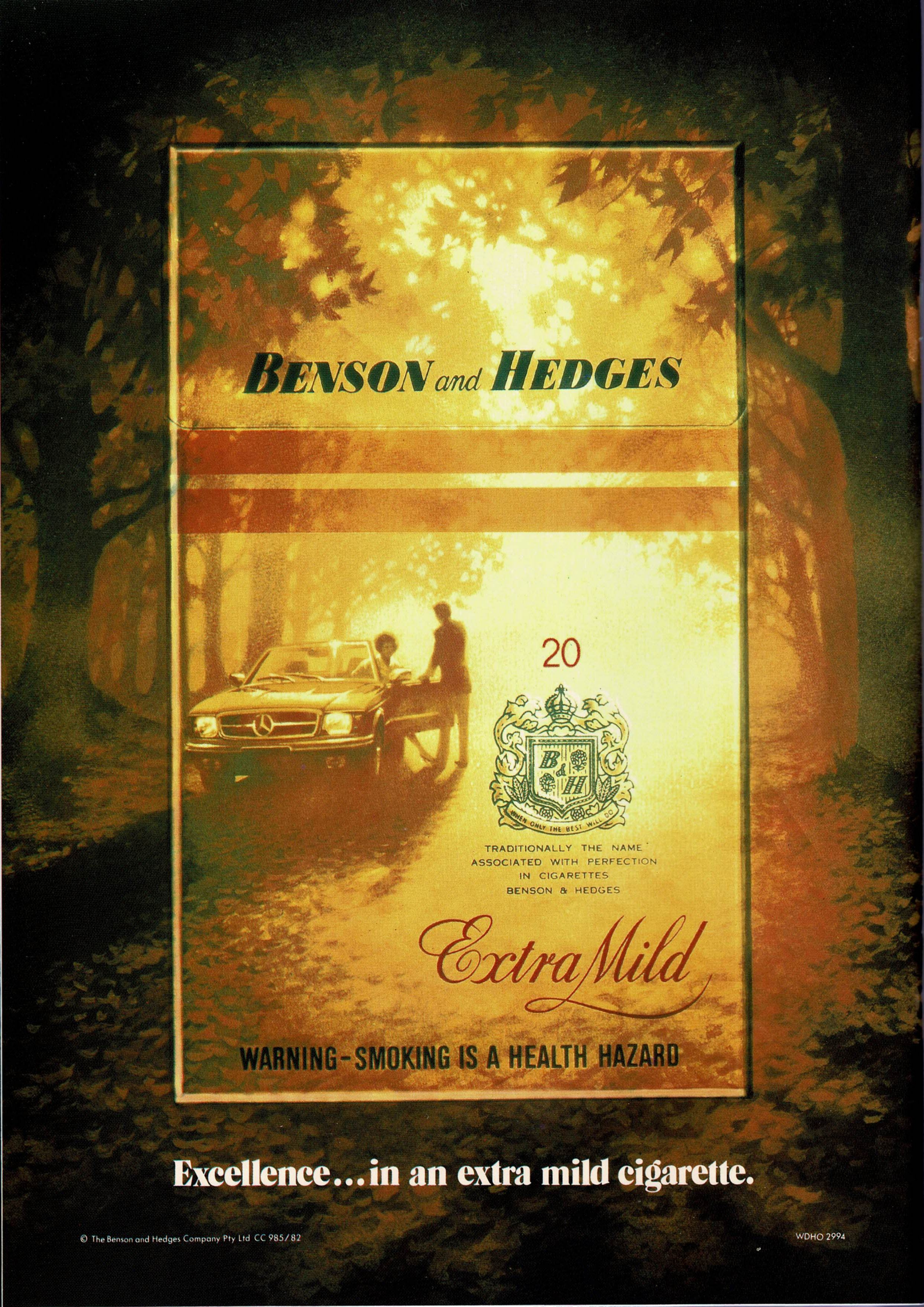
Fanatically crafted, uncompromisingly appointed, exhaustively quality controlled.

The Alfa 33.

The Line. The Style. The Power.

Alfa Romeo

LHVAR 439PB



Excellence...in an extra mild cigarette.

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WDHO 2994

Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version
(In the Mood set replaced the Movie Buff set)

in the MOOD

Mary's had a long bath, a glass of champagne, and put on her sexiest black lingerie. All that's missing is the man. If he's picked tonight, of all nights, to be late, what else can a girl do but start without him?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAOUL AHOUP

Roberta plans a career as a private bodyguard. It's an interesting idea. With her around who's going to pay any attention to the nobody she's guarding? After training as a policewoman she found paper shuffling in the police bureaucracy a bit of an anticlimax. Life as a security guard was just as boring so she's set her sights on her own bodyguard service. With that aim in mind she spends several hours a day working out in the gym. Having been poor as a child she has vowed never to be poor again and is willing to work hard to achieve financial success. We'd say she's already made a big impression.

"I usually end up going out with older men. Like late thirties. That's older for me. For some reason they make me feel comfortable. They make me feel wanted and they make me feel special. That's what I like. I like a lot of affection."

"If I'm going to make love to somebody, I don't want to come over at 11 at night and have to leave at two in the morning. I want a whole evening of it."

"I don't want to overpower a man. I never want to dominate. I just want it 50-50."

Our fashion
gymwear makes any body hot property.

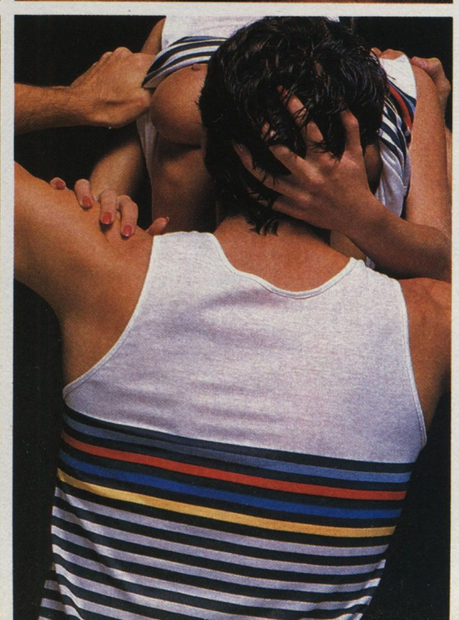
BODY HEAT

We think it's about time to admit the real reason why you've joined the gym, started jogging or taken up tennis. Be honest, it's to meet all those gorgeous athletic women showing off their shapely forms. To ensure that

Fashion by **VITEK**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVIE HUGHES

you look fit and fantastic when you're in the company of these svelte sorts, we've assembled a collection of colorful and comfortable gymwear — crisp cotton shorts topped with body-hugging singlets that show off every finely tuned muscle in your body plus track pants that keep their shape while accentuating yours. We can't imagine any better incentive to work out and make out.



PREVIOUS PAGE: White mesh singlets with bright slashes of color around the midriff, $12.99 by Kevin Junee. His "Florida" shorts, $7.99, by Le Coq Sportif.

RIGHT: He helps her on with a striped Frisco singlet available in six color combinations and priced at $14.99. With his Frisco singlet he dons L.C. Trainer track pants constructed from coarse spun yarn with a weaving method which gives the garment a "memory" to prevent bagging and permanent stretching, $21. Her Silhouette track pants constructed by the same revolutionary wearing process and priced at $21.99. All clothing by Le Coq Sportif.

TOP LEFT: Get your feet into the right gear and slip on a pair of these workout wonders. He wears white Puma Boxer boots highlighted with the distinctive Puma stripe in red, $49.99. Her Ashe Team tennis shoes constructed in nylon and rubber with leather trim, $60. Snazzy sports socks, $5.50. Tennis shoes and socks by Le Coq Sportif.

CLOCKWISE FROM CENTRE LEFT: White and navy Marika singlet, $12.99, available in six color combinations and Targa shorts available in a dozen different colors in cotton drill, $12.99; Florida white poplin shorts, $7.99; his Laker singlet, $14.99, her Solo muscle T-shirt, $14.99; her flirty Melody tennis skirt, striped at the edge with navy and light blue bands, $12.99, his Levan shorts in cotton polyester blend, $28.99. All clothing by Le Coq Sportif.

STOCKISTS FOR LE COQ SPORTIF: Sydney: Adiaction, Chatswood and City; Running Inn, Drummoyne. National: Athlete's Foot. Nails by Fuss, corner of Glenmore Road and Oxford Street, Paddington.

Me Jane!

If Tarzan's Jane looked like this, no wonder the old swinger went ape.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

There had to be a damn good reason why Tarzan was happy to spend so much time in the jungle — and here she is.

This is Jane. No wonder the Lord Of The Apes wanted to keep her all to himself. But Jane got a bit fed up with jungle life. The bad manners of all those monkeys, the creepy-crawlies and the noise. Have you ever thought about just how noisy the jungle is? Especially in the morning when you want to have a lie-in and all those exotic birds start up. So Jane gave Tarzan and his jungle kingdom the elbow and came back to civilisation.

She's adjusted perfectly to life back in the big city. Got herself a lovely little flat, done it up a treat, all modern you understand, no bamboo, no rubber plants. All she needs now is another swinger. And with body language like that it doesn't look like she'll have too long to wait.

SOLE SISTER

Bet your local shoemaker doesn't look this good!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JURGEN DOMNICH

Sexy Sonya Walter knew early in life what she wanted for a career. She wanted to design high fashion shoes. She's good at it too. So good that she runs her own little business and fills orders for wealthy clients and theatrical costumiers. Despite her smashing figure and demure looks, Sonya, 23, says she has no wish to pursue a career in showbusiness. She's happy with her own little toe-hold in footwear.

Making shoes is both an art and a science," she says. "It's highly creative and sometimes a real challenge, especially when one of my clients needs shoes for a special occasion, like a wedding." Sonya is so happy in her work it's unlikely anyone will be able to step into her shoes. Which just goes to prove the old adage — there's no business like shoe business.